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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. DAVID SANDEMAN.

David Sandeman

Memoir

OF THE

REV. DAVID SANDEMAN

BONSKEID

JAMES NISBET & Cº LONDON.

MEMOIR

OF THE

LIFE AND BRIEF MINISTRY

OF THE

REV. DAVID SANDEMAN,

MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

BY THE

REV. ANDREW A. BONAR,

AUTHOR OF THE "MEMOIR OF REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE," &C.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

In complying with the request made to me to undertake the Memoir of a beloved friend, who, in his thirty-second year, fell asleep in Jesus, I felt that in so doing I might be said to be writing "*words concerning the King.*" For, the example set forth here is that of one whose rare single-mindedness, affection to his Lord, watchfulness of spirit, and most cheerful self-sacrifice in the Master's service, shew what gifts our King can give to His own; and may stir us up to serve that same Lord, as men should do in whose ear the trumpet-voice is ringing, "Now it is high time to awake out of sleep! for now is your salvation nearer than when you believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand" (Rom. xiii. 11, 12).

Mr Sandeman's like-minded brother, Frederick, with the aid of his intimate friend, Mr Coventry,

furnished the materials to my hand. They prepared the stones for the building, and my chief work has been putting the stones in their place.

"Let the beauty of our Lord God be upon us! and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it!"

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CHAPTER I.

His Conversion.

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?"

MICAH vi. 6.

"LET Israel rejoice in Him that made him" (Ps. cxlix. 2), is a call of the Holy Spirit addressed to those who have been made new, and made meet for the glory that is to be revealed, by Him who gave them their being. Whatever a believing man is, he owes it all to the sovereign grace of his God, who made him a vessel of honour; for his "willing and running" (Rom. ix. 16) came not from himself, but originated with God, "who sheweth mercy."

It was entirely so with him of whom these pages speak. DAVID SANDEMAN, second son of Glas Sandeman, Esq. of Bonskied, was born at Perth, 23d April 1826. The pleasant residence of this prosperous family was *Springland*, close to the river Tay, within a mile of the town, and not far from a locality renowned in Scottish history, the old palace of Scone, where the kings of Scotland used to be crowned.

In his infancy he was somewhat more sedate than children usually are, and in boyhood shewed no great interest in games that delighted his companions; yet he was always fearless in manly exercises, a bold rider, skater, and swimmer. It was not quickness, but perseverance, that distinguished him from other boys, along with regularity in all his habits and a strong sense of duty. At school, while his companions loved him for his kindliness, his teachers remarked his diligence and conscientious industry, which enabled him to outstrip cleverer scholars, so much so, that the rector of Perth Academy, Dr Miller, testified, in referring to his mathematical studies, that to him belonged the praise of bringing forward the entire class of which he was a member.

The only incident of his younger years which seems marked by any special interest is his being sent, at the age of fifteen, to the Pestalozzian Institution at Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, conducted by Dr Hildenmaier. There, besides laying the foundation of other acquirements, he began to learn French and German, for in that Institution conversation was carried on in both these languages; and it may be that this circumstance contributed to foster his liking to foreign tongues, and may thus have had some remote influence, in after years, in deciding his mind toward China. At this place, too, his youthful affec-

tions were drawn out by the kindness of his instructors, and his mind developed amid pleasant scenery; his common excursions, even in seasons of recreation, being to such spots in the neighbourhood as Chatsworth or Welbeck Abbey.

At this period he rose early, was thorough in the preparation of lessons, acted conscientiously, shewed great respect to the teachings of the Word of God, and observed the forms of godliness as others round him did. Many would have thought that he had the fear of God before his eyes. It was not so, however, at that period, though the Lord was keeping abundant mercy for him. The instrumentality employed in bringing about his change was of various kinds, as is perhaps most frequently the case with the Lord's work in conversion. He himself, in reference to agents employed by the Lord in effecting such changes, made the interesting remark in after years to a friend at Jordanhill—"It is just like a large vessel returning laden with goods; it will be found at last that every individual believer has had a share in the ingathering of souls. As for myself, when letting down the Gospel-net, I always feel that other believers are letting it down along with me."

We have his own testimony that he lived eighteen years without God. Thus, in 1849, he writes in looking back:—

"For eighteen years of my life I believe that I was truly without the knowledge of God. During all that time, my conduct was never influenced by the thought of His existence as a person, or of any thing I did being pleasing or displeasing to Him. Assuredly I worshipped as the heathen at Athens, an 'unknown God;' or as the Samaritans, I 'knew not what.' Anything like a knowledge of Him was a vague, undefined sense or fear of future retribution for evil done, and that a God, a powerful Being, would inflict it.

"An undefined sense of duty, my parents, masters, emulation among my fellow-pupils, carnal lusts, and above all—'self;' these, I believe, were my gods; at least, they held all the place where God should have been.

"I was dissatisfied or happy, entirely as I managed to please or displease them. Of the worship due to Jehovah, the God of Abraham, I was as ignorant as a stock or stone."

On 4th April 1852, he takes a similar review of the past:—"This day corresponds to the Sabbath of my *new birth*. I still bitterly repent the time I spent in Satan's service. It is unmingled bitterness: I went smoothly on in utter disregard of Christ. I never honoured Him as God, as my Creator, my Judge, and my risen Redeemer. I was a decent rebel,

outwardly respectable, but in reality a despiser of Christ."

And yet from infancy he had been taught by his parents the way of salvation, and had been moving among those who not only knew the Lord, but also adorned the Gospel by their holy life. Often does he refer, at a later period, to his mother's prayers and anxious yearnings over him in those days; sometimes to books put into his hands; and also to faithful ministers whose preaching of Christ and His salvation he felt to be impressive. Still for eighteen years his soul was dead to God. In the years 1839 and 1840, the ministry of Mr Millar, then minister of St Leonard's, Perth (now of the Free Church at Clunie), and next that of Mr Milne, his successor, produced a considerable impression on his mind, which was deepened by attending the services conducted by Mr W. C. Burns, now missionary in China, during a season of revival. It was only then that he began to see what the sinner is by nature, and what is the way of escape. A friend remembers meeting him and his two brothers in the lobby of the church, after a sermon by Mr Burns on the words—"*Deliver from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom;*" and how, with a solemn expression of countenance, he said, "I never knew till to-night what my Saviour did for me." Sacramental seasons also,

at that period, used to give an impulse to his feelings. For about two years he remained in this half-awakened state.

In December 1842, he came to Glasgow to learn business. Blameless from infancy to the world's eye, ever ready to shew kindness to others, kept, too, by the hand of a gracious God from all outward vice, and even the appearance of evil, nevertheless he was, and knew that he was, unconverted. He had gone only so far as nature may go; he was not born of God. One step onward he seemed to take in Glasgow—namely, he was taught the lesson of the world's utter insufficiency to give the soul what it craves. "He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again," was his experience.

He maintained the form of prayer, and even of Christian converse, with those with whom he boarded. The ministration of Mr Somerville of Anderston, whom he had fixed on as his pastor, interested him, and roused his soul from time to time; while visits to a circle of Christian friends, to whom he was introduced, contributed to keep the things of salvation more and more before his mind. Then came the memorable *Disruption of the Church of Scotland* in 1843. Having carefully watched the progress of the great controversy, he had no hesitation in following his minister out of the Establishment, and in

giving his hearty adherence to the principles of the *Free Church*, persuaded as he was that the Free Church held the truth by which the Great Head of the Church is honoured, and might therefore expect His blessing.

In the beginning of April 1844, being about to leave Glasgow, he called upon Mr Somerville, who took the opportunity of frankly inquiring into the state of his soul. The conversation made such an impression on his mind, that he has recorded part of it in his journal:—"You say" (said Mr Somerville to him) "that you do not care for the world—that it is not that which keeps you from Christ, or anything connected with it. You have now been more than a year in this place. You came anxious about your spiritual state, and you go away in the same manner. How long is this to continue? If it is nothing in the world that prevents your coming to Christ, it must be the unwillingness of your own heart." He then added, "I would beseech you not to rise from your chair till you have accepted Christ's free, full, and open offer of salvation to all who will come to Him!" Both the words and the solemn earnestness with which they were spoken affected him deeply. It was an interview which he never ceased to remember.

In this state of soul he returned to *Springland*. The time of the dispensation of the Lord's Supper

was drawing on, which naturally led his mother to say to him, "David, did you ever give yourself to Christ? You have no right to remain one week without loving Him." His pastor also, Mr Milne, met him, and urged on him the duty of professing his faith in the Lord Jesus, by taking his place in the number of communicants. He objected, specially stating his fear of bringing dishonour on the cause of Christ by his inconsistency, as well as the difficulty he felt regarding his personal state. This same month his eighteenth birthday came round, in connection with which a thought had been very seasonably presented to his mind by a passage in Angell James's "Father's Present to his Children"—a passage in which it is remarked that the usual time when persons decide for the Lord, or for the world, is from the age of fourteen to eighteen. "I felt," says he, "as if this might be the case with me." The fact that the Lord's Supper was to be dispensed in the congregation roused his conscience to the anxious inquiry, Am I in a state fit for that ordinance? His honest conclusion was that he could not go to the Lord's table, for as yet he was not willing unreservedly to give himself to the Lord. "I was still rejecting" (these are his words) "the waiting Saviour's free calls to come. I was wilfully sinning against what I knew so well. I was an open rebel, so much the guiltier because brought

up near Him, and so well acquainted with His law."

On the Sabbath evening, with these feelings disquieting him, he had engaged in prayer with his sister, and retired to his room. Then it was that the Lord found the sheep that was lost, and laid it on His shoulder. While pondering alone on his spiritual condition, his heart was drawn out "by the omnipotent hand of God" to think simply of Christ, and the "willingness of Christ to receive all who have a true wish to come to Him." He says he knew that this wish was not of man, but of the Holy Ghost;* it was the Lord who enabled him now to take Christ as all his salvation and all his desire. That was the evening (7th April) when he for the first time felt his soul cast anchor on the Rock of Ages.

Hear his strains of adoring gratitude:—"The Lord God Almighty, the Lord Jesus, and the Holy Ghost, the triune Jehovah, be praised, be eternally glorified!" "I may henceforth call God my hope, my *only* hope, my life, my death (for I would as it were fall asleep in Him), my all! O the high, the mighty, the glorious work of salvation! How it sinks man, and raises and exalts the God of salvation!"

Soon after we find him saying that his short experience has already given him proof of his heart's

* John i. 12, 13.

proneness to depart even from this God of love, and that he could not of himself continue for a single instant abiding there. But here is his prayer—"O my soul, expect everything from the Lord Jesus. He is encircling thee in his arms of love, ever watching to preserve thee from danger." And very remarkable it is to find one characteristic of all his after course at once beginning to develop itself—namely, his sense of the immense importance of prayer. "Continually, in prayer, ask his direction. Thou hast as it were only to whisper, or rather breathe, complete dependence upon Him, and ask Him to work *for* thee, *by* thee, *through* thee, and He will do what seemeth Him good."

Having come to Christ, he must join those who can say, "My beloved is mine." Accordingly, he sat down at the Lord's table, seven days after this, in St Leonard's Free Church, presided over by his beloved friend Mr Milne. His entrance into the marvellous light had been distinct and clear. His experience at this period is such as calls up to our thoughts the spiritual history of one of our fathers, Fraser of Brea. At the age of eighteen, this man of God heard intimation made that the Lord's Supper was to be dispensed next Lord's day, which led him to solemn searching regarding his fitness to go to that ordinance. He wished to go, and knew that

he ought to go; but then he also knew that he ought to be converted first, and feared that if he went in a Christless state "he might give over hopes of ever thereafter being converted." Full of these thoughts, he, before the Sabbath came, set himself to seek the Lord Jesus. While thus alone in his closet, solemnly considering the state of his soul, the Lord enabled him all at once to perceive that Christ was a Saviour indeed—a full Saviour, the sinner's Saviour, gloriously complete in His work and in His offices, because so glorious in His person, and no less glorious in His love and grace. "Where am I now! what is this!" were his first words of adoring wonder. "Heart and hand, and all that I have, is thine! Begone, poor world!" Next Sabbath found him seated at the table of his Lord.

CHAPTER II.

The First Year after Conversion.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?"

PSALM cxvi. 12.

NEITHER strangers nor friends could fail to notice something sombre in his character in his early days. But after his conversion, this shade no longer hung on his brow. One who knew him well remarked, "It was the love of Jesus which first put that smile on his face which never left it." For a time, even after his bark was safely in the haven, he had the heavings, if not the tossings, of the tempest that chased him into his refuge; but certain it is, that from the day he was able to say, "I know whom I have believed," his was a joyous countenance, so much so, that you might have pointed to him as a most obvious illustration of the apostolic injunction, "Rejoice in the Lord always." The glory of God in the face of Jesus shed gladness through his heart, a gladness that his companions often took notice of, and which they felt to be infectious.

We saw one of his characteristics, viz., prayerful-

ness, beginning to shew itself on the very night of his conversion. It was not long ere another distinctive trait appeared, viz., the desire to be of use to others. With him it was first liberty, then service; the work not of the hireling seeking to purchase freedom, but of the son serving the father whom he loved. Perhaps his early zeal approached the borders of censoriousness; his light flung out sparks, but soon it burnt upward with a calm, steady flame.

We left him at the Communion Table. See him now rising from it to go forth and work for his Lord. The question of personal acceptance had been first settled, and now there followed the grateful acknowledgment of the accepted soul in the full surrender of all his life to the service of the Redeemer. One met him coming from the communion table and asked, "Were you happy?" "So happy that I fear to trust it. What a salvation! *Shall not life be spent in proclaiming it?*" This utterance of his soul in that hour of bliss was embodied in action during all his after days. We may fancy him singing with Toplady,

> "Loved of my God, for him again
> With love intense I burn!"

Immediately after we find him noting down, in the review of his past life, "I have already lived *two years and* 208 *days of Sabbaths!*" Then follow the two first entries in his journal, which present to us the

traits of his spiritual character, that all along so distinctly marked him out from most others, viz., *prayerfulness*, and *labour for souls*. Thus he writes :—

"*May* 6.—I wish that more progress were visible; but it is in truth a pure impossibility for man, in his own strength, to begin or to maintain a walk with God. My evil passions and wicked heart are continually interfering and leading me off, almost before I am aware of it. It is only by a continual renewing of my covenant with Christ, trusting everything to Him and nothing to myself, that I can ever expect to walk as I ought; and from this must follow a most rigid watching over my heart and conduct to others. PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."*

"O Lord, give me a more earnest prayerful spirit for my dear unconverted friends. If I would but think seriously of their condition, that each of them is continually fighting against his Lord, inflicting new wounds on Jesus's breast, and yet it is the very hand which they are wounding that prevents them dropping into everlasting misery! How can I rest one moment while I do assuredly know that such is the case. O Lord Jesus, shew but Thy face to them, shew them

* These words are found written in the original Greek, "Ἀδιαλείπτως προσεύχεσθε," on a slip of paper that lay in his desk: and the initial letters "α. π." may be tracked throughout his note-books.

their terrible, awful condition and certain doom, if they remain indifferent, shew them but a spark of Thy incomprehensible love, and O then how they will be changed! Thou holdest every man's heart in Thy hand, O Lord; if it be Thy will, change their hearts. Would it not be for Thy everlasting glory? Will they not have longer to praise and glorify Thee? O Lord, give me no rest till I have done all that man can do. Let me be often pouring forth earnest supplications for them. And surely I cannot doubt but that Thou wilt be graciously pleased to answer: 'for this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask any thing according to His will, He heareth us."

And now, having found "the joy of salvation," he can say, "I will teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee" (Psa. li. 13). For his faith was aggressive; he did not content himself with "sitting under his vine and fig-tree," but (as Israel shall do in the day of their return), he also "called his neighbour" to enjoy the same refreshing fruit and shade (Zech. iii. 10).

"*Monday, May* 26.—I have been trying to speak to several persons about their eternal state, but see well that it is only by God speaking through me that it can be of the smallest benefit to their souls."

At the same time, he in no way relaxes his vigilance over his own soul:—

"My father presented me with a Bible, which I hope will incite me to greater diligence in searching the Scriptures. I have to grieve over the continual changes in my religious feelings and affections. At times Jesus enables me to feel supremely happy in Him, while often a few hours after I seem to have everything to begin again, and from some evil imagination of my heart, I feel as it were estranged from Jesus. This must be meant to teach me that I must be ever looking to Him, incessantly watching and praying, never withdrawing my hand from a firm hold of His merciful, His gracious arm. This constant vagrant disposition of my mind shews truly what the natural heart is. It is made of carnality, which is enmity against God, and is therefore ever making efforts to draw away from God. This truth is what, I believe, every one who is Christ's will be taught, and will have it graven upon his heart, as with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond. O Lord, change my nature from that of a sinful man to that of the meek and lowly Jesus! Thou must work the change; look at thine own Son Jesus, and do Thou it for His sake."

Another effort follows.

"*June* 6.—I have taken up a class for young men and was pleased to see four at our meeting. *Resolved*, in God's strength and with His help, always if possible

to engage alone in prayer before commencing to read, teach, or pray with any one, on these all important subjects."

Just at this period, the Life of Harlan Page, which his mother put into his hands, attracted his special attention. In reading it, he was very greatly impressed; his hopes of being used by God in saving souls received a great impulse. At the same time, he noted carefully that Harlan Page was not blessed without earnestly praying for it, being instant in prayer for unconverted friends, as well as taking opportunity to write to them and speak with them; availing himself, also, of openings that occurred for prayer meetings and classes. On laying down the book, a book to which he often resorted, this was his prayer:—

"Lord, who holdest the hearts of all men in Thy right hand, do Thou be pleased to make me, by Thy grace, a means of bringing poor, careless, and dying sinners to the Rock of Ages, and make me indefatigable in labouring for their conversion; prevent my heart from becoming cold in this work, and my zeal from flagging, for it is Thy work and not mine."

Soon after, his soul rejoices in his work begun.

"*June* 10.—Thanks be to God, for I think He has enabled me to feel as a hired servant, as a servant bought with a price, and staying all upon Him, to

await His shewing me the path by following which I may be enabled to do most to His glory."

The thought of unsaved souls hangs heavy on his mind.

"*June* 12.—O Lord, give me such thoughts of the awful condition of unconverted sinners, that I may not cease from continually warning them of their imminent danger, that they may flee from the wrath to come. How awful to think that the spirits of any of those within my reach should rise up in judgment against me, and say that I had not told them the truth. Some to whom I have spoken seem to be anxious, and particularly some of the cottars. May this be but the beginning of the falling of a dew from heaven."

And now we have his statement of his experience in regard to the healthful influence, upon his own soul, of all efforts made in behalf of others. Again and again, in after days, does he make similar statements. He gave what he received, and in giving got more.

"*June* 18.—I find that unless I am continually doing something for the souls of unthinking sinners, my love becomes cold, and a deadening effect is the result, which soon spreads into everything." Yet it was not easy for the flesh at first, though ultimately he won the victory. "I have to grieve," says he, "over a feeling of unwillingness, and even irksomeness, to go and speak to persons about their eternal salvation.

Am I stone? Am I hardened as adamant? How can I allow such feelings to gain the mastery; they are called *natural*, but are they natural? If these persons were in imminent danger of falling a prey to wild beasts in the desert, would I not flee to their rescue? O Lord, touch this heart which is so cold and senseless. Thy countenance can make it ever full of love for deluded sinners."

After again perusing Harlan Page, he writes:— "When on my deathbed, how will every effort, every trial to bring souls to Jesus, seem cold and lifeless. O for the mind of the Lord when He wept over Jerusalem! Give me, Lord Jesus, a heart to weep for poor sinners, a heart to bleed for poor sinners, a heart to pour out itself in prayer for poor sinners. Thou knowest the weakness and coldness of my pleadings for unconcerned sinners. O give me faith, give me love, burning, unquenchable love to do all I can in God's strength to convince those living without Thee, that they are wilfully throwing themselves into destruction, that they are of their own *free will* casting from them everlasting salvation, and embracing eternal damnation. O that I had a forehead as Ezekiel, 'as adamant harder than flint,' that I might speak the Lord's will to every man."

There was nothing of bondage in David Sandeman's unceasing service; his was the filial obedience of one

who, by Christ, could enter the Holiest of all, and could look up to the Holy One and cry, "Abba, Father." This confidence in his Lord, this boldness to enter by the blood of Jesus, this assurance of the acceptance of his person in the Beloved, and therefore of his services, was the secret spring of that untiring delight he manifested in waiting for his God. Let us hear him speak on this point. He has been reading a little book, "Glimpses into the World to Come," by a young friend, George Philips, and here are his remarks:—

"George Philips's case remarkably shews that God must be sought only through the merits of Jesus. For six years he was concerned about his soul, and could obtain no peace. But then he yielded much to going in with irreligious friends in trifling, and for long had not resolution to tell them boldly why he would no longer join with them. A more prolonged and chief occasion of his want of peace was his looking to his frames, and confiding in the earnestness of his prayers as the ground of his acceptance with God; and it was only when he saw the freeness of the Gospel offer, made only through the blood of Jesus, and when all suspicions of God were removed, that peace flowed into his mind, and that but shortly before his death."

His first visit to a cottage on the errand of salvation, is thus recorded:—

"Went for first time this evening to address a man and his wife on their eternal condition. During prayer, felt strong desire that what I said might not be made the savour of death unto death to their souls. After leaving them, I felt so strongly the awful condition of lost, unthinking sinners, that I was constrained to go and speak to some of the cottars, particularly one family of whom I had heard."

Once more we see what had to be overcome ere he attained the freedom and readiness to deal with souls that afterwards he reached. Let it encourage others.

"I now feel the inward hardness of the heart more than formerly, and that languor formerly referred to as stealing over the soul when once active work for God is intermitted. It is undoubtedly the case that there is a secret reluctance to speak plainly to unthinking men, unless we are specially endued with a sense of eternal things, and that so strongly as to conquer the natural evil of the heart. But if there is much secret striving with God, and then going in His strength boldly to the work, many a seeming difficulty will vanish; we are strengthened above what we thought for, and a sense of divine things experienced brighter and clearer than ever before. God seems indeed to have wonderfully connected praying and acting. If we pray to be enabled to speak the truth

to dying sinners, and do not, if we have any opportunity, engage actively in doing something for them, the effect on our mind begins to lessen. It is saying 'I go,' and going not. Many Christians seem to be left to fall into a lethargic state from this cause."

The dependence of spiritual health on efforts for the souls of others being with him a principle of action, he scarcely ever took even a walk for relaxation without distributing tracts, and asking the people to pray over them. He used to say he did not enjoy a walk without having done something in the course of it for the good of souls.

Another breathing.

"*June* 25.—O Lord, assist me this night, if it be Thy will I should address some careless sinners. O Lord my God, fill me with prayer, with heart-bleedings for sinners! May we take heaven by violence for them. Time flies, and souls are flying to hell. I must pray more for a sense of what the loss of a single soul actually is. Who is sufficient for these things?"

Then follows a holy resolution: "Never to speak to any one without trying to say something directly, either for the spiritual advancement of my own soul or of theirs, if conscientiously I can find an opportunity, remembering 'where there is a will there is a way.'"

He was now about to leave Springland, that he might enter on business in Manchester. With this in prospect, he says :—

"*July* 11.—The Lord has, in His abundant mercy, brought me to see this, the third month of my being in Him. My heart is hard as the nether millstone, else it would be continually sounding forth the praises of the love of the Lord Jesus. I would be ever meditating and speaking of such wondrous, incomprehensible love. O Lord, give me but a clear sight of my Saviour, and then my heart must melt down. What urgent need I have to apply more at God's throne; to keep nearer to Jesus as my only strength."

"*July* 16.—The first person I ever visited with the end of profiting, or being profited, was Mrs M., Quarry Mill. Almost four years ago my sister began to visit her, she being confined to bed by bodily debility. About the same time, one who had obtained peace of mind went to her and spoke to her. She did not wonder at my sister speaking so, because she was of superior station; but when this servant girl so spoke it astonished her, and her conscience told her that no more than the truth was said. She now rejoices in her only Saviour."

The same evening he writes—"I find I must watch that efforts for the salvation of souls do not turn away my mind from my own spiritual state. To-day I have

been engaged, as I am on the eve of leaving home, in visiting the cottagers from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

"I am now about to go to England. O that the Lord would meet with me as He did with Jacob, and bless me, then would I go forth joyfully. O God, my God, go forth with me, and I will fear none ill. O direct my path in everything. Make a bright shining light to mark the road that leads me to the Lamb, so that I may not swerve to the right hand or to the left. Thou, O Lord, hast dealt very mercifully with me in giving me such a long breathing season. I am but a weak lamb; unless Thou bear me up, I must soon fall. May I every day wax stronger and stronger, 'looking unto Jesus;' then I cannot fail.

"While I am on my way to Manchester, I will have much in my power in speaking to former associates. O Lord, enable me to *make opportunities!* May I always have before mine eyes either to give or receive profit, with whomsoever I meet."

On arriving at Manchester:—

"*Sunday Evening, July* 28.—Have much cause of thankfulness to the Lord for His many kindnesses to me since coming here. For some days my heart felt cast down, as I have been doing nothing for that merciful God who has done so much for me. But since then He has been pleased to shew me that I

have been impatient, and not relying enough on His ever faithful arm. I see that in some cases I must wait till I have been here longer before speaking to persons, and then efforts will be more effectual; but neither, on the other hand, ought I to delay too long. But I have full cause to thank the Lord for the opportunities He gives me of engaging in His work. His having been pleased to put me under the charge of Mr G. Barbour, is a striking instance of His lovingkindness, for by this means I have been introduced into the Sabbath school, and thus again have opportunity of gaining admission into families to speak a word to them; and in Mr B. I have a friend with whom I may advise, and who by his efforts and conversation shews that his face is Zionward."

Immediately on being settled, he began to distribute tracts in the neighbourhood. Finding that this formed a good opening for further acquaintance and visitation, the same evening he commenced visiting the houses of his Sabbath scholars. Amidst the routine of business his soul prospered; for he acted on the rule of Psalm i. 3, and so was like a tree planted by the waters.

"I find encouragement, at my daily occupations in the warehouse, from now and then taking out my Testament and reading over a few verses; and that,

with perhaps a short prayer, gives me new vigour, and stimulates me to greater diligence in my duties. A great part of the day is necessarily consumed with affairs connected with this world; but in being thus engaged, I trust I am preparing a way for a greater opportunity of glorifying Him by acquiring the means of doing more good."

"I find the little time at dinner very refreshing, for then I get a little of the Bible or some other good book read."

Here is a solemn case:—

"I have passed perhaps the most solemn time this night that I have ever passed. I have been conversing with one to whom the Lord has not been pleased to manifest Himself. He said he knew well the willingness of Jesus to save him, but that there was an iron sinew in his neck which prevented him coming to Him; that he just felt that he was sin, and could not move to the Redeemer. I read and prayed with him about two hours; still his heart was rebellious and would not bend. Again and again in the Lord's strength I besought him then to come with his heart as it was, and put it and all into Jesus' hands, and yet he said that he could not. It was indeed solemn to be beside one who knew so well all the Bible truths and the freeness of the Gospel offer, and yet whose heart was so hardened, that all these fell like dumb

words upon his soul. Let me not rest till he has obtained perfect peace in the Lord."

His first prayer-meeting in Manchester:—

"*August* 8.—Our first prayer-meeting was held to-night. Here may be the beginning of a great working among the dry bones. Let me remember that the blood of sinners lies at my door, if I warn them not night and day with tears, Acts xx. 31, Ezek. xxxiii. 8. O Lord, give me a realising sense of their condition, then will I go forth proclaiming the glorious plan of salvation and the terrific danger of remaining in sin. O for more of Harlan Page's spirit. O when will prayer and effort, and effort and prayer, be the business of my life!"

The time is now come when he sees his way opened to deal with those around him, in the same warehouse.

"*August* 9.—I have been waiting till I should prove myself diligent in business before beginning to speak to those around me about their souls, but now I must, by the arm of the Lord supporting me, begin to do something at the warehouse. If it please Him, I may be the instrument of bringing many souls to Him from among them, but to find and use opportunities will require much circumspection and prayer. Having this evening to myself, I felt a disinclination to spend it in the work of the Lord. How

soon does the heart grow cold in this service. I have been writing to a friend about his soul, after much prayer on his behalf."

Yearning over a soul, he says :—

"16*th August*.—To-day, while thinking of writing to ——, I felt my heart *burn* for poor sinners, and could not refrain from writing to him; which I did, leaving all in the hands of a mightier than I, and earnestly beseeching the blessing."

Two days after this, he is sitting alone, musing on his Lord and His ways. The fire burns higher and higher. "What! has that Lord of all come down from heaven, and shewn me somewhat of such glorious love in my Lord and Redeemer! It is wonderful!—reason stands speechless—poor finite man stands confounded, 'lost in wonder, love, and praise;' the Lord alone can fathom the bottomless depth of his love; the Lord, and He alone, can know it. O let me then praise Him! Praise Him, praise Him, my soul; praise God the Father, praise God the Saviour, praise God the Holy Ghost. Praise, praise, honour, and eternity of glories to the Almighty God, Triune Jehovah!

"My God and Father, give me more ardent love. Fill, O fill me with more love to such a Saviour! Everything within seems cold and dead, when the love of the Lord Jesus is made to shine. For, O

how feeble must seem the little twinkling star of man's cold love and colder heart, when brought in comparison with that love which burns as an infinity of suns!"

There is an expression used by the Prophet Hosea (xiv. 6), when telling of pardoned, accepted, freely loved Israel: "His smell shall be as Lebanon." Travellers report that they have found not the cedars only, but every shrub and plant that clothes the sides of that majestic mountain, in the spring season, breathing forth fragrance; all are aromatic. Is it not so with all the words and ways of the pardoned and accepted soul? Was it not so with David Sandeman? But besides this, the natives of Lebanon tell us that if you collect the sap of the tall pine, or of the goodly cedar, and drop it into the flame, the fragrance is delightful as incense. Is not this like what we find in God's believing ones? Their inner life, their thoughts, their deep-seated feelings, when circumstances develop them, have a fragrance of peculiar sweetness. It was so in the case of him whose motives and innermost frames of soul are here laid open. "The smell is as Lebanon."

But effort is now called forth in another direction.

"*Wednesday*, 21*st*.—For the first time, spoke seriously and plainly to one of the warehousemen,

and gave him two tracts. I trust this will prove a beginning to doing more for the precious souls which I am among. Speaking to him has made me happy; for day after day I have gone there, and done nothing for these souls. Pride, so far as I have seen, appears to be my besetting sin. It is surely in mercy that the Lord hides the desperate wickedness of my heart from my view, lest I should be overwhelmed in His holy presence."

He again testifies to the reflex influence on his own soul of his endeavours to bless others.

"31*st August.*—I find almost invariably that the more I am engaged in doing something for the good of others, the happier I am in my mind.

"Going home I began to speak to a policeman, who was going the same way, with a view to the good of his soul."

At times he was led to take note of the evils within his own soul, and occasionally the conflict there was sore.

"1*st September, Sunday.*—Henry Martyn seems to have felt much the depravity of his heart. I fear I have scarce seen mine at all. I seem to have a sort of fear to examine into it, as if there were an unfathomable abyss thinly veiled."

"2*d September, Monday.*—This morning, felt plainly the workings of pride, pride which brought

down Satan. Walked home with a young man. He made the long hours of business an excuse for not attending to eternal things.

"3*d September*.—The wicked one has taken advantage of some things which I have read and heard of the Socinians, to infuse at times doubts into my mind. The mere handling of their views seems to leave a stain.

"2 *o'clock*.—My reason is plainly convinced that the Lord Jesus is God; still there seems to be something of the Satanic spirit within. O how awful is any feeling approaching to unbelief! How desolate it makes the heart, as if a stinging scorpion were lying there.

"*Night*.—I have sincere cause to praise the Lord that He has been mercifully pleased to deliver me from the power of the lion."

He used the short time he had in his power at the dinner hour for snatching a look at the New Testament and for brief prayer. This refreshment cheered him on in his common employment. After one of these short seasons, he finds himself again among his fellow-clerks in the warehouse, and thus writes:—

"One of them spoke to me about predestination; another, a Roman Catholic, joined us. I proposed that we should look for a little at Rom. ix.; and it did seem strange, three of us examining God's word

in such a place, in the midst of cloth, and noise, and bustle; the sight made me lift up my heart to the Lord in praise and humble prayer, that it might not be ineffectual for our good. In the evening tried to speak to another fellow-clerk; my heart was yearning for his soul's welfare; for O the time is short, everything is hastening to an end, and then—unending eternity."

His zeal led his mind forth in all directions.

"*8th September.*—Spoke to a Particular Baptist in the warehouse, who holds very strong views on predestination. It seems to me that he dwells on this to the exclusion, in some measure, of man's responsibility. Now, both are to be held; if the former only be considered, how manifestly must it cool every effort for the salvation of souls.

"*Thursday, 12th September,* 3½ A.M.—I have remained up to this early hour writing to ——, about our matter of controversy."

Thinking over some of his visits to Perth, he notes the particulars of a case thus:—"I never visited Mrs Y. till three weeks before leaving for Manchester. It was remarkable that, through carnal and sinful reasons, I had been at home three weeks before I went; and yet it pleased the Almighty to convince her soul, and then to bring her to Himself. She was almost wholly ignorant of Scripture, or at least of its

meaning; for often during the course of the day she would come, Bible in hand, to ask of a neighbour what this or that passage meant. Since then, I believe, she holds on her way." This is dated September 17. On September 19, another is mentioned who "at first was rather hardened by the loss of her children; and then led by it to the true Comforter. She had had hard thoughts of God."

An entry, 25th September, takes special notice of the thought of the ministry having taken hold of his mind, and of the joy it gave him even to look forward to the possibility of entering on that path. But the following general observation about his feelings is interesting in itself:—"Find that whilst in my unconverted days impressions seemed a kind of burden, often falling off, now another hand preserves them."

Other thoughts occur about the same time, shewing the healthy tone and vigour of his spiritual being. We are giving merely samples.

"*27th September.*—I have lately been looking forward with some joy to that happy departure from this world and being with Christ, which is far better. O what a sovereign balm for every wound is that; it often enlivens the solitariness of my lodging.

"*1st October, Tuesday.*—I have now been able to get three in the warehouse to learn a verse every

morning. My heart was enlivened by the two '*hookers*' coming to me and repeating their verses; one of them was a Roman Catholic.

"2*d October, Wednesday.*—That arch enemy pride, I fear, wars against me."

Joy and edification, as the result of dealing with souls, were his constant experience now.

"8*th October, Tuesday.*—Called upon Davis, and heard him praying while he did not know of it. He seemed to be truly pouring out his soul, and it was affecting to hear one so engaged who may be so near death. The Irish accent was very strong, which added simplicity to it. In prayer, after visiting him and another dying man, felt much solemnised. It is when the Lord is pleased thus to solemnise my heart, that prayer draws my soul into heaven, and I feel unwilling to desist.

"Again and again I find it confirmed, that the more I am engaged in working for the Lord, the more do heavenly and becoming thoughts fill my heart. It is this which inclines me much to the ministry. I do at times sincerely wish that my heart, time, and all, were given wholly to the service of the Redeemer. It would be my joy and felicity to be spent wholly in working for Him; and this, I trust, is not mere enthusiasm, but the calm and full purpose of my heart. I have been earnestly praying that if it be

His will the Lord would open a way for me. How my heart glows at the thought of my poor unworthy services being entirely devoted to Him who has washed me, who has justified me, who has sanctified, and will sanctify me more and more."

Becoming more and more impressed with the persuasion, that the Lord might open up to him that entrance into the ministry which he so longed for, he writes in his journal that he is fully aware of the many difficulties he must in that case encounter, but he has weighed the best manner of meeting every difficulty, and trial, and discouragement that may be awaiting him. "*Looking unto Jesus*," says he, "would be my motto in the beginning—*Looking unto Jesus*, my motto in advancing—*Looking unto Jesus*, my motto in storming the breach—*Looking unto Jesus*, my motto in falling, sword in hand, did He so decree. Lord, give me light!" It is soon after this that he writes—"I trust God is becoming far more of *a companion to me*."

We next find him blaming himself for speaking and acting as if he were already an established believer instead of a new-born babe. Then we find him on his way to the Lord's table, saying, "All I can expect in this world is pain and struggle, rising and falling, seeming to be nearly vanquished, and then, in the glorious strength of my Redeemer, conquering all enemies. Whether as a merchant or as

a minister, I may fully expect such trials as these. Let nothing therefore move me."

On 13th October occurs a breathing of delight at the idea of a soul saved by his instrumentality. "Have had the joyful news to-day, that —— is inquiring very seriously, and in a way that shews that the blessed Spirit is at work within. How unspeakably precious is the godly sorrow of one poor sinner, which gives the angels a hymn of praise." Two days after this, he records at some length his views regarding the proposed change in his profession, prefacing it with the words, "May I consider it as if I were on my death-bed!" What weighed with him most powerfully was the consideration, that a merchant cannot so *give himself up to live and die wholly for the Lord, as a minister of the Gospel may*— although the merchant in a sphere of his own may largely glorify God. After this he writes:—

"*Evening, 22d October.*—I feel at present as standing in the market-place, ready to be hired. May the Lord Jesus come forth from His vineyard, and although it may be said to be with me the eleventh hour, invite me, nay, draw me in, to be one of his labourers. Whether merchant or minister, let me remember the day is far spent, and that we are near the end of the journey. If he has chosen me for his minister, O for that grace and truth which come from above;

for that holy anointing for His own special work. Why wait the wheels of His chariot? Yet I see that the lesson of waiting in prayer must be learnt. The Lord alone can direct the path of His servants. Now they must seemingly stand still; again, they must press forward with the fullest vigour. At one time, in the eyes of the world, they may seem to be over cautious, and fearful of advancing; at another, they may seem to be enthusiasts.

"25*th October*.—With Christian friends I have sometimes a pure unalloyed and hallowed enjoyment, which I scarcely thought was given to creatures here on earth. Truly the world knows nothing of this communion. I never imagined such, till the Lord was pleased to renew my heart."

He is not abating in his pursuit of holiness, for we find him recording:—

"28*th October, Monday*.—In the morning tried to have solemn thoughts, as soon as I arose, by repeating and praying the 63d Psalm. Grieved to find that I do not awake with a greater sense of divine things upon my mind. I fear this shews there is little true sanctification of *the thoughts* and *intents* of the heart."

Once more: "I have much reason to thank the Lord for the persuasion he has given me in my own mind, with regard to the ministry. I pray that as soon as the way is properly clear, I may enter with

my whole soul into the work. Poor perishing souls, why will they not be warned? O if that vast word '*Eternity*' were more in my heart, how wholly different would be my walk and conversation! I fear I never realise what eternal death means."

"I think that the best criterion of the effect of private devotion, public ordinances, or religious converse, is, how does it dispose one for self-denying effort? Were this question put when the heart seemed softened with some view of holy things, it might often appear that natural feeling has mingled. This test must be a true one, for when should the believer's soul be so strong for duty, as when his Redeemer sends forth the rays of His love?"

Very characteristic are his words, when he resolves —"To act as if there were no other human being with me, as if I alone bore the standard; and yet *to watch for and hail any who seem to strive to bear the standard, and take him by the right hand.*" For his was a genial nature, thriving in the atmosphere of brotherly love.

Here is an important reiteration of a testimony:— "I never feel my soul so much trusting in the Lord my righteousness, as after trying to warn some poor one from the sleep of death, or to comfort some follower of the Lamb. I have so often experienced this, that it seems strange I should ever forget it. There

is a heartfelt enjoyment of peace and a resting upon Him, which far surpasses any feeling I ever experienced while wandering from the blessed Shepherd of the flock. It is at such times as these that a strong proof of the Lord having indeed made me one of His is presented to my mind. For there is such a peaceful quiet within, that none can feel it unless the Lord has sent it, especially if, on examination, there is no particular outward cause to produce it. In going to the warehouse, and passing through the crowded street, nothing was permitted to come between my soul and my God."

And here is an important statement of a fact:— "Find new opportunities every day at the warehouse of speaking a word in season; the longer there, the more such seem to open. I will leave the profession of merchant, deeply convinced of the many opportunities afforded him if he has the true wish of glorifying the Lord. Yet is the ministry more honourable than this, and still more opportunities are found in it."

But now the time came when his highest wish was to be gratified. On November 19th, he is taking farewell of the poor whom he used to visit. At last, he is ready to start. "O may He be my staff and my rod! May this ever be before my eyes, and written upon my heart, GOD, WHOSE I AM, AND WHOM I SERVE. I am now no longer my own; the world

must now be cast behind. May I be directed on the road to duty. Let this day be ever remarkable in my life."

Just as he was thus leaving Manchester, he heard of one to whom he seemed to have been savingly blessed. It led him to write :—" Felt that important principle confirmed to-day, that the more I engage in duty, the more I am glad with a holy joy." Need we wonder at this? Surely not; for thus it is that a man is kept from looking at self, and guided to a more constant gaze at Christ, to whom he points others. And we get a little into the secret of his steady cheerfulness when we find him remarking :—" Have been considering the subject of *assurance*. I believe that the Christian who possesses it is in the best position for active effort to the glory of God : as he is thus free from his own problem to care for the souls of others. And surely it is most scriptural, for we find the Apostles ever rejoicing in the love of Christ, and exhorting whole churches to do the same."

We now go with him to Edinburgh, where he arrived November 27.; and three days after he is found as before, at his heavenly Father's business. For we read—

" 30*th November*.—Attended a prayer meeting of the Students' Missionary Association. Have been much interested in the life of J. Brainerd Taylor.

He was a merchant also till nineteen. He seems to have felt a distaste for business itself, which I cannot say was the case with me, nor do I know that there is any line of life I would not have been ready to pursue, had duty led to it. With him I pray that the Lord would make me a Christian eminent for holiness and devotedness. I would desire not to take any man as my model, but only the Lamb of God. May He grant me a great anointing for His most holy office."

Soon after he is found joining with a few others in a prayer meeting for revival in the congregation. Then he writes:—"I would humbly praise God for the change which, I trust, has been wrought in me. He has restored in some measure to my soul the light of His countenance. The Holy Scriptures have been sweet to my taste to-day. The Psalms especially seemed to *beam* with light. This morning while returning from visiting, Jesus seemed to draw near to me. I had just to lift up my heart, and He gave me peace in Him. I longed to go aside and pray, but had no time. Still I could not help stopping by the roadside, and felt the true joy arising from the feeling of lying passive in the Saviour's arms."

Here is watchfulness.

"*7th December.*—Began to repeat the 42d Psalm as soon as I arose, and engaged in prayer. This I

often find beneficial, by the mind being led into a serious frame as soon as I awake.'

Here is self-examination.

"*Monday, 9th.*—I cannot point so much to one glaring sin that should make me mourn, it is just the corruption of the whole inward man; a constant tendency to estrange myself from the Lord, by neglecting to be ever striving to keep near Him."

Here he glorifies God in his studies.

"*13th December.*—It is very delightful when I am enabled to sit down to Cicero or to Greek, with my heart's purpose being to glorify God. It is oftentimes very refreshing to lift up my heart in prayer before taking the book in my hands, and commending myself unto Him who careth for us.

"*17th December.*—Attending meeting of students of divinity engaged in Home Mission work. This is my first mixing with the students, and engaging more immediately for God's glory. The Lord has given me some love to souls; but O why so little yearning after the Lord Jesus! Were he to put the question to me which he put to Peter, 'Lovest thou me?' I fear it would be asked but once.

"*8th January.*—My time is at present very much engrossed by study. To-day, from half-past seven A.M. till ten at night, I was engaged in study, and yet the Lord shewed me that He is able to keep my heart in

peace with Him: for often during my studies, I was able to lift up my soul in calm resting upon Him. The quiet and sweetness I experience at times is what formerly, when dwelling afar from the Lord, I was an utter stranger to. It is not a boisterous joy, nor even elation, but a calm quiet, which seems to pervade every feeling of the soul. I think I can trace this to my being more in prayer while at college and in the various classes. Let this be an encouragement to me to *strive to live in prayer*; and in order to this, let me ever remember *not to begin the business of any class till I have prayed to the Lord to keep me, and to bless to me what I learn while there.*

"Attended Dr Candlish's class for the Confession of Faith. Subject: 'The Decrees of God and Election.' In the course of the day, I find myself speaking and acting too much as if I were an established follower of my Lord, instead of manifesting that humble, child-like deportment which ought to characterise the new-born babe. Passed some time with a soul who is still looking within, instead of without, to the cross of Immanuel.

"My heart is apparently wholly devoid of that melting tenderness and fervent love to my crucified Redeemer which ought to fill me. O to be delivered from this body of death! When will the Day Star, the Bright and Morning Star, arise upon my soul,

and the love of the Saviour, without resistance, be shed abroad within me? I long for such a time. O that I could forget every one else, and every thing else in the world, and join the seraph band in singing to *His* praise, the bountiful Giver of all good! Every estrangement is only the working of that great enemy sin, mortal sin. How black must my heart seem in the eye of the Lord, with whom I have to do. Lord Jesus, come into my soul, and enable me to love Thee more and more."

In crossing from Leith to Kirkcaldy, on his way to a few days' visit at Springland, he writes:—"Was obliged to rebuke three men for their disgraceful conversation; but it was done in a cowardly manner. Spoke at last to a gentleman inside the coach a few words as to the necessity of seeking to lay hold on the only true foundation, Christ Jesus. The cowardly feeling I experienced was very great, wholly unworthy of one who professes to have relinquished the world, and therefore should regard neither its laugh nor frown. I am far from being a bold soldier in my Master's cause."

And here is a prayer at this time, and the solution of a difficulty:—"I prayed to be kept in remembrance of my three mottoes:—

'LOOKING UNTO JESUS.'

'MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE.'

'WHOSE I AM, AND WHOM I SERVE.'

I am sometimes at a loss as to the priority of various duties, which should hold the first place, and which should be postponed. At present these three manifest duties lie before me: 1st, Religion in my own soul; 2d, Preparation in all its forms for the ministry; 3d, The conversion of near relations and neighbours."

It is thus he enters upon another year:—

"*New Year's Day*, 1*st January* 1845, *Springland*.—The year has been begun in prayer. How blessed would it be if it were a whole year of prayers. O for grace from my God to pray without ceasing. In a letter from my sister lately, she said, 'Do not come to terms with your corruptions. Give no quarter to sin, and take none, till you set your feet within the New Jerusalem.'

"O to learn more from Jesus of His own glorious Person! Shew me, Lord, more of Thy wondrous love. Fill the void which I feel to be in my soul.

"I sometimes think whether or not it may be God's will that I should enter the ministry on earth. Many are cut off in their prime. J. Brainerd Taylor was cut down when about to enter on the work of preaching the Gospel, and he, as I, left business. May I ever remember this solemn consideration"

And thus he girds his loins:—

"22*d February*.—Rose at 4½ A.M. for reading the

word and prayer. Could not get near the Lord in prayer, and was made to walk the rest of the day in somewhat of the spirit of humility, yet felt that it had strengthened me and that it gave me a feeling of stability. Found to-day how ill my proud heart could bear reproof."

His studies go on, and yet his soul is not really suffering loss:—"To-day felt much calm joy of heart in leaving my Greek for a little and kneeling down to pray. How sweet the refreshment at such a season to the whole inward man. It spreads a peaceful serenity over the heart which nothing from an earthly source can equal. Perhaps the nearest approach to it is Christian friendship, but this I find mixed with many alloys. Communing with God is alone pure without mixture; it is a foretaste of the eternal joy."

On March 3. he gained the prize for recitation at the Humanity Class in the College, taught by Professor Pillans.

But his delight in meditating on the word of God increased.

"16*th March*.—The majesty of God's word is truly great; so like the language of the Creator of the universe. Have been reading lately some of Solomon's Song, and find it very suitable to my own case."

"*Wednesday, March* 19.—Have experienced more

pleasure in reading the Scriptures to-day than I ever remember before. Have begun to learn John's Gospel by heart. How placid and kind the manner in which Jesus speaks to the first apostles, 'What seek ye?' He said unto them, 'Come and see;' when they, trembling, no doubt, were following Him, for they seem to have been afraid to come up with Him. And then, no doubt, walking between them, He took them to His own house—perhaps some small room surrounded by carpenters' tools. And then the kind welcome given to Nathaniel is very touching. How beautifully does the character of Jesus shine forth in these little narratives, and yet, little as they are, giving manifold proof of His being a Divine Person. Simon Peter's character he knew at once. Nathaniel was known to be an Israelite in whom was no guile. When he thought no eye had seen him, Jesus had been present and with him under the fig-tree."

Somewhere about this time, a letter that he wrote a school companion was made a blessing; or rather, a letter which he had written to that friend from Manchester now began to bear fruit in his soul. The young man said, that from that date, whenever he thought of religion, his mind somehow reverted to Mr Sandeman. For a time he quieted his conscience by saying, "Some shall be taken, and others left. What then could he do?" But he was led on to cry more earnestly to the

Lord. One Sabbath, after hearing a sermon on faith, he went home and prayed, "Lord, increase my faith!" and his eyes were opened. He wrote to Mr Sandeman telling him the happy story. It may be mentioned here, that at a future date he visited Mr S., who has this instructive record concerning him:—"H. G. visited me. The first day or two he was all joy together. This, perhaps, led him to think lightly of temptation. He went to a dancing-party. God humbled him, and he seems to be going on his way rejoicing, yet humble." Next year, that same person was found spending hours in prayer, in reading the Bible, and visiting the poor. In recording it in his journal, Mr S. writes:—"Heard of a letter being blessed. Let me be encouraged by this answer to prayer. The good has come, and every atom of it, through Jesus. The grace flowed all the way from heaven, and entered a weak and broken vessel, just before it did the work God had given it to do."

We can join him in the glow of feeling that dictates what follows:—

"*4th April.*—Three days more, and then *the 7th of April.* Brightest day that ever dawned to me, or that ever can dawn, till I enter into the everlasting joy!"

"*6th April, Sabbath.*—It was about this very hour last year that the Lord first gave me a true hope,

which has never quite left me since. How blessed my prospect now: Throughout the ages of eternity my soul to be wrapt in joys, of which Jesus shall be the one great theme! a holy rejoicing, which can know no ebbings, no interruptions, but shall be ever flowing on, ever finding new cause for a louder burst of praise when my Saviour's loveliness is yet more displayed! in that land to meet the patriarchs and prophets, to join with the Psalmist King in chaunting to the praise of God, with all the martyrs to sing aloud, and the general assembly of the redeemed!"

Amid such breathings, prayers, efforts, studies, passed quietly away the first year of his new life.

CHAPTER III.

His Days of Study for the Ministry.

"Whose I am, and whom I serve."

Acts xxvii. 23.

THE city of Venice is built on clusters of islets, divided from each other by narrow and shallow channels of sea, up which the tide runs. These islets were once merely stretches of sand covered with sea-weed. When the city was to be built, the builders did not seek to fill up these dividing channels, but conformed their plan to the nature of the site, driving in stakes and piles, and erecting houses, temples, palaces, and towers, along the margin. It is somewhat thus that the great Builder acts when He comes to rear up the new temple in a once wasted, desolate soul. He does not reduce souls to one level platform, and build a monotonous range of similar structures. He conforms the features of the new building to the previous outstanding characteristics of the man.

The Holy Spirit, by the pen of Paul, has used an illustration in Romans xi. 17, taken from the grafting of the branch of a wild olive tree into the stock on

which grew the branches of the Good Olive. He is speaking of believing Gentiles coming into a share of Israel's spiritual blessings. Now, those well acquainted with gardening processes tell us, that, as the result of such an operation, the fruit of the wild olive tree is sensibly improved in size, if not in flavour, by the new sap, but that it still retains its specific peculiarity. The Gentiles, grafted by faith on the same stock as Abraham, do, nevertheless, retain their Gentile peculiarities of character, while they draw new life from the good stock of the good olive tree. So with souls born again. The grafted scion, the new man in Christ, in bearing fruit retains its specific characteristics; union to Christ does not efface the man's peculiar intellectual qualities, but breathes new life and imparts new vigour into them. It is thus we account for the fact on the scale of a nation, that, when the life of God has come to that nation, it arises from intellectual torpor, and vigorously cultivates every form of civilisation, retaining all the while its individuality. On the same principle we see a soul after conversion rousing himself to the service of his Redeemer, and calling into more vigorous exercise every power of his being—and his peculiar gifts not least.

At a later period, he of whom we write was led to remark, that the Lord seems, even in grace, to preserve individuality. "I have had occasion to observe

how God continues the same grace to different believers, grace peculiarly their own, so that in meeting them you know where you will find them." When he himself was brought out of darkness into marvellous light, conversion did not make him intellectually say what he was not before, but it led him to seek the development of all his powers with intense energy. He did not imitate any other man or Christian, he sought to be what the Master apparently meant him to become. It was remarked of him in infancy, that while others were quicker and more active, he was one who took pains to be sure that he was right before he acted. When sent with a message up to the nursery, his more nimble companions often rushed down two or three times over with the wrong article ; but when David was the messenger, he was sure to come back with the commission carefully executed. This feature of character, combined with perseverance, was more and more developed as he grew up in years. It led him, in general study, to get at the root of everything, if possible ; it inclined him, in theology, to examine the principles of the divine administration, and to observe the analogy of faith, instead of hastily admitting a conclusion which one less anxious to be sure that he was right might have been content to draw. Indeed, his companions often thought him slow, as well as cautious, in his reasoning.

Manly fearlessness in maintaining what he believed to be right, was not less remarkable in him than this indomitable perseverance. And then his rare consistency and evident singlemindedness were felt by his fellow-students to impart peculiar weight to his conclusions. We might add also his gentlemanly bearing and kindly address; indeed, even little children soon perceived and appreciated his unselfish kindliness of manner and disposition.

We do not try to follow him throughout his eight years of preparatory study for the ministry; it may be better to give glimpses of his student life. He most conscientiously studied the usual branches, and attended the classes that other students attend who are preparing for the ministry in the Free Church of Scotland. His attention was given to Latin and Greek, to Natural Philosophy and the higher Mathematics,* besides other pursuits of a less severe kind. He studied Logic under Sir William Hamilton, and Moral Philosophy under Professor M'Dougall. Then followed, during four successive years, Theology in all its branches, under Dr Bannerman, and Dr James Buchanan, and Principal Cunningham, while he pursued at the same time the study of Hebrew, and made progress in the cognate dialects also, under Dr John

* He retained such a liking to this branch of study, that when in China, he wrote home for a copy of Newton's *Principia*.

Duncan. In several of these classes he gained marked distinction; in every one of them, he made it a matter of conscience to be diligent and persevering. Nor was there any perceptible abatement of spiritual feeling. Many have found the glowing ardour of their souls damped by philosophical and even by theological pursuits; he felt the danger, and endured a conflict, but did not fall within it. For whether it were Locke's Philosophy or Calvin's Institutes, M'Intosh's Dissertations or Edwards on the Will, Hume's argument against Miracles or Owen's Treatises, Demosthenes or Milton, he made it a rule first to pray over the book, and then to endeavour to use it for his Master. "*To study all day in the presence of Jesus,*" was his rule. In his note-book, he has penned in large letters, "ETERNITY! ETERNITY!" Then he writes:—"Let me act more as if I were now in the next world looking back to see how I should have acted for the glory of Jesus. As D. Brainerd says, O to live ON THE VERGE OF ETERNITY! Would that I could continually dwell on its sides, in studying and following out every avocation!"

His motto, "PRAY WITHOUT CEASING," occurs from time to time every year of his course; and as it seemed an impossible attainment to study very keenly and continue as spiritually-minded as before, he laid it down as a rule for testing his soul—"One atom of

spirituality of mind, lost by too great attention to study, can never be made up for by any amount of acquirement." The question in such a case might be raised, Is not the acquirement itself, if a thing of duty, a really spiritual gain, although the *feeling* of spirituality be at the time weakened? Certainly he was stating a mighty truth when he wrote, "If the soul is doing all for the glory of God, then every particle of knowledge is turned into the gold of the sanctuary; while, as soon as the soul loses this single aim of God's glory, all that may be acquired is but wood, hay, and stubble." But never once does he hint at the idea of such acquirements being useless. On the contrary, he writes (April 1846):—

"The student for the ministry is often inclined to lay aside his book of science, &c., and take up the word of God and pray; while the heavenly Master knows that such learning, kept in entire subjection to His own word, will tend to make the servant more of a polished shaft, by accustoming the mind to be exercised; and thus, by the effectual working of the Holy Spirit, will enable him to apply with all the more vigour and effect to the mighty work of preaching the Gospel."

"When I go to Edinburgh, I think that I ought to begin to read the Bible through, as my acquaintance with it is very limited indeed. If my doctrine

is not to be mine, but His that sent me, surely His revealed will must be my constant study; and let me endeavour to bring my faculties to bear upon it with all the force I can command, for surely God's word is far more deserving of it than mathematics.

"The winter classes will take up much of my time and attention, so that I almost fear to enter them; I know how deadening is their effect. The glory of Jesus, and that alone, should be my ruling and guiding principle. So let me remember my motto—'*Whose I am, and whom I serve.*' Let this be printed over every page, and seen in every action.

"I do not expect to be particularly distinguished, my talents being of no very high order. With truth, I may say with Moses, 'I am not eloquent, neither heretofore nor since Thou hast spoken unto Thy servant, but I am of slow speech and of a slow tongue.' This last part is just as if it were written for my encouragement. Let me, keeping this always before me, take good heed that I do not err as Moses did, in tempting the Lord under a false show of humility. Let me, however, bear in mind God's promise to him—'And I will be with thy mouth.' And where do we find Moses at a loss for words? The first five books of God's holy word are from his pen. He did not fail in finding words to declare that Jesus was to come—'of whom Moses and the prophets did write.'

And what did the man of words (Aaron) do? Did he not confirm the children of Israel in their miserable idolatry?"

"*Edinburgh, 3d November* 1845.—I am now again about to commence my studies. I feel the dangers; for, if I am to profit at all by them, it must be through a regular *intense* application. O Lord, grant me thy sustaining grace. Let the one motto be ever written up before me, '*Do all to the glory of God.*' In studying mathematics, let this be my ruling desire, that my mind may be disciplined for the use of Jesus; in studying logic, the same; and in studying Greek. And may I have the strength of resolution to bear in mind to engage in prayer before commencing the business of each hour. The apostolic precept will assist me, by the mercy of God—ἀδιαλείπτως προσεύχεσθε ('Pray without ceasing').

"I would likewise solemnly call to mind my dedication in July last, in which I, for my part, did engage to dedicate myself more entirely to God's service, to seek to serve Him with more singleness of heart, feeling this to be my most reasonable service. The vows of the holy God are upon me."

At the commencement of the session he has this memorandum:—"Let me seek to remember in prayer each of the professors whose classes I attend."

His seeking the spiritual welfare of his fellow-

students was a special means of preserving the spirituality of his soul.

"After the prayer-meeting in the College, continued with W. S. calling upon God; and after prayer, besought him to lay the things of eternity more to heart. Found that he had been putting something of his own, instead of Christ's righteousness. Read part of Rom. x. on our knees before God."

This is not the only time; it is a mere sample of its kind. So also is the following:—

"In the evening had a long conversation with a literary student. Confessed that he had not found peace in believing; that when he came into contact with Christians, there was a something which told him that all was not right within. Feared death. Sought to tell of Christ Jesus, of His mercy, and love, and grace, of which he said he had heard and knew well. Sought to encourage Him to wait upon God till light should arise.

"Feel that I ought to be more faithful to my fellow-students in general."

Sometimes the struggle was severe, yet seldom was it in vain.

"Resumed regular study, which, as usual, I found to have a very *steadying* effect on all the powers of the soul.

"Find it a hard matter to combine the freedom of

the Gospel with that constant fighting against corruption, which is the Christian's calling."

"At Professor Balfour's morning Botany class; interesting as usual; propagation of plants and grafting."

"Have been studying and reading from early this morning till late, and yet Christ Jesus and his salvation have been made precious."

"Faith" (said Henry Martyn) "is to overcome, not to run away from, the world." He quotes this saying, and in the spirit of it, we find him resolving—"I must seek this summer to give myself thoroughly to study mechanics, algebra, and trigonometry, Latin, and Greek." He read the literature of the day, and our old classics; but in doing so, he invariably prayed over them, that they might help his future ministry. We scarcely wonder, when we know his high motives and aim, that he was able often to record such hours as the following,—"The Lord was with me in my studies, and to study has been joyful to my soul to-day. I intend to keep up my French and German." "In study to-day, was enabled to prosecute it without doing so in an atheistical manner—not without sense of the presence of God." "The word of God dwelt in my soul to-day. It was not difficult to study and attend the classes. Even the Rhetoric class, and the reading of Shakespeare, these seemed elevated to a

higher region, by my being able to engage in it, to the glory of God. *Study,* even *the most close and effective, did not estrange me from God.*" (*Edinburgh, January* 2. 1851.) "Working in study with a view to man's applause, or in comparison with others, is a galling bondage." Once more,—"Examination day in the Natural Philosophy. The glory of thy master! whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do. The professor, and each of us students, must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, where an examination for eternity will be held."

He liked to think for himself, and to think out a subject. One of his remarks is to this effect:—

"An essential of true thinking is conclusiveness. Excogitating even is not thinking. Practically, a thought is of no value, except conclusive. It may be of value towards a thought, but it is of no intrinsic worth. A finished conclusive thought in the hand of a powerful aggressive mind is of great efficacy. Conclusive thought is truth." (*January* 7. 1849.)

Far from undervaluing the cultivation of the faculties to the full, he sought to give good heed even to the lesser matters that might one day bear on the efficiency of his ministrations. "Whitefield," he notes, "was not ashamed to attend to manner in preaching. He rebuked the neglect of the study of oratory at Oxford." Again,—"All mannerism is hurtful for the

holy ministry. Tones unnaturally drawn out, false raising and lowering of the voice," &c.

Let us give a specimen of his appreciation of the higher literature. (*July* 1850.)

"I observe that there is a certain healthiness in the atmosphere of truly great minds, which invigorates and strengthens. There is even a moral nobility about such, which is not found among men of a lower order. Milton's Paradise Lost I find also most grateful. It breathes an ennobling spirit.

"What I admire most in these men and their productions, is that air and reality of nobility which all true greatness bears with it as a necessary ingredient. They walk on a higher level, their step is more manly too than other men's, and they cannot stoop to meanness.

"Stern unalterableness of purpose is a sublime feature of such characters; they call up the idea of the eagle, whose eye, as he soars, catches the minutest object, and marks each, but never swoops till a worthy quarry is discerned, whose fate is then fixed."

Having been perusing one of *Schiller's* works, he writes:—"Find that the ideas of truly great minds move one much in the same way as the grand in nature. The works of nature do not lead one directly away from God, but rather tend to bring one into the posture of a silent worshipper. Works of art, if very

magnificent, may have the same tendency. But ordinarily the truth of God must be called to mind, in order to put those in their proper place." "Engrossed, and more than delighted with *Chalmers*. Among other things, he measures out so palpably for one the littleness of his own mind and contractedness of his own heart. This influence on the mind amounts almost to fascination. Was led to give God thanks for creating such a spirit among the sons of men, and for bending that spirit to seek His glory as his highest aim." On *Demosthenes*: "Two or three hours of Demosthenes. Struck with the directness of his style of address. No swerving aside for mere declamation, no mere flowers or ornament, every word and sentence bears directly and potently on the point which he wishes to carry. His lofty and fervid tone has an elevating effect." At another time: "In the evening, twenty pages of Demosthenes. Healthful as usual." Meeting at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr G. F. Barbour, a living writer, *Isaac Taylor*: "Struck with his kindness and the intellectual stimulus of his conversation." Once more: "Reading *Calvin's Institutes*. Mind almost sensibly expanded in reading—the ordinary effect of reading that noble author!"

He rose early in the morning, and his care was (like M'Cheyne), "Never, if possible, to meet the creature

till he had met the Creator." Two hours were spent in prayer and reading the Word; and if he was interrupted, or if he failed to get time for these hours, he used to feel "the loss *of his morning's manna*" all throughout the day. While travelling on the continent in 1850, "*Sought the face of the Lord before starting*," or something to this effect, is a common entry in his journal. He added to this occasionally, "Two hours of the Hebrew Bible." If it was one of his special days of fasting and prayer, he sometimes rose at five, or earlier, and would note afterwards, "The day seemed very short." These hours brought in "spiritual affluence, and made him happy as a prince" while busy at his studies the rest of the day. And so he would retire to rest at night in serene repose on the everlasting arm. One evening, in *Nov.* 1851, it is noted in his journal, "Went to rest singing:—

"Friends the fondest should not keep me,
Jesus loves me more than they.
I would be where Jesus waits me,
I would be where Jesus is—
All too long have we been parted,
Let my spirit speed to His!"

lines which he uttered when sinking back into the Everlasting Arms on his deathbed. Truly his every evening's repose was a real readiness for the eternal rest.

Not less were the other hours calm and holy. "Came home with my heart somewhat heavenly. After dinner sung Psalm cxliii." (*Jan.* 1851.) He delighted in praise. Awaking one morning (*17th April* 1851) at five, he hears the birds at their early song, and thinking of it as their morning hymn, asks himself, "Is not this a challenge?" He used often to sing at ordinary times, as a song of praise, the thirty-fifth paraphrase :—

"'Twas on that night when doomed to know," &c.

And to sweeten his praise, he was at great pains to learn the use of the accordion or concertina. And then, *The Word* was ever at hand. *Jan.* 1846.—"Already it seems a friend with whom I would not part, no not for worlds." *Jan.* 1847.—One of his new year's resolutions is, "A good proportion of *the best part* of my time to be devoted to secret prayer;" and the other is, "A very close and constant reading, and as deep and prayerful a study and meditation as he can give to the Holy Scriptures." To him the Word was really "light and lamp;" and (says a friend) his life was an illustration of the words, "When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee" (Prov. vi. 22). Arriving from a journey, he was to be found taking "food for his soul" ere ever he cared for bodily

refreshment; and at midnight, if he happened to be sleepless, he would arise, strike a light, and fill his soul with thoughts of God from God's own word, and then lie down again. One of his petitions, adopted from a friend,* was, "O Lord, *cast me into the mould of Thy word.*" He comes from his class to his lodging, and spends half-an-hour at the word. "Some ingots from the Scripture mine." We find him noting, "that Œcolampadius delighted in the Old Testament Scriptures, which," says he, "is at present my pasture-ground. There is a peculiar joy in finding Christ there." One Sabbath evening, "spent the whole of it in reading in the Hebrew, that grave and beloved language." A verse would at times be sufficient. "'*Be filled with the Spirit,*' has shone into my heart like a sunbeam, and has abode with me some days." (1846.) When at Bonskied (*October* 1852), riding up Glen Tilt, his spirit was filled by the grandeur of the scene; and as a fit companion to it, *the Word* was in his hands: "Can read nothing but the word; it is my morning, noon, and night portion."

It was his custom, with those fellow-students who enjoyed his most familiar intercourse, occasionally to

* I believe this friend was the late Mr Wodrow, who so deeply loved Israel, and who was led to take special interest in Israel, by simply following the teachings of the word of God.

stop the current of conversation or study by proposing some such question as—"Let us now tell each other what we may have observed in any of our number which would not have been seen in the Master."

If anything more was needed to open up to us a view of his youthful soul, able while in the very throng and bustle of classes and studies to keep in close fellowship with the Son of God, it may be found in the subjoined extract from a meditation, *March* 1847. Having referred to the bitterness he had felt when for any time not sensible of the presence and love of God, he turns to meditate on *Christ forsaken* :—

"May it not be said that Jehovah never yet stirred up all His wrath against sin, except in that awful hour when Jesus cried, 'Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!' For when the angels fell, Jehovah's anger was kindled, and they were cast into hell; but whilst they have progressively to experience that wrath through eternity, whose full expiation they yet never reach, Jesus, on the other hand, during His life, in the garden, and on the accursed cross, must have borne the awfully compressed, yet complete, essence of God's infinite wrath against His people's sin. Truly the furnace of divine wrath must have been at that hour seven times heated.

"Jesus Christ—the Lord Jesus Christ! O how glorious his person, how holy is He! What would my life be without Jesus? O I believe from the love which God my Father has put into my heart to Jesus, my dear, dearest Saviour and Redeemer, that were He to withhold altogether my Beloved from my sight, I should pine and die. Oh I am sometimes sick of very love. My Beloved appears to me at times, when His hand is laid on me, when His left hand is under my head, and His everlasting arms are around me, white and ruddy—the chiefest among ten thousand. 'His mouth is most sweet, yea, He is altogether lovely.' 'My beloved is mine, and I am his. He feedeth among the lilies.' 'The love of Christ, it passeth knowlege.' Jesus, my Lord, has the inmost recess of my heart without a rival. No friend can possess that chamber. Oh no! I would not have another beloved in that chamber; no, not for worlds. How easily could I exist without all my other friends, if I had only Christ. How soon should I die away if Jesus were torn from me. I might die for several of my friends; nay, I feel as if, were many of my brethren in Jesus to be in imminent danger, I could sacrifice my own life to save theirs; but Oh, Christ always has my life. I would this day put it entirely in His hand. 'To me'—O thou poor sinner—thou hard-hearted one—thou obstinate one—thou carnal,

unclean one—but who art clothed in the blood-bought garment of Jesus's Righteousness—'to me' —even to me, a vile, chiefest sinner—'to live is Christ, and to die gain.' Συνέχομαι δὲ ἐκ τῶν δύο, τὴν ἐπιθυμίαν ἔχων εἰς τὸ ἀναλῦσαι, καὶ σὺν Χριστῷ εἶναι· πολλῷ γὰρ μᾶλλον κρεῖσσον," (Phil. i. 23).

It is not often that a student's life has many incidents; but in the present case we find some of special interest. His excursions, in the weeks of recreation, were generally to spots that possessed attractions, and when this was not the case, the style of his visits often threw interest into them.

Of course, his native place, Perth, was one of these spots; and there we find interesting notices of his visits to the neighbourhood:—

"Walked to *Methven*. The Lord enabled me to speak to many poor souls as I met them on the road." "Called on Mr Milne. His prayer for me and my future success in the ministry deeply affected me." "Walked with J. Maxton" [a friend in Christ, now in glory] "in the woods. Had the word and prayer with him."

One day in harvest, finding by the roadside a woman cutting grass, he plucked a head of wheat, and told her how a corn of wheat must die before that beautiful head could spring up; and so Christ must needs die ere we could be saved. She seemed

astonished, and he went on his way, praying that the Lord might send His word to her heart.

At another time :—"A sweet walk in the afternoon among my heavenly Father's works. They were eloquent in His praise. The clouds seemed as His chariots. The clear blue Grampians never seemed so lovely." "Yesterday went to *Collace*, and met Mr A. and J. Bonar, and Mr Cumming. Since then, have been impressed with the great importance of the minister of Jesus having much anxiety for souls. O to be like Jesus, weeping over souls. A. B. spoke of this."

3*d October* 1851.—At *Bonskied*, near Pitlochrie. One could almost wish that the days of boyhood, so full of life and confiding hope, were back again ; but then was I not living without God, without Christ, and without hope, in the world?"

13*th October, Springland.*—"Here am I in the very room where my adorable Lord manifested the fulness of His love, mercy, beauty, and glory, to my soul, which He rescued out of the horrible pit and miry clay. O how sweet was His love to my soul. O how did He fill me all the day, in this sweet room and everywhere, with His overcoming love! How was it continually with me, a kind of sweet amazement of love! How did I tremble whether it could be all true. 'I sat under His shadow with great

delight.' Since then, I trust, my love, if quieter, is not less true, and it is more established.

In July 1852, he and his friend Mr Oswald Allan were coming up the magnificent Pass of Killiecrankie, when his eye caught the glare of flame. They hurried on, and reached *Bonskied* just in time to aid in extinguishing a fire. "We saw the power of God in wind, and flood, and fire, during that visit," says he; for there came on a pouring rain and a mighty blast that uprooted trees by hundreds. He stood on the roof, near the burning rafters of the offices, and by his coolness in giving orders, was a chief instrument in preventing the spread of the flames.

Once more, at that same spot:—"The Lord drew very near. Had delight in thinking that every line of the hills was fashioned by His hands, and that He himself admired and rejoiced in their beauty and power; also that He always dwelt among them as the Omnipotent God. My soul made its boast in Him; it seemed for the time so natural to glory only in the Lord."

But now we return with him to Edinburgh. There this zeal often burst forth on Sabbath evenings, as he passed up or down the High Street, and saw the open door of the tavern or pie-shop. He frequently walked in, with his Bible in his hand, spoke to the Sabbath-breakers, and over the counter calmly

and kindly entreated them to listen to the call of Christ.

One of the friends of his youth tells an anecdote of those days illustrative of a distinguishing feature of his character, namely, how readily he could pass from the apparently most boisterous physical exertion, to the most solemn and calm dealing with souls. Delighting as he did in vigorous exercise and gymnastic feats, he one day, in a walk with two companions, joined for a few minutes in the amusement of leaping over the stile at one corner of the old Queen's Park. While his companions failed, he cleared the stile so easily and gracefully, as to draw forth the admiration of a dragoon who stood by. When about to walk on, Mr S. turned to this soldier, got him into conversation, and spoke of the perils and the honours of a life like his. Then suddenly, drawing himself to his full height, he exclaimed with deep feeling, "There's something far better yet! It is, to be a soldier of Jesus Christ. Are *you* that?" The dragoon looked with wonder on the man of muscle and sinew who could thus speak to his soul, and shook hands at parting evidently deeply interested. The narrator adds, "Scenes like these were continually occurring; but this power of gracefully turning every little event into a means of usefulness could exist only in one whose natural atmosphere was the love of God,

and in whose soul there was an uninterrupted gravitation towards his divine Saviour." The same friend remarked, that it might be said in like manner of his intellectual being, "There was but a step between the eagerness of metaphysical argument and the fervency of prayer," during the days of his closest study.

He had a district which he regularly and anxiously visited, and from which he had some fruit; but beyond this sphere we find his labours extending. At one time it is to the *Magdalene Asylum*—"Felt as if I could have pleaded for hours with them to come to Jesus." At another time it is to the *Prison*—"Trust that my Saviour opened my mouth in some measure." At another, he visits *Bridewell*, where he felt "calm liberty;" "assuredly He granted me His power and presence in my own soul." Then he gets an opportunity in the *Castle* of attending the prayer-meeting of some faithful soldiers. Next, he is at a bookshop, "purchasing Castell's Oriental Lexicon, with a view to the study of the Syriac New Testament;" and speaking to the man from whom he buys it, and to others in the shop, on eternal things. And then we find him at *Salisbury Crags*, "calling on the Lord there." One morning he goes out with his Professor to measure with a barometer the height of *Arthur's Seat;* another morning, in his walk there, he finds "an unexpectedly sweet moment of

prayer." He climbs the *Pentland Hills*, and some time after he is on the shore at *Leith*. "Why have I not a walk with God as close as M'Cheyne's?" is a question he is revolving in his mind," and he meditates till his heart burns. Then we meet him at *Ratho*, conducting a prayer-meeting, at the close of which "one remained to speak with him;" and another day, he walks by the seashore to *Cramond*, breathing upwards desires and longings. He returns from a prayer-meeting in *Dalkeith*, feeling "as it were an infinite complacency in the Divine Being."

One other stroll:—"Walked to *Corstorphine Hill* in the evening, for meditation. Got there, what I looked not for, some discovery of my utter loathsomeness in the sight of God. The unbelief of my nature, the hideous spectacle of ungodliness, of inherent enmity against the holiness of the Lord of Sabaoth, was almost too much for me to bear; but found great relief in remembering that Jesus had taken me from hell itself, and in just looking up, as if I had never looked before, to the glorious Immanuel. Could have willingly remained in this Bethel longer, but the evening was fast closing, and the air was cold. Thought of the time when Jesus would come and take my soul to the mansions of glory prepared for the poor sinners redeemed from

sin and hell; when the old man will be for ever divorced, and Jesus will come and lead me to the marriage supper."

The scene is varied by the visit of a beloved mother, which draws forth the prayer, "May I be the means of quickening the divine life in her soul, and may she also be the means of leading me nearer to Jesus." Or yet more, a letter comes, bringing good news from a far country. It is the morning of April 24. 1846 :—

"24*th April*.—Blessed news to-day, which has made heaven glad. My dear brother A. in India seems to have been brought to Jesus. When I heard of it I could only weep tears of joy and thankfulness. The Lord seems to have brought him in without much instrumentality, so that he is the more a great monument of free grace. His letter breathes a humble and teachable spirit. O blessed Father, preserve him from all temptation which might prove too strong for his present faith; but O how glorious to Thine own name that now he can be left to Thy gracious care, not as a rebel against Thy law, but as a son! O Lord, give him a deeper view of sin than I have had: that he may be a great light, for then also will he have a stronger and a deeper love to the Lord Jesus. Glory, glory to the Lord Jehovah, for He hath triumphed gloriously."

In 1851, he is surprised by a pleasant visit from a college friend, Mr A. Anderson, who once was carried away with the unsatisfying plausibilities of the theology taught by Maurice and Kingsley, but who is now rejoicing in the *bloodshedding* as all his hope.* At another time, he passes a pleasant evening with Rajahgopaul from Madras, a convert and a preacher of the cross; hears Dr Duff preach; returns to work in his district, when study permits. In that district a soul tells him that, "it has been creeping upon her that she is not safe yet;" and soon after, Bunyan's "Jerusalem Sinner Saved" convinces her that her sins are not too great to keep her away from Christ, who, she finds, "is now coming and going in her heart; and Oh! the conversation He has in our hearts is sweet."

In May 1847, we find him still keeping in view the winning of souls.

"*May* 2.—In seeking to win souls to Christ, or to lead the Lord's chosen ones to live more entirely unto Him, or lastly, in stirring up thine own soul, endeavour always to take the very highest ground, and yet in the very humblest spirit. The higher, O my soul—the more spiritual thine argument—it is easier through grace for thee to take a lower place in the declaration of it. The being 'all things to all men' does not,

* See that valuable and able memorial of him, "Life in the Spirit," by Rev. Norman L. Walker, Dysart.

perhaps, so much depend on choosing parts or phases of the doctrine which will not offend the mind of another man, but rather in one's own spirit being so humbled under a sense of the weight and glory of his argument for Christ, that he gives it in such a way as makes another see that in his own view he is only on a level, or even far below himself; and thus is he brought down, and through grace will acknowledge the power of the argument for Christ. Be not, therefore, over-careful of finding analogies from the things of this earth, from philosophy, &c.; but take the highest ground, use the most potent engine."

In 1847 and 1849, he visited John Bannerman, Esq., where he often met with the Rev. Peter M'Bryde at Rothesay, and heard from him much of God's work, and learned more of God's word. "I came away as one filled with new wine." He does not come to enjoy the scenery or the climate only, but as he sits down after arriving, he reminds his soul:

"Now, consider well what thou canst do for Christ. Thou hast been saved from an otherwise inevitable doom. The devil and his angels no doubt thought, 'Ah! we have this soul;' but one greater than he said, 'Redeem from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom.' Yes, a marvel-working God did see thee when a child given over to foolishness. How often did He say of thee, 'Foolishness is bound up in the

heart of the child.' He saw thy stubborn disposition, the malignity of thy natural mind, the jealousy of thy heart even in trifles. If He have given thee perseverance, then hast thou abused this to persevere in sin. And even since thy conversion, how often hast thou sinned against Him. The Lord thy Redeemer has sometimes brought thee into His banqueting house, where His banner over thee was love; but again hast thou returned to folly. Forgiven much, how much shouldst thou love! O what a towering love shouldst thou have!"

From time to time he pondered solemnly his calling to the ministry. We may give another example of his self-inquiry, in addition to those that have already been presented.

"*October* 12. 1848.—With the near prospect of entering the Hall, I would once more put the question, Have I a call to the holy ministry?

"I cannot doubt that the Lord has savingly called me to Himself. Amidst many sins, and doubtless amidst much undiscovered iniquity, the love of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost has been, I cannot doubt, the solace of my heart for some years, as well as the hope of being one day with the Lord altogether, to see Him as He is, and to be made altogether like Him. For I feel that my home is to be with Christ in heaven. When I remember the

foundation of His righteousness, my heart often leaps within me. Living to the glory of God was in my unconverted days a mere name, but I should be denying the grace of the Lord, did I not say that, since my conversion, it has been one of the chief ruling desires of my heart. Love to souls has been many times as the breath of my spiritual life, and a spring-tide of love to His people has often risen in my soul.

"If truly called to the ministry, may I be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and may there be kindled in me a burning flame fed by the precious oil of His communicated grace, that I may live to and preach Christ Jesus and Him crucified. My only resource in His holy overpowering presence is to hear Him say, 'Without Me ye can do nothing.'"

"*January* 2. 1849.—May I never this year meet the creature till I have met the Creator. Fear that Jesus has been a stranger of late to my soul. Not that nearness to my Father which I believe He is pleased to give His children: little of the bright transforming power of God in my soul. Where His electing love is realised, it seems as if one golden vial of it were more than the creature could sustain."

"*May* 1849.—Read Baxter's Saint's Rest. It was as a pool dug in Baca, on the road to Zion hill. Was enabled with a peculiar sweetness to feel that to Zion I was bound; that thither my soul was hastening on,

though still feeling carnality, selfishness, and pride oppressing me.

"Meditating on Eph. i. 4, &c., and found it sweet and soul-filling. Baxter seemed nothing to the precious word of life, and its heavenly manna Christ Jesus, the yea and amen of all the promises.

"What will the inheritance be, when its earnest is the Holy Ghost.

"I think that this evening I got a pomegranate from the garden of the New Jerusalem. What must the full harvest of the fruits of glory be?

"29*th May.*—The work of the Holy Ghost seems wonderful; His condescending love.

"3*d June.*—God's wisdom and glory in His works have been very precious to my soul of late: His firmament, sun, moon, and sky; full rich verdure of the trees, every leaf.

"20*th June.*—Trials are apt to cause doubts as to the love and willingness of God to bless. Great want of conviction of sin, and consequently slight apprehensions of the surpassing glory of Immanuel."

At *Arran*, in 1850, he wanders up Glen Rosa, and passing over the high ridge has a magnificent view of Glen Sannox. "It filled my soul with its grandeur—could think of nothing but the greatness of my God and of His power. My mind and soul altogether exulted in the scene. While gazing into it, a noble

eagle sailed down and alighted on a distant rock." On the other hand, the remembrance of the ascent of Goatfell leads to a train of thought:—"Climbing Goatfell suggests a fine analogy in the mental world. Leaving Brodick Bay, as we ascend from point to point, the view widens, till at the top the whole island, the surrounding sea, with the distant mountains and coasts, fall within one comprehensive view: just so should the mind seek to rise from particulars to a more general and comprehensive knowledge. Again, from general principles we return to particulars, and now see them in the relation of part to the whole, and in the light of general truth; just as in descending the lofty hill we carry with us the wide view from the summit, and now recognise, in their relation to it, the details, even the minutest, of the landscape, the formation of a rock in the valley, or the place of a tiny shell."

In one of these journeys (his friend Mr Tait testifies), so incessant was Mr Sandeman's efforts for souls, that he believes he must have spoken to not less than *five hundred persons* in the course of their pedestrian excursion. And then, if opportunity occurred, he was as direct and ready in addressing the rich as the poor.

In the autumn of 1848 and 1852, he was to be found at *Islay*, visiting his friend Mrs Miller. Then he passes on to the wild scenery of *Skye*. Return-

ing, at another time, from *Kelso*, in May 1852, whither he had gone to enjoy a Communion season, he speaks of being "refreshed with the ministers and with the Lord—Christ, and Christ only, as the great Object of faith, and the hope of His appearing, were the main things among them; and an endeavour to appropriate the promises more than is often done." I remember that season, and how often he wiled me away (for I happened to be there) to some secluded spot in the woods, by the old Roxburgh Castle, that we might have prayer together, as well as converse.

When at the English lakes, where he finds out his friend Mr Oswald Allen, he is still the same in spirit. "Two good evenings in the glen amid the works of the Lord. Some walking with Jesus there. O my soul, that thou wouldst ever be in companionship with Him!"

He visits his friend Mrs Bannerman, at *Wootton Park*, in Derbyshire, and there he writes:—

"*Wootton Park.*—Long-continued thunder-storm this afternoon. Was at first startled with the dread of the great God; and for a time, as it were, I looked this way and that for refuge, and finding none other, I fled to the clefts of the Great Rock—even to God in Christ. Had almost instantaneous relief and peace. After this the storm passed away through the valley, and I had the finest view of continuous flashes of

lightning that I remember witnessing, with magnificent bursts of thunder following each."

And when at Torquay, a few months before being licensed to preach the gospel in the Free Church of Scotland, every day he and his friends, Mr Tait and Mr Coventry, had their hours of prayer together, and their blessed walks. He would bid farewell to a visitor, and then could record—"Not left alone, for I trust the Master joined me. He drew near in that word, '*If it were not so, I would have told you,*' (John xiv. 2). There is a sweet mystery, as well as a great majesty, in this friendship."

We should have mentioned, also, the opportunity he twice enjoyed of a short visit to France and Switzerland. In Paris, standing before a picture of Christ on the Cross, in the Louvre, his wonted spirit appears in the words that drop from his pen—"*La realité* des souffrances de Jesus Christ m'apparut en regardant un tableau de Murillo." "Rode out to Port Royal. In a café had a few precious moments of meditation on a few verses." Not even in journeying, however rapid, could he forget that he had one object to live for.

2*d November.* At *Cannes.*—"Being left alone in the inn, had a providential opportunity for fasting and prayer, being about the time of my monthly fast, and in view of my return homewards. My soul

got some intelligent breathings after God, and views of sin. Felt how absolutely I stood in need of the Holy Ghost; without grace, man is an utter and eternal ruin. Had one strong pulse, so to speak, of prayer for the ministry.

"The idea of the ministry makes me tremble at times; it appears such an awful work. The possibility of a sterile ministry seems worse than death; and to be really used of God seems almost as terrible. Interesting prayer-meeting with the French Christians. They were like one family, and reminded one forcibly of the primitive Church. The kindness and love, the fervency, liberty, and Christian affection of these believers, in prayer, were very remarkable. Immanuel restore it manifold into their bosoms! All the day felt unworthy of their fellowship."

At *Geneva* he had intercourse with both Dr Malan and Gaussen, gaining from both; and when surveying Mont Blanc and the Glaciers, says—"Sought to visit my Lord's works in His name, and to seek his face." So again:—

"20*th October* 1859, *Sabbath*. At *Avignon*.—Continued in prayer until half-past four this morning. A blessed Sabbath to my soul; never almost had such continuous reading and meditation on the word of God, and on the glory of the saints above when they shall see God face to face. Surely mine

eyes have seen something of the Great King this day. The meditation of Him was exceeding precious to my sin-wearied soul. Let me thus learn once more, how God is ready to bless time set apart for special seeking of His face, and considering our ways before Him."

"21*st October, Arles.*—Rose at five, and thus had more time to wait on the Lord. Truly He has kept my soul by His great power this day."

But it is time to turn from other places to one where the Master peculiarly honoured him. He used to visit the Rev. W. H. Hewitson,* whose name is well known in the churches, at the village of *Dirleton* in East Lothian. It lies not far from the sea, where the *Bass Rock* lifts its massy cliffs to the sky, furnishing endless retreat to the solan geese, and in other days supplying a dreary prison for our Covenanting fathers. Standing on the Bass Rock, with his beloved brother Frederick, he "felt that a divine glory shines through all the Lord's works, and yet He hath magnified His word above all His name." At that time Mr Hewitson was the minister of the Free Church at Dirleton, a man of God of whom he writes—"That beloved minister of Jesus, my soul is much drawn to him. He struck a cord of sympathy in my nature last night, which may vibrate for many days. Natu-

* The same who, in 1845 and 1846, was so blessed in Madeira. See his Memoir.

rally he is the most *ethereal* and spirit-like man that I have met. Singular lucidity of thinking, great love of generalization, and a most metaphysical cast of thought. He defines and shades away thoughts with much skill, and has great command of classical expression. He spoke of desiring to 'have thoughts capacious as the ocean, yet containing millions of drops of truth.' The imagery of his mind is all of the same refined and poetic kind, and stands out as the branches of a leafless tree seen against the sky in winter. When he speaks, one is riveted; intellect and imagination are on the stretch; and I have sometimes felt with him that thrill which thoughts of a certain depth produce in kindred souls. He lives altogether in a strangely elevated atmosphere.

"As a spiritual man his company is very refreshing. He realizes much the privileges of the believer. Love is his favourite theme. "Rejoice evermore" is one of his mottoes. He realizes much the Kingship of Christ. He is full of love to Christ, love to souls, and zeal carrying him out to abundant labours.

Not far from Dirleton is the town of Haddington. A friend of his own, Mr A. M'Callum, now Free Church Missionary in India, had been invited, in the beginning of June 1848, to address a prayer-meeting there. This friend was led to decline the duty himself, and at the same time to insist upon this duty

being undertaken by Mr Sandeman. After considerable hesitation and prayer, he went, having "obtained, I trust, help from my Master, Phil. iii. 7–9." Circumstances led him to remain a few days. His lodging was *Westfield Farm*, which henceforth became very memorable to him.

One soul was that week awakened, and the case was altogether remarkable. This woman, a servant on the farm, had been three years there, and never shewn the smallest concern about her soul. On the 12th June she was at evening worship, indifferent and dead as a stone. Next morning she entered the room as stupidly uninterested as before; but as Mr Sandeman was giving out the Psalm for praise at worship, and was reading (Psalm lxxiii. 22)—

> "So rude was I and ignorant,
> And in thy *sight a beast*,"

the last words struck her like an arrow. She sobbed and wept during prayer, and continued all day in a very tender state of conscience. Mr S., in the course of the day—"having (says he) first sought the face of my glorious God and Saviour, whose ways are in the sea"—spoke to her of the danger of an unconverted state, and of the Saviour on the Cross; but she could think only of her heart. She said she used to think herself just like others, but now "*she was as a beast before God.*" He prayed; and on asking

her to pray, she tried it, but got no farther than "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" He read with her Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26; and asked her to read, which she did, sobbing at almost every word, especially at "the filthiness," and "the new heart will I give you, and will take away the stony heart." The arrow of the King of kings seemed to be sinking in deeper and deeper as he read; and in the course of the day, coming in to serve at table, when the blessing was asked, she was again overcome. The Shepherd soon found this lost sheep.

He soon heard of another wounded one in Haddington, of whom he remarks, that he found her "deeply concerned, laying all her sins to her own charge." The day after this (the 15th), one visiting at the farm was wounded. Mr S. had found nearness to the Lord in prayer, and had just come out of his room to the dining-room, when his eye fell on this visitor. "Immediately (says he) my soul was full; I could not for worlds have helped the most full love to her soul." In asking blessing at the table, his soul was melted, the tears fell fast from his eyes, and he felt oppressed with excess of feeling. He rose and went alone to ask a word from his Master; and, on returning, spoke out of the fulness of his heart, not able to restrain his tears. He felt persuaded that God had a purpose of grace towards her, since

He gave him such weepings of faith in her behalf. He read John xx.; and in praying afterwards could find only this petition, "Lord, remember our dead!" This soul was awakened on the spot, feeling for the first time that she was a sinner, though before this she had taught a Sabbath class. Deep sadness weighed her down. The sight was one that gave him "an oppressive joy." Two days afterwards she found the Saviour. "Her heart goes after Jesus, and she is already begun to be concerned for the souls of others."

A young man was driving him in the phaeton one day. He spoke seriously to the young man regarding his soul; upon which the lad threw the reins at him, saying, "You may drive yourself," and tried to jump out. Mr S. quietly took the reins, and said not a word; but, on arriving, himself put up the vehicle. In a few days that same young man was among the awakened, and brought to Christ.

At this time he felt several souls specially laid on his spirit, for whom he was led to "travail in birth till Christ was formed in them." And then also (says he), "my soul was led continually to be lifting up these lambs before the Great Shepherd." Sometimes he felt well nigh sunk under the oppressive burden of souls now laid upon him. During the service in church on the following Sabbath, while Mr Hewitson was officiating, he was obliged to sit down during

prayer, his heart burning with desires that the Lord would carry on His work, till the passage, "Be still, and know that I am God," gave some relief. In the same moment he had a vivid view of his personal sinfulness, and his only hope was, "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

These souls above mentioned, and others also, were given him at that time. One felt that she had been "worse than a profligate, and the sight of sin made her shudder." On the 20th he mentions another awakened and brought to Christ, without very deep convictions of sin, while he was presenting "the simple offer of Christ, free and unfettered." He kept a fast on the 22d, seeking grace to be humble, and asking more blessing, seeing that "the more vessels we bring to be filled, the more we get," (2 Kings iv. 6). On 3d July, he tells the hopeful case of a young man. This young man soon after told him how, walking on his way rejoicing, he opened his New Testament at the words, "Put on the whole armour of God," and felt it a word in season. Mr S. adds—"Gave him the life of Harlan Page, being affectionately desirous of his soul." The Communion Sabbath followed. "Immanuel manifested Himself, so that I had sometimes almost cried, 'Turn away thine eyes;' the eyes of love overcame my soul altogether. He also took me round some of the sins of

my youth, and gave me a clearer sight of my sinfulness than I ever had. He especially manifested his love in the depths of the Cross and Garden." Having gone out into the fields, he continued from about eleven till three in prayer, and could have continued longer (says he), "if my body had not become weak;" and in the evening gave himself up to Jesus for time and for eternity, laying hold of that word, "*The zeal of thine house has eaten me up.*"

"Remember, O my soul, that *Satan* is always awake." "What a wonderful mixture of trouble and consolation there is in times of real dealing on the part of the Father with His children. They are ever ending and ever beginning. The extremity of the one seems to involve the commencement of the other." "My soul should come to Jesus to-day, even as a beggar who has been stript of his rags and bag of crusts, and comes naked and hungry to Him who has all things ready for those who will only come and rest in His love and righteousness." "O that I had ten thousand hearts, that I might love more!" "He has given me some tokens of his love, even some souls, as a chain of gold about my neck." "We will make thee borders of gold, with studs of silver," (Song i. 11). "The gospel is not only 'Glory to God in the highest,' but also 'on earth peace and good-will towards men.'" "Past sin is bitter; unsanctified hours, days,

and, alas, whole years!" These are a sample of his soul's exercises in this time of blessing.

When separated from them, pursuing his studies and labouring elsewhere, still these his first-fruits were much on his spirit. He wrote to some of them. One letter is addressed to a young ploughman among them who could not read common writing; to him he writes carefully in large letters, *printing* them with his pen. We give a specimen of it, as shewing true painstaking in seeking souls.

He reminds one: "The Lord God knows the bitterness of grief. Did not the father hear the *first sighs* of the prodigal son, even though wrung from him amid the swine's husks?" He reminds another: "Even in the meeting of the saints we must ever meet by the Pillar of Cloud and Fire, and not by any light of our own kindling." To two who were specially interested in the work, he writes a letter containing words of counsel for all those to whom God had blessed him:—

"MY BELOVED FRIENDS AND SISTERS IN CHRIST—I received your welcome letters before leaving Edinburgh, and they refreshed me in the Lord. But you will not rest satisfied in any thing to which by divine grace you may have attained. Oh *press on* to the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ. And you, my own beloved ones whom Christ gave me, Oh follow on in all things to know the

(See p. 98.)

You cannot be safe till you find Jesus Christ, and can call him your Saviour. Now, can you say this yet? Oh! my dear friend do not pass by this question. Are you a child of God or not? Oh if you fear that you are not - You have not one moment to lose; God may at any time cut you off, and oh! where would your soul be for all Eternity!

Make haste for your life, and flee to Jesus! Cry for His Holy Spirit; that He may soften your heart and enable you to believe on the Lord Jesus. Remember that unless you trust in Christ alone for your salvation -

Lord. Maintain through the grace that is in Christ a walk and conversation becoming the gospel. Plead for being made "*Holiness unto the Lord,*" for the Holy Spirit to dwell richly in you, crucifying the old man to the world and the world to you. Forget not your unworthy brother and fellow-pilgrim."

Again: "My joy was great in hearing of Mrs J.'s welfare in the Lord, and of the kindness of the Great Shepherd in supporting her soul through the wilderness. Beseech of them all from me to make sure work; to work out their salvation with fear and trembling, taking heaven as it were by a holy violence." And once more: "I trust that, from that trial which you have now made of the ways of our God, from that part of the Zionward road through the wilderness which, through the abundant grace of God, you have trodden, you have found it is a blessed pilgrimage-journey. Though the trials be more than you expected, and more trying to faith, and the conflict against sin and Satan more real and hard than you may have looked for, still I am persuaded the language of your souls is like that of the queen of Sheba, after beholding something of Solomon's wisdom and glory, 'Howbeit I believed not the words until I came and mine eyes had seen it, and behold the half was not told me.' Is the love of God in Christ less wonderful than you had been led to think? or is it not greater? Is

the love of Jesus less wonderful? Do you not rather see new beauties and new glories and wonders in it, the farther you are led in the way?" "I saw the Queen to-day, and much that reminded me of the coming of the King of kings. How all eyes were directed to an earthly sovereign; how much more will they be to Immanuel! Then our reflection will be, O that I had lived more entirely for my Lord! O that I had told dying sinners more of His love? That great day comes apace. Let us, by the grace of our glorious High Priest, read, pray, meditate, watch, and warn, as we shall then desire that we had done."

These souls he never forgot even when in China. Sometimes he wrote to them; often he prayed for them. It was not to be wondered at that in some of them he was disappointed. Once on revisiting the place he writes, "Returning by the Tyne, at my former Bethel, found it good to wait upon my God;" and at another time, finding cause both of joy and sorrow, he kept a fast that he might mourn over those at Westfield who had fallen, and give thanks for those who had continued stedfast. He remembered the parable of the sower.

Strengthened in soul by such scenes, he went on, believing that this awakening was only a foretaste of more abundant blessing of a like kind which his Master would deal out to him in after days.

CHAPTER IV.

The Sinner and the Saviour.

"Have I been a wilderness to Israel? a land of darkness?"
Jer. ii. 31.

In the year 1852, during a season of vacation, he had sailed from Islay to Skye, wishing to explore a little of the scenery of that singular island. Riding up a glen on his way to Loch Cormish, he speaks of being much overawed in spirit by the Lord's works. "Indeed, my spirit almost shrank from entering in among them, they were so wild and dark; but in the end they rather ministered to me." Next day, on his way back to Sligachan, he was overtaken by a storm of wind, rain, and scouring mist that filled the glen, so that it was not without great difficulty that he found the ford over the swollen stream; and then it was amid drifting showers that swept in columns along the mountain side, and listening with awe to the roar of the sea and the rush of the howling wind through the glen, he reached his destination. Even in the midst of this wild scene, his heart found a song of praise. But it contrasted with another day's

scenery, when he came to the side of a calm, full stream, which flowed from between magnificent rocks into the lake. It was sunshine, glorious sunshine, and he bathed in the stream: "And as I did so, prayed for a washing in the fountain opened for sin."

Not unlike this contrast were his experiences in the spiritual world in the great matters of *sin and salvation.* Very instructive it is to trace the Holy Spirit's dealing with Him during the whole eight years of his student life, as it comes out, *first,* in his *wholesome looking inward,* that he may know sin; and *next,* in his healthful *looking outward* at Christ, combined with never-ceasing prayerfulness—all in keeping with that trait in his character which a friend who knew him well expressed by saying, "*Never yet have I met any one who seemed so anxious that a believer should grow in grace.*" He delighted to own and adore the sovereignty of God; and not less did he unceasingly and invariably give glory to the Holy Ghost, on whose direct working in the souls of men he placed all his expectation of true conversion and real sanctification. It was, therefore, with his eye on the Father's sovereignty and on the Holy Spirit's grace, that he wrote such records of experience and doctrine as those that follow.

I. *Here he is* LOOKING INWARD, detecting and watching sin. "Le tus realise that when a man ceases to

have a *persuasion of sin*, he practically writes a lie across every page of God's book. He says that hell is a delusion; he declares that the coming of the Son of God was a mere mockery. O to tremble before God!" "O *unbelief!* unbelief! how indigenous it is to the natural heart. How it takes root in every corner of it. How it springs up after the storms and winds of affliction and trial, as well as after the sunshine of a Saviour's love has been made to fall upon it. It is something like the herb which starts from the turf taken from the mountains of Scotland, as soon as it is turned up. It needs no sowing, and grows without rain, or sunshine, or care of any kind. The temperature may be high or low, the soil light or heavy; still again the hateful weed finds root. O for the simple child-like 'looking unto Jesus.' How it invigorates the soul, and presents a strong buckler against the darts of the tempter, or the more insidious attacks of unbelief. When will this be graved and grained into me so that I shall not be able to forget it. Did I see more of His matchless love, then would I naturally look more to Him."

"Surely I am more troubled than any man! Surely I am more the victim of the *deliberate* assaults of spiritual enemies than others. It seems as if the *calm* way in which temptations come upon me were peculiarly my own. Others are suddenly tempted,

and it would seem as suddenly fall; but my temptations are oftener in the beginning at least calm, and at times rise with a sort of philosophical air which prevents my discovering so clearly their real nature. Sin is sin, O thou of little faith; and no doubt the more slowly and deliberately it enters, the worse it is."

"Jesus can be truly loved only when the sinner sees his own worthlessness. Indeed, this doctrine of the *depravity of the human* heart seems to be the keystone of the Bible. Without it, all must be dark; with it, all light and sunshine." And then he marks out for special examination, these two subjects:—"A deeper acquaintance with the true nature of sin, as it must be in my own heart; and following from this, a stronger and far more earnest practical love to Jesus; and following from both, more real love to immortal souls, manifested by earnest prayer and unwearied action."

"*January* 17. 1847.—Sin overcame me; the punishment has come in the form of distance from the throne of grace. How real are the *Lord's controversies* with His people, and how utterly incapable are they of recovering the distance between them and their God, which their sin has caused."

"*January* 19.—Finished essay on Conscience. Strange that I have scarcely ever received a more deadly thrust from the great Apollyon than during its

composition; my conscience more sadly wounded! O the marvels of electing love! The Lord has not left me to perish in my sins. 'Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord.'"

"I have often longed to be like Caleb and Joshua, who followed the Lord fully; but I fear that I would have been among the first to fall in the wilderness."

"Oh unclean, unclean, unclean! from the sole of the foot upwards, soul and spirit alike unclean. O wretched man that I am! Woe is unto me! Yet behold the Lamb of God whom thou hast crucified, who is saying continually, 'Behold me, behold me. I bore the guilt of these thy sins upon the Cross. My grace is sufficient for thee.' O the height and depth of the love of God and the glory of Jesus Christ. How perfect must His work be that can justify so great a sinner."

He passed through some weeks of severe conflict with corruption and darkness of spirit. It was as if there had been a cloud between him and the sun. Yet never all that time was he led to doubt of his personal interest in the Saviour. He still (says a friend in referring to what he heard from his own lips) kept hold of Christ, and could say, "My God." He writes: "O to awake to the full joy of life! If I have little pleasure at present in heavenly things, I have still less, or none, in earthly things. My heart

I know to be cold to Jesus, but it beats no quicker after this world. Hasten, Lord, the time when I shall rejoice in Jesus with all my heart and with all my soul."

"Yesterday, I had some liberty in praying for the spread of the glorious gospel, for reviving times for our Church, and for a baptizing of the students for the great work; to-day, my prayer was languid and *faithless*."

"Nothing almost has struck me more than changes in my belief as to the Lord's willingness to bless His chosen, whether in their own souls or as a means of good to others. Upon turning my thoughts to this subject to-day, it seemed to have been an utter stranger in my soul for long. I have found that my heart was full of the plainest unbelief in regard to this. The willingness of my God to bless seemed to have passed altogether from my mind."

"O may the blessed Holy Spirit reveal this once more, and with greater force than ever, even a full sense of the Lord's willingness, in Christ, to bless His people, and to make them a blessing, Luke xi. 13.

"*January* 1848.—For five long days my soul has been saying, 'Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?' May the Lord teach me all the controversy He has with my soul. Such an experience as this proves to a demonstration that salvation is wholly of the free

grace of God." "This morning the experience of my soul found apt expression in this verse—

'Like as the hart for water-brooks
In thirst doth pant and bray;
So pants my longing soul, O Lord,
That come to Thee I may.'

Yet in the midst of it, from time to time, I was enabled to say, 'He hath done all things well.' What will glory be, when these longings after God, even the living God, shall be fully satisfied, yet never satiated?

"The Bride was sick of love on two occasions. Once, when Immanuel's left hand was under her head, and His right did embrace her. Again, when she had grieved away her Lord, and went out into the street to seek for Him, and found Him not! What have all the affairs of earth seemed to my soul lately, compared with finding Him!"

He speaks of some hindrances of a general kind that often intercept the soul in its way to God, or turn it aside from the way.

"*April* 3.—The surest way to stop a believer's growth in grace is for him to begin to *think highly* of himself; for God abhors His people's boasting of what is no more theirs, and is no more of their making, than are the hosts of heaven."

"*April* 10.—The want of the morning season of

devotion, wherein the heart is fixed, and the soul is made thoroughly on the Lord's side, leaves one open to be led away. Unless we *seek first* the face of the Great King, meeting with other believers is comparatively profitless. 'When the *soul* is *carnal*, every thing becomes like an electric conductor, to carry off anything of the heavenly fire which may remain.'"

"*7th May* 1848.—Sometimes, as I may say, the devil runs riot in my soul, suggesting along with my wicked heart every sort of abominable, loathsome, and self-righteous thing. Sometimes the thought of having anything apart from Jesus Christ is as a sword within my bones. At other times, such thoughts rise as complacently and calmly, as if they were the most reasonable in the world. Thus is my heart at times perplexed and in dismay. Sometimes, by the purifying and cleansing grace of God, my soul seems to resemble well-polished armour, from which every shaft of the enemy glances off without almost any effect; while at others, it is like the same, indented and rusty, which lets no arrow pass it by."

"*20th May*.—What an amount of obstinacy and disagreeableness of temper is in me. Self, also, and pride continually assail me. I see to a demonstration that nothing short of the power of the Almighty can preserve me from its endless attacks. It is an enemy in possession of the fastnesses of my heart, from which

the Lord of Glory, who bruised the serpent's head under His own pierced feet, can alone expel it. The Lord help me, for I am a leper from my mother's womb.

"My corruptions are as a sea around me. Wherever I turn the eye, I can at times see no shore whatever. O what a song in heaven shall mine be! What a heavenly day will that be when the Divine One comes from the court of the King. Think of this, O my soul, and tune thy harp even now—

'A new song then my soul shall sing,
A theme of glory shall it be:
Let heaven's wide arch with praises ring
When glorious Christ proclaims me free!'"

"2*d June*.—Talking with a student who does not seem to realise the depths of iniquity. Yet he loves Jesus; and whoever loves Jesus, my soul, by grace, doth love." Here is surely true charity; and it was his wont to judge thus of those in whom he saw any spark of grace.

"*July* 1848.—If for *one moment* the hand of the Mighty God of Jacob is taken from under thee, where art thou, O my soul? Defenceless, as had been the little lamb which, when a boy, I once saw in the den of the tiger, had the keeper withdrawn.

"Remember, O my soul, that it is no writing of resolutions with pen and ink that will ever in the

least keep a soul from committing sin. No; all the resolutions made by a man himself fly as dust before the whirlwind, when the hour of real temptation has come. He may make many resolutions when remorse is biting his conscience; but let him beware when the real hour has come. Nothing then for the poor sinner, but the *free, all-sufficient grace of Jesus Christ.*"

"6*th Feb.*—Severely handled yesterday morning by the evil heart within,—a kind of drawn battle whether carnality or spirituality were to prevail. I could not have believed the strength of the former to have been so indomitable. I sought to put it down, but it struggled and resisted.

"Eminent holiness is eminent happiness. I have never been so happy or joyous as when meditating upon or crying after holiness; or when my heavenly Father has given me to rest in the holiness of Christ Jesus."

"*Sept.* 1851.—I need much grace among my books; they are more and more as my companions and friends.

"*Imperiousness* is one of my besetting sins; how distant from the spirit of a little child! Prayer is sometimes like climbing a steep hill, and the mind is ever ready to wander from God. Still, after all, Jesus is the load-star of all my hopes and desires.

"Feel my need of more than an Indian's watchfulness against my spiritual foes."

He was one who knew well that his acceptance with God did not depend on his frames and feelings, but on the unchanging and unchangeable work of Christ, which his soul heartily embraced. But he noticed his changing frames as bearing upon his progress in sanctification, and in this light they are most interesting to us. He thought that in this way he might "learn some of the deeper notes of David's psalms."

"*7th December* 1852.—As months and years of sorrow are said sometimes to be enclosed in an hour, so some hours of heavenly bliss seem to contain the joys of many days and months. How divine is the calm which then fills the soul. It is like a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."

"*8th*—*13th December*.—What I most need is a constant faith. O for that watching and praying in midst of temptations which often come in a body, troop upon troop, pouring down on the soul.

"Some cries unto God for a blessing on my future ministry. The sad ignorance of which I am conscious —the blindness—the cleaving to man's opinion—to the earth—the *damps* of practical atheism—the long tracks of faithlessness—the temptations of the enemy —O Lord, let all these plead with Thee to send succour unto my soul."

"The bleak wilderness of sin which is in my soul seems almost hopeless. Reading M'Cheyne's Life. His '*Reformation*' is a deep reproof to me. It is encouraging to see what my God and Father is willing to make His chosen ones: but rather thy only model must be Christ, and His promises to His people.

"Have not had enough of secret prayer."

"How strangely are men stereotyped! You meet them one year, the second, and the third, and they are still wonderfully the same. O for grace that will penetrate every part of my nature. 'Follow thou me.' Be ever examining the way that thou goest, to find the foot-prints of the blessed Jesus. Seek to be an *expert* discoverer of these footprints. Remember that Satan often assumes the make of thy Saviour's sandal; yet the wary eye can detect the difference."

"*2d August* 1856.—I perceive that I have the elements of all false doctrine in my heart."

"I find that what seems spirituality of mind must be tested by the word of God."

So far, then, we have followed him in his search into sin and his sinful nature. Now let us turn and see him as anxiously and keenly—

II. LOOKING OUTWARD, delighting in the Saviour.

"*30th August* 1849.—Beware of over-tension of soul. Religion is a resting on what God has done and said."

His own daily experience was in measure that which is expressed by Milton, when he speaks of the heavenly companies that looked to Him on whom the Father smiled—

> "And from the sight received
> Beatitude past utterance."

In directing souls who sought rest in God, he would say: "You wait for some miraculous manifestation of His love, and are passing by the sure testimony of His own word. If you rest on this or that to be revealed, if you would first see your name written in heaven and then believe, this can never be." (Letter to a soul at Westfield, 1848.)

"When I hear any one dwelling in a disproportionate degree on what religion is not, and seldom dwelling on the vital, life-giving, and life-supporting parts of divine truth, at such times my soul is ready to exclaim, 'Sir, we would see Jesus.' It is necessary to delineate error, yet such delineation is not Him in whom the whole gospel is contained. Yet such have their use in the church. I would fain learn their place and their doctrine, and having got from that part of the vineyard the fruit they have been specially enabled to bring forth, may I be led by Him who guides into all truth also into the sweet and lovely orchards of grace."

"*Fast-day.*—Last day of another year. Two causes

of equal astonishment—my sins and God's mercies! Had some taste, as it were, how sin will be regarded at the last day, when its whole gloss, and tinsel, and deceivableness, shall be wiped away for ever, and its own essential enormity and inexcusableness shall appear. While I was in the full hope that all were pardoned, this only enabled me the more calmly and dispassionately to behold their true nature.

"Faith should be counted a *trial*. Sight is what the spiritual man is born for. He is born to behold the glory of the Father and of the Son. He is left without the absolute fruition of God by beholding Him in order to discipline, and to teach many lessons not otherwise to be learnt. Nevertheless, as the bride ought not to be satisfied till publicly united to her affianced, so the believer should not be so till he sees Jesus, and beholds the face of his Heavenly Father. O the wonderful love of the Father in choosing a family for Himself out of such a vile, and guilty, and ignorant race, and not to spare that Son Jesus, whom even we so love; that Son whom, from the partial glimpses we have, we adore as the perfection of beauty, and holiness, and love! O how must the Father have loved Him, who beheld all His glory and loveliness, all His infinite perfections, and yet He spared Him not!

"O Immanuel, when am I to look upon Thee? How long are mine eyes to fail while I look for Thee?

"Jesus bears with me; how then should I bear with others.

"How continually should one plead for an outpouring of that gracious and Christ-displaying Spirit whom Jesus is exalted to bestow, and whose office it is to humble souls at His Cross."

"*January* 1848.—Why does my soul shrink from that *censorious* spirit which is cutting, and dividing, and winnowing all the day? Because it savours not much of Jesus Christ. I would fain be like Jesus in the discovery of hypocrites, but like Jesus too in an overflowing love to the souls of men; in tender dealing with the weak saints; in weeping over Jerusalem."

"*4th February.*—Have continually to fight with that self-righteous spirit which seeks ever to have something to come to God with besides Jesus Christ. It is marvellous how inveterate is this disposition to seek for something to be wrought in us, which shall make the soul less immediately dependent on Him!

"O to have meetings without ceasing with my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

"This morning could obtain little access to the throne. This searched me and tried my soul; but

after coming out of the Mathematical class, I was reading that verse, 'I am the way,' and it seemed to me that I had been seeking to get views of God and of His glory independent of Jesus's sacrifice. I forgot, as it were, that the only way to the Father is by the Son of His love; and this is true at all times, whatever be the frame of the soul. The sinner's views of the living God must evermore be obtained directly by the peace-speaking and peace-obtaining blood of Jesus. The living and true God, the Father, can only love my soul by and in Jesus Christ.

"There is an amazing unwillingness to come as a simple debtor to the gospel of Jesus Christ. What the Lord is sometimes pleased to employ to deliver from this, is the exhibition of the glorious plan of salvation, amply brought out from the word of God, and applied by the Holy Spirit.

"I feel the truth of what Mr Hewitson says, that there is a great unwillingness to come again as a poor, broken sinner to the bank of Free Grace. With me it is ever *self, self, self*, instead of *Christ, Christ, Christ.*"

"*15th September.*—It is amazing how the truth, *Christ for us*, has to be relearned daily and hourly. It is indeed an exotic. I am continually letting go the only anchor of hope, and beginning to trust

in myself as righteous; but the blessed Jesus is all my righteousness in the sight of the Eternal of Days.

"The constant sacrifice—the constant rising of the cloud of incense—the continual intercession of the Great High Priest—above all, the continual sprinkling of the blood—are ever needed to sanctify study and all my occupations.

"A holy awe becomes all that dwell in his temple."

"The righteousness of God has for some days been my constant meditation; it has been before me all the day. Its effect is 'quietness and assurance for ever.'

"The golden thread of communion with my God was severed to-day by my sin. I was made to know how bitter a thing it is to offend against God, by the withdrawing of the gracious, soul-filling light of his countenance. I had to walk with the voice of an accusing conscience sounding in my ears, and the sense of my heavenly Father's displeasure heavy at my heart. But I continually repaired to the throne and fountain of grace, and would not give place to my enemy or to Satan.

"Some solidity and calmness of faith. My room is sometimes like a little temple, where the high and lofty One deigns to come. It seems as if, like a visitor, He spent so much time with me, and then

retired, though not altogether from the house either. Sometimes a sweet experience of this kind follows on a temptation, in which Satan's personal agency is plainly distinguishable. Two weapons have to be used against him—prayer, and the word of God. 'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers.' I must also remark, that in the particular instance I have just experienced, it was after I had begun to devote more time to seek the face of my God, that I felt myself met, as Bunyan expresses it, by 'the fiend striding across the path.'

"When the soul is brought to deal with its sins before the living God, we do not then think of Christ so much as a *Friend*, but rather as our *Advocate*, by whose atoning work the way is opened to the living God."

"The great work of the atonement for sin was finished long before the sinner was born into the earth. Hence it is in no way dependent upon what he may say, think, or do. 'By grace are ye saved.'"

"I sometimes feel as if I had only passing emotions of affection to Jesus, but I trust He has lately heard my cry, and shewn me more of Himself, and drawn out my love more strongly to His glorious person. Blessed be His name!"

"This evening in prayer found no comfort, and as

little in reading God's word. I could not fix my thoughts upon the Saviour; I felt deserted of God. At last in prayer I began to find that I was not looking to the Cross of Christ. Taken up with trying to see the Saviour as a *friend* only, I fear I forgot Him as one who died upon the accursed tree in order to save me from just punishment. In this I obtained some relief."

Rothesay, June 4.—As each day passes over my head, am I taught more and more the necessity of living as if Jesus were now walking through the world with us? Let me set before my face His blessed example, and picture to myself how He would act were He in my present position. He would not neglect study, nor social intercourse, nor would these things lead Him away from continually seeking the good of souls around Him."

"*April* 1848.—The souls of even His children are narrow in spiritual things, and the Lord of the vineyard sees fit to bid the different fruits spring up in different parts of His field. All fruits have not the same flavour, all flowers have not the same smell. The lily of the valley represents one view of Jesus and is not the same with the 'Rose of Sharon.' Some fruits are even valued for their acidity, as the lemon, and have their special uses. Yet all combined by the skilful gardener, yield a very pleasant fra-

grance; so combined, that when the north wind awakes and the south wind comes, and they blow upon the garden, the smell of spices that flows forth is most sweet to the Bridegroom, for whom the garden is 'a garden enclosed—a spring shut up—a fountain sealed.' Even as the husband of the washed and sanctified one declares, when He views her clothed in His own spotless loveliness, 'How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointment than all spices.'"

"*June.*—My soul longs for the time when, through the abundant outpouring of Jehovah's Spirit, I shall be lifted up and cast into the sea of the love of Jesus, and float away towards the heavenly rest, self being drowned; while the love and person (the unsearchable, incomprehensible love, and the all-glorious Person) of Jesus, shall possess my whole soul, so that the whole spirit and soul and body shall be His, and His only, for time and for eternity.

"I do think that the most spiritual is still the most potent. Those are the engines which are 'mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds; casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

"Also seek to maintain 'a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man.' Nothing so paralyses effort for the Master, nothing so grieves the Holy Ghost, as a conscience troubled, ill at ease, because of sin against God or man."

"One hour of the presence of Jesus in the soul is more effectual for the mortification of sin in the heart and life, than ten thousand exhortations and resolutions of the man himself. Sin cannot dwell with Jesus. If He is brightly manifested, and His beauty causes the poor pilgrim's heart to melt within him, sin then seems to lose all its power. It is not so much that it is sensibly hated as that its sources are neglected, and at last disliked. He then glories in such words as these: "Christ, who is our life." His very soul is living in Jesus. "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth," is a sweet and inevitable conclusion. The premises contain it so fully, that no tongue can express the sweet and absolute necessity of the conclusion."

"The sum of the message of the minister of the gospel is, 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.' Hence the true minister of Jesus must himself have got such a view of those riches, that he can conscientiously declare them to be unsearchable. Hast thou come to the shore of the ocean of Immanuel's heavenly glory, of His merits, of His fulness, and so surveyed

some of the pebbles (like the philosopher of nature), that thou canst say, 'O the unsearchable riches of Christ!'

"Luther's preaching at the Diet of Worms was all about Christ and salvation.

"These divinely instructed men were willing to be nothing that Christ might be all, and thus God was glorified in and through them.

"Must beware of spurious devotion, superstition, and of any thing contrary to the Scriptures. The church history of the 16th century is well fitted to enforce this."

"*December* 1848.—The Holy Spirit loves to make a man like the spotless Sun of Righteousness. He loves to bear witness to Jesus; both in the inspired word, and likewise by epistles written on the countenances and lives of the redeemed children of the kingdom. Let me see that I do not falsify His testimony by ungodly thoughts, words, or deeds."

"It is often asked by believers, Does God hide His face from His own in mere sovereignty? He might do so, but the experience of His people testifies very unanimously in favour of the statement made in the following paragraph:—

"As far as my experience has gone, I have seldom been sensible of a withdrawing of my Lord's countenance without being able to assign some sin as its

cause. The bitter fruit of sin is invariably an interruption of intimate communion with my heavenly Father. The blood of Christ, and that because He is the Son of God, is the only cure and comfort for the sin-laden soul."

"The Holy Spirit reveals Christ. Therefore, if the believer looks so exclusively to Jesus Christ, that he, as it were, forgets the Revealer of Jesus, that is his sin. If, again, he so dwell upon the Revealer that he forgets the revealed, that is his sin. The path between, O my soul, is 'that which the vulture's eye hath not seen,' Job xxviii. 7. Two notable cures for the distempers of one-sided views of the truth of God are these :—

"*First*, There are three persons in the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one God, the same in substance, *equal in power and glory.*

"*Second*, To dwell upon all the attributes of God as they are revealed in His Holy Scriptures.

"Minister of Jesus, Jesus Christ and Him crucified must be the grand subject of thy preaching!"

How blessed are the following records of personal affection, strong and tender, toward the Lord Jesus :—

"I sometimes ask what is the world to me or I to the world? The Master's glory, that is suffi-

cient to make me delight exceedingly to remain here as long as He desires. Where is the beauty of earthly things? Apart from Jesus, they have none. I would rather have one glimpse of the glorious countenance of Immanuel than the love of the whole human race. The longings of my soul after Christ Jesus have lately seemed well nigh more than I can bear. All the heaven which at present my soul can find it possible to long after is, to be alone with Jesus. I feel as if my heart would break if Jesus come not by His grace and take my soul into His everlasting arms. O the peerless beauty of Immanuel!"

"Am I as one who has begun the fifth year of his course on the way to Zion? I trust that, with many sins, Jesus is still all my salvation and all my joy. Other lords have had dominion over me from time to time, but not without much uneasiness and many strugglings to get back to Christ.

"No earthly friend in my days of foolishness and sin ever called forth the longings and yearnings of heart which Jesus so often excites. There is one deep fountain of affections which none but Jesus has ever stirred. There is an inner chamber into which none but Jesus can find admittance; the key of which He keeps to himself, and leaves it not to His poor, weak, saved one.

"The *Comforter, i. e.*, He who is to comfort love-

sick souls for the absence of Jesus. Remember thy *first* love. How wonderfully sweet and melting it was. Wast thou not then, as it were, *dissolved* in love and tenderness. Remember, too, thy thoughts were not about thyself, but about Jesus Christ. The love of thine espousals, when Jesus thy Lord and Saviour was first revealed to thy soul—when thou wert given away to Him out of thy father's house. Remember the hole of the pit whence thou wast taken, and wonder."

"*Sabbath Evening.*—Yesterday I was insensibly led to think of the heavenly glory; and for the first time, for long, my eye was moistened. It enabled me to proceed with study with alacrity, but yet in a subdued spirit. 'Now Jesus *loved* Martha and her sister and Lazarus.' How cold is the unbelieving heart! An armed man is not more powerful than is temptation, nor the Indian stealing on his enemy more subtle.

"The love of Christ has been unspeakably, indeed overcomingly, precious to my soul this day. Justification by faith alone, without the deeds of the law, has seemed to me, as it always does, just like an entirely new doctrine. May to-morrow be as this day, and much more abundant. 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.'

"When my Creator and Redeemer causes His

breath to play through the deep recesses of my nature, it produces inexpressible longings, which seem to exhaust the energies of my soul."

"*July* 1848.—My soul this morning was taken into the garden on the Mount of Olives. I was so sweetly filled and engaged, that I am sure I felt happier than was Adam before he fell. I see Jesus still loves to resort to that garden with His disciples, and to rehearse to them what they can bear of His sufferings there for them. He shews where the weariness of His soul brought Him—the Spotless One—to the dust of His own created earth, and how it made Him cry in agonies never to be fathomed by created soul.

"It is in Jesus that the soul is taught to call the mighty God of Jacob, 'Father.' It is when the soul, in sweet and glorious fellowship with Jesus as elder brother, looks up to the great God, that he cannot but cry, 'Abba, Father' Some deem this blasphemy; others, presumption; others, that it tends to false security; but Jesus whispers into the ear of faith, 'I am ascended to my Father and to thy Father, O my redeemed one.'

"Surely my mouth shall sing aloud to His praise, while I have any being. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. The heart of Jesus was faintly figured forth in Solomon's, of whom it was

said that he was given 'largeness of heart, as the sand that is on the sea-shore.' But as one grain is to all the sand on the shores of the sea, so was Solomon's heart to that of Immanuel. '*This* is my Beloved, and this is my friend, O daughter of Jerusalem.'"

"*4th August* 1848.—My soul is at times ready to break for its longings after Jesus. I feel at times as if I could be alone all the day—yea, if that were possible, all my days—if Jesus would but shew me more of His love, and satisfy my longing and fainting soul. O why is He so long in coming, and satiating my fainting soul? I am twice over sick of love. O why tarry the wheels of his chariot? O that I had ten thousand hearts, that I might love more. I feel, as Rutherfurd says, 'O what can a bairn carry away of the ocean?' O for the breaking of the long night. O for the shadows to flee away, that I might look and be filled with His overcoming love. Every other love is a faint shadowing of Jesus's love. One of two things my soul must choose, either to be capacitated to hold more of His love now, or to be removed to be with Himself.

"O holy, pure, and spotless, thou infinitely bright and radiant One, turn away thine eyes from me, else I will faint away with Thy love.

"O sun and moon, and bright clouds with your

snowy tops, hanging under the azure dome, help me to set forth the glory and beauty of Jesus, for His hands made you all!

"O for a thousand tongues and harps to praise Him. (Well, each converted soul is such a tongue and such a harp.) The sea of glass, clear as crystal and pure as gold, is dim beside His glorious beauty, His depths of holy purity, of infinitely pure holiness!

"Oh when from His Cross He turns the eyes of His deep love upon me, I am constrained to cry, 'Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples.' I am utterly overcome by the glance of such love from the depths of agony and woe. I cannot speak even to Jesus Himself. I *faint* and fail, and can only heave deep sighs, which, however, he knows well to understand.

"22*d July* 1849.—At the Table, Canticles i. 13 precious; also Psalm lxix. 1. It seemed to me that it was a feast of loves. What wilt thou have of the King? That all my sins which crucified Thee, may be crucified in Thee. Among other sins which occurred to me was deep ignorance of God, and of the work of the Holy Spirit.

"*The dress of the Bride, from head to foot, from her Beloved, is the Righteousness of Christ Jesus.* The feast, the very body and blood of Christ, all

through the wilderness. Again, 'till He come'—only till then—was made precious.

"Saw that Jesus, as it were, counts the number of shewings forth and rememberings of Him, and of His death. He longs and waits for the last.

"Precious faith, precious Christ, precious feast!—all that comes from Him is precious.

"O to be continually sprinkled, to be continually hearing the sound of the bells and the pomegranates on the skirts of the High Priest's garments.

"And now to be Christ-like, gentle, meek, and lowly, and to be more noble-minded.

"Much to humble. How easy to devise and resolve; how difficult to perform!

"Let me remember the robe which I must be ever wearing."

It will be seen that he was one who "rightly divided the word of life." If we might allude to and accommodate a saying of one of our poets, used on a different occasion, he felt that his own wants and leanness might be taken as an "inventory to particularise the abundance" to be found in the Lord Jesus. His eye looked into the hole of the pit, but always turned upwards faithfully to the right hand. Now, all these views of *sin and the Saviour* were found by him in the word, and drawn from the word into his soul by prayer. On one occasion, Hewitson, his beloved

friend, with his finger on the verse in Mark ix. 21, "*All things are possible to him that believeth,*" wrote him a few lines, in which he quaintly puts the question, "Are there any of those *Almighty believers* in the world now?" We do not say that David Sandeman was such an one; but we will say, that he was one who despaired of gaining any thing *except prayer was used.* "How short is life! What urgent need that it should be redeemed! Let me remember Ἀδιαλείπτως προσεύχεσθε, (Pray without ceasing)." We have already seen how this characterised him; but it was so marked a feature in his life, and was so truly the seat of his strength and the source of all his spiritual riches, that we cannot help shewing it again. The world's great men reached their eminence by effort, not by ease: there were pathways to those mountain-heights which they climbed, and these pathways they took pains to find out and use. And this is not less true of godly men; the heights which they reached were won

> "Not by sudden flight;
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night."

"3*d January* 1847.—When obliged to be much occupied with others, a few minutes *stolen* for communion with the Lord refreshes the spirit. O above all things I at times long to be a servant of Jesus,

who will ever be stepping aside and letting Jesus, and Him alone, be seen. This from sad experience I know to be hard to accomplish, nay, impossible, except by the effectual working and present influence of the Holy Ghost. How blessed to depend upon my God for daily spiritual bread. On retiring to my room I found the word of God calmly, sweetly, and solidly precious to my soul. I felt quite reluctant to lay it down. Alas, how seldom do such passing glimmerings of attainments such as these happen to me! O God, how Thy people dishonour Thee, by not living more with Thee upon the mount. How much, O Searcher of hearts, how much Thou knowest. I have brought dishonour upon Thee in not dwelling more with Thee upon Mount Sinai.

"Could have prayed for long, but was called away to studies. Have seldom felt more of a calm glorying in the Lord than I have experienced this day. Feel painfully at times the want of ministers and others living in earnest, as if eternity were truly near. How cold may I myself be, by the time these years of study are closed; and yet I see I need them all. The Lord keep me close wrapped in the mantle of Jesus's love and righteousness."

"*April* 1848.—I have sought to devote these last two days specially to fasting and prayer, before the gracious God and Father of Him who has these last

four years bid me arise and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

"As the Lord gives me grace, I desire to devote a good part of my most profitable time to prayer and meditation on the nature and ends of the gospel ministry, as well as upon the doctrine which it is established to preach and defend."

"30*th January* 1849.—During my walk, He was gracious in an especial manner to me, giving me engaging communion with His holiness and justice. I found it to be very precious, yet solemn too and overawing, to have near access to His presence while walking by a retired road. I stopped for a little by the way and prayed more directly, when my soul was taken up, as it were, into His presence."

"*March* 1849.—Remained up till four in the morning considering my case before God. It has been my universal experience, that to set apart time, even at some sacrifice, to seek the Lord's face, never is without its reward."

"14*th December* 1851.—Up early and waited on God, chiefly using the Hebrew Psalm 31st. I find a peculiar sweetness often in using the original tongue in worshipping. The word was made rich to my soul, and dwelt with me much of the day.

"The last chapter of Exodus was also precious. The wonderful symbolical truth in His dwelling in

the tabernacle, I entreated Him to fulfil to me. 'We will come and make our *abode* with him.' In the washing of Aaron and his sons, saw the holiness necessary in the service of the sanctuary."

"16*th December.*—All my walk to-day was made like a serious yet sweet prayer. Was walking as before the great God: some awe, yet of a joyful kind: quite fresh, and mind unencumbered by my studies. Punctuality is among the things of good report, and is very conducive to tranquillity of soul. With me want of prayer always leads to undue haste."

At another time we read in his journal:—"In writing discourses, to remember, first, that without the immediate enlightenment of the Holy Ghost, there can be no apprehension of the spiritual meaning or connection of any passage; second, the Spirit does not work without the due use of all means within reach, *e.g.*, thorough study, comparison of spiritual things with spiritual, opinion of others, &c. With regard to the former, there is a continual temptation to forget our need of it; the old nature and the natural mind rising up against the expectation of immediate help from the Spirit in finding the meaning. A clear conscience and a quiet heart are a great help in such high and holy study."

At another time:—"A very different day: my Lord being silent towards me, because of my iniquity

towards Him. What necessity for fearing alway, yet not with a legal, but a gracious fear. O Lord, support my soul in this constant act of trust and reliance, that my foes triumph not over me. I need as it were a constant river of atoning merit wherein to wash and be clean."

I believe he never allowed a fellow-student who called to leave his room without either himself or his friend engaging in prayer, if at all possible. And in their familiar intercourse it was both prayer and brotherly faithful counsel, that seasoned all their meetings Thus he writes:—"A student called—had prayer. Trust that some of His myrrh and cassia did drop upon my hands, and kept my soul in some measure of serenity during the rest of the day.

"In a time of hard work, all the forces of the mind and body must be kept in proper efficiency. Compare the training of horse and rider previous to the race. Temperance an absolute requisite.

"It will be sweet in heaven to join Manasseh in praising free, free grace."

Again: "There is no point on which I am conscious of erring so constantly and so grievously, as in my apprehensions of Jehovah's willingness to enlarge the spiritual dwelling of His people, and to make them in Jesus Christ, and by the Spirit, *saints*, that is, holy men."

Evidently with a wistful eye to future usefulness, like that of him he so admired, we find him quoting the following notice:—"Oliver Heywood, in one year, besides his stated Sabbath work, preached one hundred and fifty times, kept fifty days of fasting and prayer, nine of thanksgiving."

His holy living is all the more remarkable, inasmuch as during all these years he enjoyed robust bodily health. He was temperate in all things, and wise in attending to the ordinary means of preserving health. There is an allusion (5th May 1847) to "a severe sick-turn," and it lasted not long; nor were such turns frequent. The Refiner wished to shew, in the case of His servant, that He can purify in more ways than one. We are made "clean by the word He speaks to us" (John xv. 3), when it pleases Him, without personal afflictive chastisement. Here is an example of it. For here is a true pilgrim going steadily on his way, unallured by fleshly lusts that war against the soul, and watching unto prayer, while in possession of uninterrupted bodily health and strength. In the fulness of physical vigour, and with opportunity, if he had chosen, to enjoy the lawful things of the world in that way in which very many Christians enjoy them, this youthful pilgrim passed on, using the world as if he used it not.

CHAPTER V.

His Public Ministrations at Home.

"Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain."

1 Cor. ix. 24.

We are not undertaking to shew what of the stone remained rough, but what were the workings of the chisel of the Divine Artist on the statue which he was carving here. Very rarely do we find one who united so much strength of will with so much gentleness of spirit. But his friend Mr M'Intyre expressed the truth in this matter, when he said, "that evidently this loving gentleness was only in part from nature; it was divine grace that had bestowed it in its high degree, and hence, instead of becoming weaker as years increased, it grew stronger. That continual flow and freshness of kindly affections, shewed plainly whence it was derived, that the fountain of nature was replenished by the stream of divine grace."

Very rarely, too, do we meet with one whose single-minded devotedness was so unostentatious and yet so apparent; so thorough, and yet so cheerful; so

calm, and yet so impressive to others. It was evident, also, that he "grew in grace." He seemed more and more "to look on man as possessed of a soul, knowing no man after the flesh." As the time drew near when he was to be licensed by the Church of which he was a member to preach the gospel, his solemn feelings were deepened, while his joy in the prospect increased. Reading the 40th Psalm, he found in it suitable help for himself at such a time; for he viewed it as, in one aspect, the Saviour's preparation for His ministry. For many weeks, at *Torquay*, with his two friends Mr Tait and Mr Coventry, he studied the attributes of God, some one attribute forming the subject of prayer and meditation at each meeting in succession.

While he could say, "Solitude is a continual heaven to me," he was now full of joy in the expectation of his future life of action—his preaching of the gospel everywhere to small and great. For a time he seemed somewhat irresolute as to applying for licence, as if the time were not come; and besides, in the midst of all home-work, there opened to his view the vista of his possible departure for China. While he writes that a letter from Mr Moody Stuart (whose ministry and whose prayerful counsel he so valued) had gone far to decide his mind in applying for licence, he "is seeking daily to mention the matter

of China before God. O for the wind from God, if it is His will, that our ship sail thither!"

Some of the qualifications of a true pastor he possessed in a high degree. One of these was sympathy with the sick and afflicted. His manner was very tender, and his words expressed his heart, while he led them to the "rivers of water in a dry place." To one to whom he had carried a bunch of grapes, he spoke thus: "It is the Lord that is giving them, and you must take them like the grapes of Eshcol, as a token of the abundance of the promised land."

His doctrinal views were those of the *Westminster Confession of Faith.*

"*24th November* 1854. *Confession of Faith.*—Reading and praying it over, chapter by chapter, was made not only to agree with, but greatly to admire, its statements. The truth of God therein set forth rose before me as an edifice of God, founded, built up, and completed in all its parts." His signing that Confession on the day of his receiving licence, was no mere form; it was done with consent of head and heart. This took place 11th January 1855. He writes—

"When I was pronounced a preacher of the gospel, felt moved; and, if alone, could have wept. Remembered that now, and until death, I was a *Preacher of the Gospel of Christ.*"

And then follows a new dedication of himself. It was with no legal feelings, but as an act of grateful love, that he more than once engaged in this surrender of himself. Perhaps he himself would have expressed how he felt in the transaction by using the words of the Song of Solomon (viii. 2): "I will cause him to drink of the spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate." The first of these occurs in the third anniversary of his "new birth," and is entitled,

"*Dedication of my body, soul, and spirit to the Lord:—*

"As I believe that the Lord Jehovah, God of all nature and grace, has put His Holy Spirit in me, working faith in my soul, so that I have been persuaded and enabled to embrace Christ the Lord as my only Saviour—my 'all in all'—henceforth, by His sure word and inward testimony of the Spirit, I know that I am called—

(1.) To renounce, once for all and for ever, all property in myself; that, in truth, I am no longer my own, but Jesus Christ's, purchased by his own infinitely precious blood; that the Holy Lord God the Father gave me to His Eternal Son *from everlasting*, for His great and glorious name's sake.

"(2.) Henceforth I am called of my heavenly Father to renounce also all property in friends or relations, or in any of mankind, apart from Jehovah

Himself; I am to have to do with these only as from the Lord, and in the Lord; I am to remember that I have forsaken them for Christ's sake; since I am married to the Lord, I have forsaken my father and mother, and am joined unto the Lord, and we are now '*one spirit.*'

"(3.) Henceforth, lastly, I am called to forsake the world, and all that is therein; God the Lord is my portion; heaven is my home; I am here now only as a *stranger* and a *pilgrim.* Glory be to the redeeming grace and love of Jehovah, the Lord of hosts! Therefore, I have to do with the things of time, only in so far as the honour and glory of the Lord is concerned in them.

"But blessed be the name of the Lord, I am not only called to renounce, for His sake, self, friends, relations, and this world, but also henceforth to '*live unto God,*' being bought with a price; therefore, by grace, through grace, the Lord calls me to glorify God 'in my body and in my spirit,' which are *God's.*

"Here, then, O my God and Father, do I, by Thy good and Holy Spirit, purchased by the blood of the new covenant, declare in the presence of Thee, the Triune Jehovah, and before the elect angels, that I do now most joyfully, and with all my heart and soul, yield unto Thee my whole person, body, soul, and spirit, my relations and friends, my portion in

this world, and all things belonging to it; that henceforth as Thou, O my God and Father, dost grant me grace, *Thy glory* shall be more than ever before me, the one grand end of my existence. I have been sweetly constrained, by the effectual working of Thine own grace, to leave all and follow Jesus. O Jehovah my God, conclude Thine own work in my soul, and sweetly constrain me to live only for Thee. O do Thou make it my sweetest food, my most refreshing drink, to do Thy will, O my Lord and my God.

"O my Blessed, my now exalted and glorified Redeemer—do Thou sign for me what I have now been constrained to declare. It can only be made effectual by Thyself, dwelling more constantly in my soul. O my Saviour, may I now know in a sense I have never yet experienced, 'to me to live is Christ.'"

We may here insert what occurs in his journal in 1850, in reference to self-surrender.

"12*th August*.—At Mr Hewitson's funeral. That eminent minister of Jesus laid with his kindred dust. Had a walk in his garden, where once before I gave myself to the Lord, and sought to repeat the surrender. He is now among those whom I long to meet in glory, another link to the 'heavenlies,' where is my Lord and Saviour, and my heavenly Father."

And now let us peruse his fresh dedication of himself.

"11*th January* 1855.—Almighty and Eternal God, have mercy on my soul for Immanuel's sake! This soul, body, and spirit are thine by creation, thine by redemption. And by incomprehensible love and mercy called, as I humbly trust, to be thine in the ministry of the Gospel, in and by Thy Holy Spirit alone, I do now surrender my whole body, soul, and spirit unto Thee, the Lord Jesus Christ, and unto the Father, for the glory of God in the ministry of the gospel. Thus, by the powerful grace and Spirit granted continually unto and working in me, the one great end of my life on earth shall be the glory of Jehovah in the salvation of lost sinners, and the edification of the saints. By His grace and Spirit I do also now renounce the world with its honour and glory, and above all, self-glory, the flesh, with all its works, and the Devil. O Jehovah, pour down the Holy Ghost upon my soul! Thou glorified Immanuel, Thou hast the Spirit without measure, O pour down of the Holy Ghost, making me full of faith, and of the Holy Spirit, and so of gospel power."

On the Sabbath following his being licensed, he preached his first sermon. It was in Glasgow, in Mr Somerville's Church, Anderston, "crying incessantly for grace and anointing from above, and for skill to catch men." His second opportunity of preaching was at *Bothwell;* and of it he thus writes:—

"21*st January.*—Preaching here to-day was to me as the service in the tabernacle of the Highest. A great fear and awe possessed my spirit, as worshipping the Eternal of days. My soul was as if transported afar into the presence of God, and there all the people were gathered on the mount of the Lord. The powers of nature were stilled, and the voice of the gospel of the glory of God poured around me. Yet I was not uplifted either; all was quietness within and without. After all the day's service, looking still to God, and crying for washing in the Fountain."

A few days afterwards, he received a letter requesting his services at *Hillhead*, a station about three miles from Glasgow, where for some time previous the Spirit of God had been at work among the mining population. "Much drawn to that place," is his remark; and he prepared to comply with the request. Meanwhile, preaching at *Shotts*, "the proximity of the place to the scene of the wonderful effusion of the Spirit under Livingstone's preaching,* filled my mind with strong desire for the same."

But it may be well for us more fully to explain, at this point, the state of things at that station where he was now for a time to labour. The colliery villages of Jordanhill and Hillhead presented a large population, upon which the labours of a man of God

* In 1630.

might be bestowed. Accordingly, in 1854, Mr James Allan, a native of Huntly, and lately licensed as a probationer of the Free Church of Scotland, began his labours here. From the very first, many who heard his rousing and most faithful appeals, were startled. Fervent in prayer, and no less fervent and impassioned even in preaching the word, Mr Allan was soon blessed of God to win souls. After a visitation of the cholera, in the end of that same year, a decided work of awakening began among the miners and their families. At this day, I am personally acquainted with very many of those who were then brought to Christ, and can testify to the decided character of that awakening. Though it did not extend to great numbers, those who were then taught of God took up their cross, and have continued to follow their Lord through good report and through bad report, and the Lord has not forsaken them. Mr Allan, however, was subject to pulmonary complaints, and on this account, as well as for other reasons, was compelled next year to retire. And this was the opening that brought Mr Sandeman among that people.

How similar in many respects were the feelings and views of Mr Allan to Mr Sandeman's, may be judged of by a letter of the former, which we here insert. It is written to his friend J. S. at Hillhead. After introductory matter is over: "One of the best

means of maintaining spirituality of mind" (says Mr Allan), "is the habitual endeavour to do what spiritual good we can around us. It is just as good for us as it is for others to cultivate a missionary spirit. I found when on board ship, that I received no little damage, because I made so few efforts to do good among passengers and crew. It is well, perhaps, to have some one soul, or souls, specially in view, whom we may ply with our counsel, and for whom we may make our special supplications. More than most means of grace, in point of usefulness, has been the attempt to address anxious souls. I have felt while doing so as if in a better world. I hope there are still some anxious souls in your quarter. O my friend, cultivate a tender conscience that will not endure the least outward evil, or inward motions of the soul to it either. Slight thoughts of sin fly like fire and spread like it; and when once they take root, the soul can scarce ever recover its tone. And then, we have to do with a God so holy and so strict. Let us beware, for even 'our God is a consuming fire.'" And again to Mrs P.: "It is the undying pursuit of holiness that marks the true believer. See to it, also, that you feel more and more ready all your days. O may the day never come when you will be satisfied with your past experiences. If you are right, the more you get, the more you will long for the hidden

manna. The Lord give us eyes to see His beauty, the freeness of His love, the superabundance of His grace!" At another time: "Keep your conscience sprinkled *hourly* with the blood, and be filled with the love of God in Christ. You must come to Him. 'He loved me and gave Himself for me!' O if we knew HIM! *Him!* that pierced, bleeding HIM!"

Such was the man of God,* whose labours Mr Sandeman now came to follow up. Exulting in the work of proclaiming the gospel, he felt that just on that account he must be Christ's, and His alone. "O for souls now! What would I not give for those! and for faith, wisdom, and zeal to win them!"

"11*th February, Sabbath, Hillhead.*—My soul thirsts for Thy holy blessing, O Jehovah; for the plucking of precious souls from Satan's grasp; for the manifestation of Thy word with power on the hearts and consciences of men. O Lord, let some drops of the heavenly shower support my soul that it may not sink. There is an emptiness and readiness to fail in my heart, which nothing but a new manifesta-

* Mr Allan died 8th September 1858 at Bretton, near Wakefield, in his sister's house, "rejoicing in Christ, and saying he was going home." His beloved friend, the subject of this memoir, preceded him into glory only about six weeks. Both seemed instruments fit for the Master's use, and yet both were speedily called away. The resurrection-morning will cast light on these mysterious ways of our sovereign God.

tion of the truth and love of Jesus, and the salvation of never dying souls, can fill or remove.

"Heard of one weeping for her sins after the sermon, which deeply affected me with love and gratitude."

It was not long before he heard of more blessing.

"*Monday, 20th February.*—Good news this evening, that some souls have found peace. One, after yesterday's sermon, went home, pleaded, seemed to find Christ, and was filled with joy, after a pretty severe struggle with the enemy."

His walks for recreation were always walks of usefulness. "Pleasant walk, speaking to some by the wayside. Visiting the cottages, I find to be engrossing work. Tried to cry through the day for 'The Rain.'" On the following Sabbath, when he preached on Rev. iii. 20, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," many were moved, and many old convictions were revived in some. He says that, before preaching that day, he had had much prayer with Mr Allan, and that during the service his own soul felt compassion, love, and authority.

Why is it that we so often find ministers of Christ who seem to labour for years without fruit? Why is it that they are *content* with this state of things; and so far from expecting that it should be otherwise, do often suspect the work of God when they hear of

it under the ministry of others? Those very ministers who cast doubt on the genuineness of the blessing vouchsafed to a brother, are frequently men who might be said almost to boast of the doctrine of divine sovereignty. They forget, in such cases, to apply their own views of truth; or else they allow their partial views of doctrine unconsciously to weaken their sense of responsibility lying on them for the use of every means. It will generally be found that such objectors, or suspicious observers, are not themselves stretching every nerve in prayer, and yearning with all compassion over souls. They are oftener pleasing themselves with doctrine, and with Church order, and conscientious attention to the routine of duty; leaving to others the Epaphras-like "labouring fervently in prayers" (ἀγωνιζόμενος ὑπὲρ ὑμῶν, Col. iv. 12) for the souls to whom they preach.

Sometimes, too, *expectation* is not at work. The Lord says, "Open thy mouth wide;" then He will fill. Now, if this expectation be in abeyance, is it not the eye of faith looking away from Him who has the gifts, ere ever the gifts that were sought for have come? When *expectation* is not cherished, is there not something of *unbelief* at work?

All along, and from the first moment of his ministry, Mr Sandeman looked for blessing. Believing that God is sovereign, he on that very account ex-

pected to see Him take souls that were to the eye of man most unlikely. Believing God to be sovereign, he all the more looked out for "these things" being "revealed to babes." Believing God to be sovereign, he felt that at any moment, and *why not at this present moment,* he might open blind eyes. He noticed, also, that in the New Testament all the instances given of conversion are instances of very rapid conversion—a few hours, or a few days, suffice for the soul's passage from darkness into marvellous light. There is there no prolonged law-work, stretching over years. It looks too much like a process which man himself is carrying on, and not God, when we find a conversion extending over months and years, and issuing in dim light and dull hope after all. Whereas it is to be expected of conversions that are not *man-made,* but *altogether of God,* that they should be rapid, bearing the stamp of the creating power of Him who said, "Let there be light; and there was light." It was so with conversions in the times of the Acts of the Apostles, the days when the Holy Ghost was working gloriously.

There is an undefinable something about some believers, and not less about some ministers, that gets them favour with their brethren. We often call it unction. Mr Sandeman had it personally and in his preaching. I find him at an earlier

period referring to it in others in the following manner:—

"*January* 1848.—Is it not one of the Lord's secrets, to be obtained only in the recesses of His pavilion?

"At times most believers do manifest it, but why is it so short-lived? Is not the secret just 'to be rooted and grounded in love?' Indeed, transforming love to God, and flowing from that, love to souls, is, I believe, the essence of it.

"The soul that breathes of Christ and His love must needs be thus winning. The minister of Jesus has special need of this grace. Therefore, He has special need of Jesus dwelling in his heart by love, through the all-powerful working of the Holy Ghost, which worketh mightily in the children who are elect, and kept near the throne of Jehovah's glory."

An interesting feature of Mr Sandeman's ministry was the full and clear setting forth of the *Righteousness of Christ;* I rather think he never preached one sermon in which that was not held forth. One who was present at his first district prayer-meeting in Edinburgh remembers how he dwelt upon "Jesus passing through the billows of Jehovah's anger, while his life-blood dyed the waves; but poor sinners caught the rope he held out to them, and were saved." And as he thus began, so he continued to the last. He

used to quote with great relish the words of the dying man, who had not been able to say much all his life, but who gave utterance on his death-bed to this declaration, "*I am standing barefoot on the Rock of Ages.*" And another saying was frequently on his lips, that of a dying believer, who stated her hope in these few words, "Think of that, *my Judge, my Justifier!*" It was his enjoyment of this truth that gave him this settled peace, and imparted such serenity and such equable cheerfulness to his bright countenance. He knew whom he believed; and his was personal trust in a personal Saviour, and that Saviour no other than *Jehovah Tsidkenu*. Once I find him writing:—"Heard —— preach. My heart was knit to him, because he set forth the Righteousness of Christ."

He was one who held most heartily and thoroughly the views of Augustine, regarding the passive and the active righteousness of Christ. With that true divine, he could say of the *Blood*, "By it my conscience is all over satisfaction; the anguish of my past sufferings is quite swallowed up, and not so much as a troublesome remembrance of them is left behind. Mine was the sin, and His the punishment." Is not this "the worshipper once cleansed having no more conscience of sin?" (Heb. x. 2). And so he could say of the *obedient life* of Jesus, as did Augustine in his day, "Christ's godliness suffices for my

want of it; His ready service for my perverseness; His meekness for my intractable temper; His humility for my pride; His patience for my discontent; His kindness for my hard-heartedness; His calmness of soul for my fretfulness and unruly passions; His gentleness for my anger; His universal and unwearied love for my hatred, and revenge, and cruelty."

His personal love to the Lord Jesus often struck his intimate friends. They saw plainly how much of his happiness was derived from that source. Mr A. C. Smith (Free Church minister at Innellan) says —"That love was not, as in the case of most men, like a feeble spark; it seemed *shed abroad*. It was a constant living flame, that at times made his very face shine with a lustre of which he himself was unconscious." One evening, when some had been recounting marks that would certainly appear in real Christians, he exclaimed, "There is one you have forgotten—Love to Jesus; and as he said it, he looked up with a peculiar smile, emphatically saying, 'Yes, I do love Him!"—and singing—

> "Blessed Jesus! wouldst thou know Him,
> Give thyself entirely to Him," &c.

Because of this personal delight in his Saviour, the *Song of Solomon* was a book of Scripture in which he rejoiced. Very few attain to such delight in direct communion with their Lord. His affection

to Him was often such as thrilled his whole frame, while meditating on that love of His that was "stronger than death."

These two features of his experience moulded every sermon. And then, there was something in the very figure of the man that drew attention. His figure was tall and commanding; the profile of his countenance regular; his eye black and full; his voice clear and powerful; his utterance somewhat measured, and never rapid. But it was not in these things that his real strength lay; it was in "laying up vials of prayer, which were afterwards poured down in blessing." He remarked one day, "Literary qualifications are not our arms; they are only the polishing and ingenious ornament on the hilt and flat side of the sword. They have nothing whatever to do *per se* with the *edge* of the weapon."

It was the Lord's way with him, to give him short time to work in the various spheres through which he passed. He was not to be allowed to labour long at Hillhead; but the believers there never forget their days of fellowship with him. One will tell how he would, on an evening, lift the latch of the cottage door, and, just looking in, would say, "Are you ready to go out with me for a night's fishing?" intimating his wish to have him as a companion in going from house to house in his visitations. Another will tell

of his meetings for prayer. Another remembers, that when one said, "What shall I preach?" he replied, "Preach Christ; it is *bread* they need; it is *bread.*" Another recollects meeting him and Mr Allan as they came from Renfrew, and were walking fast to their lodgings, and this was his greeting in passing, "We are hurrying home to get our hearts warmed."

Two persons were awakened by the last sermon he preached at Hillhead. And some who resisted the truth in the days of both Mr Allan and Mr Sandeman, have of late been given to their prayers, we doubt not. One of these persons, lately brought to Christ, tells, that before Mr Sandeman went away, she met him, and he knowing her to be a great professor, said, "If you are in the way, keep in it; but *are* you in it?" She replied, "Yes;" though at that time out of Christ. When awakened recently, that reply she gave him was one of the first sins that started up to her thoughts, deepening her convictions and haunting her for a long time. In such ways as these, does the Lord cause His servant's words to glorify Him, long after they have themselves entered into rest.

He had not laboured quite three months there, when his mind became decided as to his duty regarding China. For five or six years the desire had been cherished, or rather encouraged; sometimes when laid aside, back it came, like a tide returning in full

force. Such incidents, too, as the interest taken in the *Chinese Bible Fund* by his two young nephews, whose lives were so brief,* no doubt contributed to swell the tide of feeling that had already begun to flow in that direction. For a time, the masses of heathenism at home in our large cities kept the balance of his mind in equipoise; but now the Lord whom he served brought him to an unwavering decision: "My only regret is not seeing more souls brought to God among my own countrymen, before I go to the heathen." "*To belong entirely to Jesus is inexpressibly sweet.*" "O for the powers of the world to come to be revealed unto my soul, and to fit it for the glory of Jehovah, and the salvation of poor perishing souls, until my own death. My Lord, O to be Thy witness *here* for a little, and then among the heathen, all to the great end of Thy glory, and the salvation of many, many souls. Surely my whole soul closes with my Master's call."†

* See the touching and instructive story of these two young souls in "*The Way Home.*"

† There is something in this thoroughly satisfied delight, that reminds us of Dr Dean's narrative of Judson Dwight Collins. When the letter arrived that was to tell him whether or not his offer of service was accepted, he was at some distance from the village, but hearing of it, he hastened toward it, without staying for food. It was dark, but on he posted, till at last the letter was in his hand. He opened it, he saw that all was right—"There was China." The big tears stood in his eye; his heart swelled with

He has written out his reasons in full, and they bear the broad stamp of impartiality and disinterestedness. Still he was constrained to write :—

"14*th March*.—I see there is more cleaving to home than I was aware of, and to what I love there ; but now it is as if Jesus said, Come with me ; forsake all, and I shall give thee an hundredfold for all these, mother, brothers, sisters, &c. A remarkable heavenly sweetness pervaded my soul since then. I could only look up, believing the love of my Lord."

He writes, 9*th April*.—"First lesson in Chinese from Mr M." And then come his farewell days at Hillhead. 15*th April*.—"Much exercised and affected in my own soul before preaching. Much prayer through the previous week for the melting power of the word and Spirit. Beginning to speak, had not a little of the clearness and power which arrest men, and I thought that the long-looked for blessing was about to begin. But I fear it passed off again, and the bending of souls under the truth seemed to cease. The longing for souls how wearying to the flesh !" On the 22*d April, Scotstoun*.—"Prayer-meeting.

emotion, and on his knees he thanked God that he was a "missionary to China." Such was his burning zeal and love for souls ; but, like Mr S., he was cut off at the age of thirty-two. His motto was, "*Christ shall be magnified by my body, whether by life or by death*." (See "The China Mission," by William Dean, D.D. New York, 1859.)

Preaching to the conscience, and souls saved, are my great desire." "Through grace I would say, let every thing else be as the dust of the balance." On 23*d April*.—"My birth-day. O for that sober, calm, and yet holy zeal which the Spirit gives." 29*th April*.—"Preached in the open air to the 'highway and hedge' class, who will not come to our meeting. In the prospect of my leaving, a man came to me with the tears in his eyes, saying he wished to shake my hand, 'because you took my feet out of the miry clay.'" 1*st May*.—"My last day here. Several more souls reported as anxious."

Often in China did he revert to those happy scenes. It was amid such breathings of the Spirit that he was ripening for glory, while men thought he was preparing for many a laborious year of missionary work in that vast empire of more than four hundred millions of souls.

An opportunity occurred of visiting the continent, while getting ready for leaving home; and so we suddenly find him, on 19th May, in *Rome*, surveying the seven-hilled city. It seemed as if his Master wished to finish his education for the mission field, by shewing him the foul idolatries of professedly Christian lands, and what the fearful result of these has been in regard to darkness, and degradation, and wretchedness. Let us follow him to "The Eternal City."

"*26th May.*—High mass by the Pope in the *Chiesa Nuova.* Unaffected, except by the childishness of the performance, reminding me more of a man *acting* the Pope. He seemed indeed to be in the place of God, worshipped as God, and sitting in God's seat; yet by a strong delusion sent on them, neither he nor they seemingly aware of their blasphemy and idolatry. (2 Thess. ii. 4, 11.)

"How powerless his blessing felt, seeing God had not bade him bless. Remembered that the blood of the saints was unrepented of, and that this man homologated all."

He had crossed the Campagna to visit Tusculum and Cicero's villa, though the visit was a hurried one. And now he has been at the old Capitol, has looked upon the yellow Tiber at his feet, has gazed on the Sabine Hills and Soracte, famed in Roman song, and has descried the Alban Hills.

"Walked in the evening through the *Forum Romanum,* remaining till dark. Realized something of treading on an empire's dust."

"*Coliseum.*—In the midst of it, first fully realized that I was in ancient Rome. Remained for two or three hours. Saw around me the proofs of a kingdom, of an empire that has come and gone, been built up and been overthrown, till its dust and ruins prevent the very site from being recognised. Thought

of Daniel's four empires, Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Grecian, Roman, arisen, shaken, demolished. Then my soul turned and worshipped the Messiah, who has received the kingdom which is an everlasting kingdom, whose dominion shall never end."

Here is an interesting statement and testimony.

"In reviewing the last two months on the continent, I have found a great safeguard in prayer and reading the word of God in the morning before starting, and that the day has generally taken its tone from that season. It was a great help also, when I had an opportunity, to speak to others about their souls."

At *Naples*, he was struck with the unblushing plainness and downrightness of their worship of the Virgin Mary. He visited *Vesuvius*, walking round the crater amid smoke and mist; *Pompeii*, also, that disentombed city which is so full of interest. But his jottings of these visits can scarcely be called even notes. He returned by *Turin*, and over mount *Cenis* to Paris; and after a few days spent in London and Oxford, we find him, on July 18th, in a railway carriage. "Was in a carriage by myself, and had scarcely entered it when a drawing spirit of humiliation and prayer seemed to come upon me; and I could not cease from crying and breathing after God for more than an hour; especially for the ministry,

lest I should be a castaway without power of faith; also for beloved Scotland. If I would reap as Paul, then I should prepare to sow even as he who travailed in birth that Christ might be formed in souls."

"*Sabbath.*—My soul was upheld more than usual in preaching, as if maintained by the blessed Spirit of Jesus in calmness and peace, as if raised out of my many doubts and fears, and my iniquities not remembered then against me. God, eternity, and souls, seemed realities; and truly the work was as the service of such a glorious and divine Saviour. But unless the Holy Spirit be poured out upon souls, so that they shall be pierced and raised from the dead, how is the ministry fulfilled?"

"3*d September.*—Many are my doubts and fears lest the ministry should be an empty sound with me. My heart is at times ready to fail, because hearing of no soul seeking salvation. But where again is that going forth weeping? Am to preach in the street this evening. Looking again into Whitefield, which revives thoughts of former days. He says it would need a voice of thunder to awake the Church in his time to a sense of her condition and the state of perishing souls. How true still; but this must come wholly from God. I also am as one asleep."

His prayer was now that "he might be weaned from Scotland." But this was to be thoroughly

effected in a way he did not anticipate. When all seemed in train for his ordination by the English Presbyterian Synod, the unexpected death of his father (who was cut off by cholera, at Montpellier, after conveying to Cannes the widow and children of his eldest son) caused for a time an alteration of plans. It was thought by many, that it must eventually detain David in his native land, as on him now might fall all the care of his father's property and the family interests. But he believed that, as his call was of God, the way would open again. His own soul never faltered in its purpose.

It was now the spring of another year, and he was not yet on the field, but through no fault of his. Meanwhile we find him at Blairgowrie, sojourning for a few weeks, preaching the word, and pleading vehemently in prayer the Lord's words by Ezekiel, "Behold, all souls are mine," and "I have no pleasure at all in the death of him that dieth." At last his friend Dr James Hamilton, of Regent Square, London, sends him the long-wished-for notice, that his ordination to the holy ministry is to take place on April 26th 1856.

It was only a day or two after the completion of his thirtieth birthday, and he failed not to remember this.

"*Ordination Day.*—Remained in prayer till three o'clock this morning. This morning the struggle

seemed over; my soul seemed helped from on high, and know not how. Fasting till before the service' also, helpful by His grace. Throughout the whole day, this word was with me—'Behold I send the promise of my Father upon you.' It seemed as if the only hindrance to receiving this blessing lay upon my side; some spirit of supplication was with me, and pleading for the fulfilment of the cries of many years. Before, and at the ordination, felt that I must now lay myself upon the altar of God, there to remain continually. Felt that henceforth I must look upon myself as cut off from the world, as if by death; but if thus dying as it were with Christ, I found that with Him also I lived again, not forgetting the continuous death which there must be; but the glory, and love, and Spirit of Jesus sustained me, and raised me up unto His work.

"My soul was poured out before God all the day, beseeching, wrestling, waiting, and looking up in expectation; and as if no longer able to plead with that contention of soul, I ceased, and lay silent before God.

"At the ordination, when I knelt and their hands were laid on me, I was as if enveloped by the power and presence of Immanuel. I was overpowered, and wept. They were tears of supplication and unspeakable joy; the soul with all its affections, and vehement but *still* desires, was delivered up as a sacrifice unto God in Jesus Christ.

"I remembered the call of the disciples, when the Lord called to Him whom He would. It seemed as if He so called me; and I knelt at His feet, and felt the overpowering sense of His gracious gentleness, and at the same time of His majesty, as the Great Head of the Church, to whom all power in heaven and earth is given.

"The prayers of the ministers of God, leading and gathering up those of all the people, I felt as if resting upon my head; and, as I believe, they ascended up before the throne of God; so it would be my earnest prayer that they may descend in a copious blessing of the Spirit, according to the promise of the Father, and the power of Him who baptizes with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

The excitement and solemnity of his ordination day passed over. The vessel is in open sea again.

"Since ordination," he writes, *3d May*, "I have been sore broken, and that continually. It is as if God had broken all my bones. I remember God, and am troubled. Lord, work thou, and who shall let it?"

It was good to be in his company. "His bright intent and holy walk" (remarked Dr J. Hamilton to the writer) "was quickening to any fellow-traveller who received even the shortest convoy." On all accounts it was thought good that, previous to sail-

ing, he should visit some of the chief towns of England. It was well for one who now felt China to be his home, to go forth among the people of the English Presbyterian Synod in the mission to China, giving information, as well as impressing the duty our country owes to the land of Sinim, while at the same time he failed not to preach the everlasting gospel.

Accordingly, we soon find him at *Birmingham* and *Newcastle;* and then at *Liverpool*, where, in company with the devoted Mr Reginald Radcliffe (whom the Lord has honoured so much in Scotland since that time), he preached in the open air in front of the Custom-house. "It was the impression of all that good to souls was the result." Next we find him, with Mr Radcliffe, at *Stafford*, preaching to the crowd assembled to witness Palmer's execution. At *Matlock*, he hears of a woman "born again at eighty-five years of age"—a woman whose son had been praying for her conversion for thirty-five years.

He was much, at this time, in company with Mr Radcliffe, who to this day retains very lively impressions of his holy walk, and heavenly zeal, and prayerful spirit. The following letter, written in the midst of incessant labour, was Mr Radcliffe's reply to my request to be furnished with any reminiscences of Mr Sandeman that might occur to him:—

"GLASGOW, *25th September* 1860.

"MY DEAR MR BONAR,—It is with much pleasure that I write to you of my beloved friend. My remembrances of David Sandeman are like gleams of sunshine. It was when I was a student in Edinburgh, I suppose about eleven years ago (1849 or 1850), that we first became acquainted. He was present there at a noisy open-air service in the Grassmarket; and although he would not take part, yet he stood as a protector, and on that spot our hearts became united. Some years afterwards, having to pass through Edinburgh, he was again lovingly by my side during an open-air service at night under some bridge in the Old Town. About the year 1856 he visited us at New Brighton, on the Mersey. It is fresh in my memory now, as returning from my business at Liverpool, I found that my beloved friend had been absenting himself from table in order to spend time and strength amongst the Sandhills of New Brighton. Was not this the secret of his habitual cheerfulness? Whilst at New Brighton, he, along with Richard Weaver, the converted collier, and others, assisted at some special open-air services which we had round the Liverpool Custom-house. Amongst the fruit was a fallen woman, who appeared to find Christ at once, and who, we heard long after, was walking as becomes a Christian.

"About this time, too, Mr Sandeman, Richard Weaver, and I were preaching together at Warrington on a Sabbath; whence, in the afternoon, we walked to a little Cheshire village. Before entering the village, the party of young evangelists knelt on the wayside, round a heap of broken stones, and the Answerer of prayer very soon, in a most striking manner, appeared to work salvation before our eyes. On that night I have another very happy remembrance of beloved Sandeman. One of the villagers had taken us into his house; and, after prayer together, tired enough, we lay down on the same bed. But my companion, whilst lying by my side, started again, praising and praying; and how much of the night he so spent, I know not. We had seen His salvation, and Sandeman was very happy.

"Again our beloved David, in company with Richard Weaver and others, met together in the ancient town of Stafford, for the purpose of attending the execution of a notorious culprit. The night before the execution was a solemn one indeed. Thousands were expected to attend, and many thousands did come. About 70,000 short tracts were distributed. The hour fixed for the labourers being at their posts was to be three A.M. the following morning; for, as was expected, the people began to assemble in the night time. David Sandeman and another retired for

prayer and a little repose; but a spirit of prayer was poured out, each prayed several times, and the hour soon arrived to go to the solemn scene. Richard Weaver (who is now beside me) heard David Sandeman solemnly preaching amid the immense crowd, just before the last bell began to toll, and well remembers him then saying—'I stop preaching; but that bell cries to every one of you, Prepare to meet thy God!' The labourers had reason to hope that not a few souls were blessed, and an infidel among the number.

"When the time had drawn on for my beloved friend to go to China, I was invalided at Matlock, in Derbyshire. He came there; and it was pleasant to see the happy way in which, along the roadside, he could stop the people, and tell each of them of that Jesus who had made his face to wear its own happy smile. To this glorious Jesus be glory for ever and ever.—Sincerely yours, R. R.

"*P.S.*—By a person now present with me, and who was then with us at Matlock, I am reminded that a dear minister of the gospel, observing the number of individuals D. Sandeman had been entreating that day to turn to the Lord, had been led actually to count them; and in the evening the joy of Sandeman and the others in our little cottage was so great, that their laughter forced tears of joy. On the morrow he left us, and we saw him no more."

Mr William Hunter (brother-in-law to Mr Radcliffe), formerly a fellow-student with him in Edinburgh, writes regarding his short stay at *Chester*:—

"Others besides myself remember the power with which he spoke of the *Blood of Christ*. But it was the man himself that was the sermon. I felt with him, more than any minister I have known, that his life was on a level with his preaching. And then he was so genial and joyous. A short time after he was in Chester, I was staying with Mr Radcliffe and his family at Matlock. To our great delight one day, our dear friend unexpectedly joined us, and remained with us two days. I shall never forget a walk I had with him from *Matlock Green* over the hill to *Matlock Bath*. It was a lovely summer evening, and he was full of life, and joy, and love to souls." As usual, his hands were full of tracts, and a word was ready at his tongue for any soul to whom he gave the tract."

At *Lowick* he crossed to Holy Island, and preached to the fishermen, in company with Mr Fraser, the Presbyterian minister, who says—"There is a hillock near me that now always seems to me to say, 'Pray, pray!'—because David Sandeman took me and —— there, in sight of Holy Island, to plead for it."

We give his own jottings of his farewell visits as they stand in his journal, very brief, and summed up

by a remarkably characteristic meditation when on the eve of departure.

"21*st August, Kilsyth.*—Memorable visit. The old Christian minister; remarkable prayer alone with me before service. During the revival of 1840 there were twenty prayer-meetings in a week in this place." [The minister was Dr William Burns, father of Mr W. C. Burns, the missionary to China.]

"*Edinburgh, 6th September.*—Left *Springland* this morning. Uphold my dear mother!"

"*7th September.*—Preached in Free St Luke's (Edinburgh), morning and afternoon."

"*8th September.*—Westfield."

"*9th September.*—Hillhead."

"11*th September.*—Last prayer-meeting. Meeting in Free St Luke's before leaving Scotland."

"22*d September, London.*—Open air meeting with torches. Preaching with Mr Baillie."

"1*st October.*—Visiting *Torquay*, and in my favourite seat among the rocks, and in prayer to God, was drawn out concerning the work before me. For the first time that word came to me: 'Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.' And: 'I will declare the decree.' My soul was given to behold it as the declared decree of Jehovah to the Lord Immanuel. Then, to faith's eye, China and its

vast millions of souls floated before me, like the sea. It spread away to the horizon of vision, and under that word I saw it to be the *sea of God*, every creature absolutely His, and according to the time and purpose of the decree, given over to the Lord Jesus for His inheritance, kingdom, and glory. Also, I saw the heathen as a mighty flood, whose stirred waves might swallow me up, or whose seductions, managed by Satan, might draw me in. My spirit was overwhelmed and prostrate by the shore of that awful depth. Into that sea I seemed to be about to plunge alone and weak, with all its trials, and it might be dangers; but I was caught up and was sustained by these words: 'Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.' 'Depart, for I will send you far hence, unto the Gentiles.' I rose up and went my way; but the vision remained with me."

Perhaps we should have stated more fully that Mr S. was led to go forth in the service of the English Presbyterian Synod, by the fact that that Synod had taken up the cause of China in 1845, had sent forth Mr W. C. Burns as their first missionary in 1847, and having at last selected the island of Amoy and the province of Fuhkien as the seat of the mission, were desirous of finding more labourers. Mr James Johnstone, after little more than a year's labour, was compelled, by the failure of his health,

to return in 1855; and, though Mr Carstairs Douglas had gone forth that same year, there was ample room and urgent need for as many labourers as could be sent. The mission was not in the advanced state in which it is now, when even the young have hymns prepared for their use in native Chinese, *e.g.*, that one well-known in Sabbath-schools, "There is a happy land." But the Lord had been sealing the work; for, in 1854, both in the island of Amoy, and in the province of Fuhkien, at Pechuia, Mr Burns told of an evident outpouring of the Spirit, of scenes resembling those recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and of a native church formed by the missionaries from this country in conjunction with those from America. It was in full knowledge of how the missionary work was proceeding there, that Mr Sandeman prepared to take up the sickle and go forward to the fields that were "white and ready for harvest."

He is now at last on his way to the closing scene of his earthly labours, though all who knew him regarded his departure as the beginning of a new season of successful work for Him whom his soul loved.

CHAPTER VI.

Fragments.

SELF-EXAMINATION—LETTERS—SERMONS.

"If any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth: that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ."

1 Peter iv. 11.

If at this point we introduce some miscellaneous pieces of Mr Sandeman's, it is not with the view of claiming for him great literary eminence, but with the desire of prolonging his usefulness. There is one chord in our heart which may be touched by the fine verses of the Latin poet:

> "Ipsa quidem virtus sibimet pulcherrima merces.
> Dulce tamen venit ad manes, quum gloria vitæ
> Durat apud superos, nec edunt oblivia laudem."
> (Sil. Ital. xiii. 663.)

Thus Christianized:

> "The Life of Faith is its own rich reward;
> It asks no praise of man, no song of bard.
> Yet even in him who stands before the throne,
> Glorying for ever in his Lord alone,
> Perchance it might awake new joy to know
> That he, though dead, still speaks to men below."

Elisha's bones were made means of life to the cold corpse of an Israelite (2 Kings xiii. 21). Would not this event at once recall the departed prophet to the memory of a people for whom he had lived, laboured,

and prayed? And without excluding the historical lesson, Elisha's God liveth when Elisha himself is gone—or the typical lesson, The dead soul is quickened in the moment of contact with the death of Him who lay for us in that rock-hewn tomb—may we not view the incident as suggesting that it may sometimes please the Lord to put power into the remains of His servants, to wit, into their deeds and words, recorded or recalled to mind when about to fade away from the survivors' thoughts?

Here, then, are some fragmentary pieces. As it leads us farthest back, we begin with his inquiry into the rise and progress of his ideas of God.

ANALYSIS OF THE IDEA OF GOD IN CHILDHOOD, BOYHOOD, YOUTH.

"Let me endeavour to find how, or by what process, I have arrived at my present state of belief.

"*As a Child—How did I get the idea of God?*
First Period.

"1. *By Instruction.*—As soon as I could understand anything of such a nature, it was told me that a great and good Being lived in heaven, and that He knew what was going on in the earth, that I must pray to Him, because He made me, and that He was pleased at what was good, and angry at evil. All this I never thought of doubting or questioning, as

far as I can remember, any more than I did when I was told that there was a king in London. As to the amount of its operativeness, I do not pronounce. That it was operative, I have no doubt; and, for example, I would not retire to rest until I had made a prayer at my mother's knee. All this was addressed to, and in a peculiar way responded to by, *conscience*, or the sense of right and wrong.

"2. *By the Book which I was told was God's.* This gave reality and correctness to the idea of God. The consideration in which it was held by those around me, communicated itself to me. A saying of my father's heightened and verified my feelings toward it, viz., 'When I tell you to do any thing, and you shew me that it is against what that Bible says, then I shall not ask you to do it.'

"3. *By the outward church,* where God was praised and prayed to. This early excited my thoughts.

"4. *By Sabbath,* called God's day. This, as often crossing my inclinations, was all the stronger on that account. Here, what I was told was the will of God thwarting my own, made the notion of God as a real Being all the more clear.

"*In Boyhood. Second Period.*

"1. *Reproving swearing* among my school-companions affected my spirit. It amounted, in some degree, to taking part with God. It was, I think,

one of the first independent and voluntary acts of an instructed natural piety, and had a corresponding effect in verifying the idea of God's existence, whose name must not be profaned.

"2. *Lying.* I disliked this, partly perhaps because of its effects in punishment. I don't think I practised deception as many boys; yet again I am led to think this was in a large measure owing to the same cause. At least, I am not aware that the idea of God came in to enforce the right.

"3. *Impressions of every kind more vivid,* whether natural or religious. This told on character and convictions, and the notion of God was proportionally strong.

"4. *A book* given me by my mother, '*The way for a child to be saved,*' had a considerable effect upon me. I believed in heaven and hell in a new way. I remember of risings of anger and enmity against these, and I suspect more or less against Him who was the Author of both, as I learnt especially, too, when His interests came across and interfered with my amusements. I remember also distinctly wishing to be a door-post, or something of that kind, rather than an immortal soul, because of the eternal realities. In a spiteful and rebellious spirit I wished to get quit of them all. But this, therefore, did not last long. No doubt, there were various other convictions of a similar kind. So far as appears to me,

these were the natural workings of conscience upon the truth, and what are generallly called the common operations of God's Spirit, so frequently met with in young persons who have heard God's truth. These were, therefore, both natural and supernatural, that is, in addition to and above nature. If I had not been possessed of these external advantages of education in the truth of God, I see little reason to think that they would ever have arisen within me. On the other hand, they do not seem to have (as far as I can consider the thing) contained any thing of a strictly spiritual nature. They were something more than natural, and less than spiritual.

"5. *Vigour of conscience* in proportion to advancement of age. It was an active monitor concerning good and evil.

"6. *Duty* was more a principle than the mere desire to please my parents or masters. I am much disposed to think that *duty* stood largely *in the place of God* to me. I believed in the existence of a Supreme Being, but the practical influence of this belief was of the faintest kind. *Duty*, whether owing to parents or teachers, was tenfold more powerful as a moral principle; and I am not aware that this at all involved any direct thought of God being connected in any way with the duties. Perhaps the height of my idea of morals reached this, that happiness was, in some way, related to the performance of these

duties. As far as memory aids me, there was little or nothing of a *spiritual* nature in these thoughts of God and duty, however transient. I never really thought of pleasing God, or of doing any thing to His glory, or directly to and for Him. I had no knowledge of Him as a Person, or real Being, with whom I had immediately and particularly to do. He was to me very much of a *Mighty Abstraction*, as distant from my ordinary life and feelings as I considered heaven to be from earth.

"7. *True and spiritual convictions began* (towards the end of this period) to visit me—of the existence of God; of a heaven and a hell; of God's omniscience, omnipresence, &c., impressing my whole soul, and producing real practical results correspondingly. The idea of God came more fully and fairly across the horizon of my soul. I saw and was afraid, and repented and did good works. From that time my faith, I think, resembled that of devils—'I believed and trembled.' But then they varied exceedingly as to intensity, dying away frequently, and for months together, to a mere notion, without any practical result.

"These, I doubt not, came by the operation of the Spirit of God, who was beginning to strive with me unto salvation. The *chief means* towards this result were, the faithful preaching of the gospel, reading the Bible, and social prayer-meetings.

"8. *I now clearly felt* that, in whatever way I might have *believed in God,* I had never *truly believed in Christ* for the remission of sins; that He was merely a man to me; an existing person, but one who had no manner of real influence over my actions.

"9. There was, also, a *struggle between God and the world within me.* Strange inconsistency existed, resolutions about duty and God, and yet the latter generally at an immense distance from my inward thoughts. God was utterly excluded from some of the most interesting and engrossing scenes of my existence.

"*In Youth. Third Period.*

"I. The same as last period; only more confirmed in outward morality by leaving home, and so having *principle strengthened through exercise.* Still God was at an inconceivable distance from my ordinary daily life. I knew nothing of Him as a person, and loved him far less than father and mother, sister, and friend.

"2. *Duty, conscience, and a desire to rise* in life were my ruling motives to action.

"3. *Convictions,* as before; some spiritual. Knew that I had a heart and mind, but no real acquaintance with *my soul.*

"A thousand things had more real attraction for

me than *God;* love, but especially friendship, knowledge, principle, &c. Yet I used to hold prayer-meetings with the young men of the house in Glasgow, and held long conversations with one of the boarders on religious subjects. Read the word of God much, and used to rise early in order to do so. Strange anomalies!

"4. Up to this time *the Being of God* was held by me, and His attributes; His claims acknowledged, but in reality wholly despised, by loving the creature more than the Creator. Certain speculations and ideas in the mind, no true feeling (except during one season of spiritual conviction) in the heart. I believe I no more loved God with all my heart than does the most ignorant savage.

"Jesus Christ was an historical character as *man;* as *God,* He was as distant as that idea was. I no more walked in fellowship with Jesus Christ than the most ignorant coolie of Calcutta. The distinction of spiritual and carnal was utterly unknown to my moral apprehension.

"The true knowledge of sin, a sense of its inherent loathsomeness, either as it respects God or the conscience, wholly unfelt and wholly disregarded. I never, I believe, confessed sin from any sense of its own pollution.

"5. Then of God's infinite mercy, as I trust, and, from all that went before, out of the most free love,

He was *pleased to send converting grace into my soul.* From that hour all was changed. *Jehovah assumed to Himself the throne of my soul.* To adore, love, and serve Him became the ruling passion, as well as the most sober conviction, of my heart and understanding. My loftiest aspirations, and my most common actions, were alike directed unto God.

"*Jesus Christ was the Redeemer* of my soul from the curse of God's law, and from hell. To adore, love, and walk with Him was all my desire, ever acting, efficacious—in short, my heaven.

"The *Scriptures* came to me as the word of the living God, expressing his present will and mind, declaring His character and glory.

"*Sin* was seen and felt to be the most hideous and abominable thing in existence—as against God's law, and in its own nature, apart from entailing everlasting destruction, if unforgiven.

"From that time God has been at times indescribably near to my soul, dwelling with me, watching over and with me, day and night; in some degree restored to His place as my Creator, Preserver, and Governor. Friendship, honour, name, happiness, all secondary (I mean as to prevailing principle and feeling) to the glory of God. And all from beginning to end, wholly and altogether, to the praise of his grace, and mercy, and love; nothing but confession and repentance to this soul. *All glory to God's Spirit; nothing to*

free-will! Without Him I must have gone on as I did, in blindness, and darkness, and sin. I was arrived at the strength of my youth, and fairly entered on the business of life, without any trace of God upon my spirit. Therefore, all is of God, to whom, with Jesus Christ the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be all the honour and glory, now and evermore. Amen!"

"*Manifold Corroborations, tending to strengthen and defend this Belief in the Being of God.*

"1. *The power of His truth on myself.* His truth given in the Scriptures is worthy of Him whose book it bears to be; both in illuminating the heart and understanding, and changing the dispositions; in supplying motives which overcame many sins at once, and mortified all known transgression; by the divine joys which it brought, far exceeding any earthly bliss previously or since experienced. In short, the *Internal Evidence* from the revelation of God.

"2. *Power of God's truth on others*—either converting or powerfully influencing them, much in the way, I suppose, as miracles of old confirmed the faith of believers.

"3. *The external evidence of the revelation of God,* as having come really from Him. There could be no mistake in regard to the witnesses of that truth. *Paley's* Evidences, and the thoughts suggested by them, contributed much to this. *Lardner* still

more clearly, in supplying the grounds on which Paley rests.

"4. *Argument from design*, as affording a strong corroboration of the existence of a Supreme Intelligence; and generally the proof of the natural government of the Deity.

"5. *Moral government of a Supreme Ruler*, as set forth by that incomparable reasoner, *Butler*. This, by what means I hardly know, affected my understanding more than the previous head, at least in the way of its being most annihilating to all objections. *Leland's* Deistical Writers finished this line of things. The fairness of both Lardner and Leland peculiarly tended to conviction.

"6. *Philosophy:* the results of high natural science, as given by Newton and the Calculus; these so universal laws corresponding with the idea of a supreme mind; the *Baconian Philosophy*, also; its method and splendid results, the style of its author's thinking, and the intellectual trains of analogy suggested, have all tended to the same ideas of the Deity previously formed. The principle of all philosophy, causation, tended much to the like result. That disposition to rise from cause to cause insatiably, until the First Great Cause stands out in all the glory of His power and perfections.

"7. *The scenes of nature* do in a very immediate way testify of God, They directly symbolise the

Supreme to my spirit—I mean, those of high grandeur and beauty; also of absolute loneliness—Mont Blanc, the sea-shore where wild, as in Skye.

"8. *Poetry* has contributed much by its idealization of the external world; by the vision of things which rise before it, in which the Great Spirit frequently and rightfully blends. The poets, both as intensely alive to nature's beauties, and as in some sort interpreters of her charms and glories, have been an exceeding boon to me."

I cannot ascertain what year the above interesting review of his mental processes was written; but its mention of Mont Blanc and Skye towards the close indicates that it was when his studies were considerably advanced. It was noticed by his companions that his mind opened out largely in its intellectual development as he advanced in years.

We may appropriately subjoin to the above the following specimens of self-examination, which will show us how microscopically he often studied his own heart, even as at other times he closely searched into the word of God. The pieces are all fragmentary.

SPECIMENS OF SELF-EXAMINATION.

"*Love to God.* (20*th July* 1845.)

Exod. xx. 3, "Thou shalt have no other god before me;" and Matt. xxii. 17, "Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

"Nothing whatever in earth or heaven ought to usurp the place of God in respect of the adoration and worship which are due to Him, and to Him only. Nothing under heaven ought to hold the place which God demands for Himself in the heart of a man.

"And *has* nothing held His place in *my* heart? My *reason* tells me that there must have been; my *conscience* tells me that it has permitted friendship to go too far. And yet the truth is, that I do not *feel* that I have been setting up idols against the living God. I must write according to my present feelings, and God grant that it may not long be with me according to this melancholy experience. I *know* that the world must have usurped the place of God, and yet I do not feel that it has. The more advanced Christians are, the more they feel that the world is one of their worst enemies; and yet here am I, not *feeling* that it is an enemy! It shews that I must be wholly ignorant of my own heart and of the snares of the devil. Here I am with a heart like the very flint! I feel how humble I ought to be. I feel that

God would be just to condemn me even now because of this unfeeling heart. O how terrible must be the state of my heart in this respect, that I stand up and say practically, that I have kept the commandment, that I have done what no descendant of Adam ever has done, or can do. God be blessed that I trust that I know it to be one of the most wretched states that a sinner can be in, *knowing* that he has broken the holy law of God, 'Thou shalt have no other God before me,' and yet that he does *not feel* it. Oh if any sight should teach humility, should it not be this?

"But again (praying that God the Spirit would enlighten my blind eyes), I would consider the other point, What is it to have *the true God before me?* No other must occupy His place. But how is He the God of His people? Is He contented with the bowing of the knee to Him, morning, noon, and night? with a gift now and then laid upon His altar? We have the answer in what Jesus said to the lawyer, 'Thou shalt love the Lord with all *thy heart*, and with *all thy soul*, and with *all thy mind*.' The exposition Jesus gives of the commandment shews that it extends to the inmost thoughts.

"God is not satisfied with any kind of worship, but demands, in searching and succinct language, a particular kind of regard and worship, namely, to be loved by man with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his mind. *First*, with '*all my heart*.' Per-

haps the best way to try this may be, Have you never loved an earthly object with all your heart? Perhaps you know what it is to be away from home, and to have a heart-sickness to be there? You know what it is to long to meet a friend, to feel that it is the nearest wish of your heart to be near that friend. You know what it is to feel that you would be ready to go through fire and water to save the life of a friend. And have you loved your God *thus? 'with all thy heart?'* To this I have to answer, that I know I have not; and I feel it too, and (the Lord be praised) I do desire to mourn over it. I feel that I have thus utterly failed in keeping the command of Him who is my Maker and my God. And remember what are the consequences of not obeying. They do not end when you say, that you feel that you have not obeyed. Nay, for the awful consequence is, I am under God's awful curse because of this! Oh let me think what this means! Subject to the wrath of an offended Jehovah! deserving (while the pen is in my hand, while I write the words) the eternal curse of God. O my soul, wilt thou not turn now in deep contrition to the Lord on account of sin which calls for vengeance? Ah, thou canst not run from the fearful doom of hell! It clings to thee. Thou canst never of thyself shake it off. God hath spoken the word, and He is not a man that He should lie.

"And if convinced of the first part, scarcely need we

speak of the two others. The *heart* is what would seem to be more easily affected than '*the soul and the mind.*' For the instances of God's kindness to me are so numerous and so apparent, that my heart should be ever drawn forth in love to such a God. God clothes me: that should make me grateful; God has every day supplied me with food to support my body: for this I should praise Him. The Bible—permission to pray to Him—an earthly father and mother—a friend,—all these, and how many things besides, should call forth love to God, and make me love Him with all my heart. But how seldom do I think of these things. For this, O Lord, I am condemned to my face! Give me, for Jesus's sake, more lasting and deep impressions of my sin!

"'*With all thy soul.*' The *soul* of man is the highest, or the nearest to divine, of his whole nature. It seems chiefly to be the *soul* of man that is exercised in prayer. The *soul* of believers is often rapt in the contemplation of divine things. It is his *soul*, acted on by the grace of God, which discovers the beauty of holiness, and delights to dwell upon what, to his eye, is so lovely. This cannot be said to be the work of the *heart;* nor do I think it can be confined to the province of the *mind.* Thus, I think that 'to love the Lord with *all my soul,*' means that kind of love which arises from the contemplation of

God's holy character. Seeing the love which is imprinted upon all God's dealings with the sons of men, he is carried up from them to the wondrous First Cause, and thus his love goes forth to Him as the grand cause of all these. And this should be (according to God's own words) not a half-felt love, not a dreamy kind of contemplative love, but a love 'with *all thy soul*,' an ardent love to God, different from the heart-love. Not that the one is less holy than the other, not that the one is less vivid than the other; they must both be holy, they must both be as vivid and as honest as the heart and soul are capable of; yet the love of the *soul* might almost be said to occupy a higher place. It is derived from what is more abstract, more refined, and, in one sense, may be said to be more pure.

"Have *I* this love of '*the soul?*' Have I loved God in this manner? Have I adored Him *because* of His infinite perfections?

"*Sins of Commission.*

"Some of these are—

"*Pride;* vanity displayed generally more in connection with the body than the mind. Would you take all these pains about your looks if every person were blind? *Envy;* dwelling on people's faults rather than vices. *Censoriousness. Levity and slander. Lying;* not the naked truth. *Cheating;*

not observing the Golden Rule. *Hypocrisy;* praying against sins which you don't mean to leave off. *Robbing God;* of time. *Bad temper. Hindering others from being useful;* and thus being Satan's instrument.

"*Sins of Study.—First,* mere acquisition of knowledge without reference to God or the ministry; *second,* for honour from man; *third,* mere bookish voracity: devouring without digesting; *generally,* want of the spirit of prayer, yea, of the Holy Spirit himself. Christless study is profitless study—'to the pure all things are pure.'

"*Sins of Omission—Ingratitude.*

Psa. xxvi. 1, 2.—"Judge me, O God," &c. Psa. ciii. 2, 3.

"1. The first and greatest gift which should excite an ardent gratitude to God, must be the *Unspeakable Gift* of Jesus Christ. O my soul, I would seek to examine thee strictly. How often hast thou hastily thanked my dear, my kind, loving Father for this highest and most perfect gift which He has ever in His almighty power to bestow upon a creature born in sin? Eighteen months ago, when first made a partaker of it, I believe it was often the subject of deep and joyous thanksgiving. I felt that it came from God, and I thanked God. But, alas! for many a month the subject has been strange to me. I have

been so engrossed by other parts of my state, that this has been almost wholly neglected. And yet M. warned me of it some time ago. Indeed, I am forced to admit that I have thanked God as little for this lately, as I did before I was called from sin to serve the living God! And more; I do not think that I even felt or acknowledged that I owed much to God on this account. It seemed rather as if I had cause to think that God was neglecting me, because he did not shew me more of my own sinfulness.

"And now, O my soul, I will be faithful to thee, and tell thee that *discontent seals up the channel of thankfulness toward God.* And is it matter of surprise that, in consequence, thou shouldst have been so dry and parched? On the contrary, would it not have been cause of surprise had it been otherwise with thy state? If God had blessed thee while filled with unthankfulness, assuredly it would have been to thine own great harm. *God abhors the thankless:* therefore, in this thou hast most certainly offended thy Lord grievously.

"2. Have I been grateful to God for counting me worthy, putting me in the way of serving Him in the ministry? for taking me from all the temptations of a merchant? for supplying me with the means of accomplishing the end in view of being a minister of the gospel? This has, perhaps, been oftener before my mind than the last; but yet, for some time, I

fear, it has been little, little in my thoughts. But when I see what is almost universally the case, that much attention to the one object of making money does interfere in some way or other with spiritual welfare, whether by its being the interest of the servant to give so much regard to his earthly master, that he runs a great hazard of offending conscience—whether by the common ways of trade—whether directly or indirectly—none can gainsay the statement that money is the root of all kinds of evil, and that the being very much wrapped up in acquiring it must bring upon the votaries of it, at the least, many severe temptations. O my soul, hast thou thanked the Lord for this? Alas! no. Thou hast been so engrossed with selfish present concerns, that past causes for thankfulness have been strangely laid aside. Thou who hast professed to be one of the Lord's people, is this thy state? In respect to these reasons for gratitude, how hast thou differed from one yet in his sins?

"3. Another cause for continual thanksgiving I should find *in the gift of the Bible.* Whenever I take it up, I ought to remember how privileged I am in being born in a land where the Bible is recognised as a divine book; besides, how many have never seen it at all? And then, of those who have it, how many are practically taught that it is not God's word, by the flagrant violations of it by the very

persons who hold it up in theory as the fountain of truth.

"I have *studied* the Bible more than I used to do; but have I thanked the Lord for it? An implied thankfulness, a kind of taking-as-for-granted thankfulness, which some seem to think enough; an understood though unexpressed gratitude is a mere nothing, at best an empty speculation, though very characteristic of the natural man. Hast thou, O my soul, been thanking the Lord for His book? the book of books? Again have I to make the melancholy confession that the time has just slipped away without my even thinking of thanking God for His great mercy. O to be humbled on account of this likewise!

"4. Hast thou, my soul, been thankful for a pious sister? for a faithful ministry in Mr Miller, Mr Milne, and Mr Somerville, and for the preaching of Mr Burns? Have I been grateful for a Christian friend? for many external advantages? for good health and sound judgment, however plain and homely? for perseverance?"

We should have liked to have given in full "*An Essay on the Ideal: its Source and End;*" but it is more suitable perhaps for our purpose to satisfy ourselves with an outline of the essay, as given in a

letter to his brother, together with the closing paragraphs. It was written, not as the former extract, in the earlier, but in the latter days of his study and ministry.

"I wrote an essay for our Society, the other day, on The Beautiful, especially that of nature. I cannot say how sadly pleasant it was to meditate on the subject before writing.

"It was an attempt to say a thing or two, as C. used to say, on the Ideal—as to the process by which a student of the Beautiful might pursue that study so strangely attractive to the poor heart of man.

"He must wander, *e. g.*, through the distinctly apprehended forms of floral loveliness (as given among the flowers of earth); and allowing all these fragrant beauties of exquisite form and colour to be depicted through the sense upon his heart and æsthetic faculty, there would gradually arise upon his soul a truly-founded beginning of the Ideal of floral loveliness.

"So with all other beauteous things in the various departments of nature. Each contributes fair and perfect specimens of the various forms of Beauty.

"Then the poets, painters, and sculptors, are *interpreters* of the beauty of nature, and delineators of what they have seen and heard, as they have gazed upon her fair face; for they tell us of some-

thing purer, richer, lovelier, which rose as a mystic dream of transcendent beauty, from what they beheld, and which in their works they give as a vision of the Ideal. (Raphael's figure of the cherub in the room of the Transfiguration, and Spenser's poetry, might be given as specimens.)

"The latter part of the paper was an attempt to feel after whither all this conducts the mind, under the heading, *Reality of the Ideal.*

"There is, I know, much that is inexplicable about the power of beauty, and the feelings to which it gives rise; but two things are secured to our spirits as they restlessly search for the home of the Ideal—as fruitlessly they long after the revelation of that beauty, love, and tenderness which all lovely things seem to tell of. Some whisper it, some sing of it; it breathes from some; from some it rises as pure incense.

"*First.* Beauty tells of a Lovely Creating Being, as inevitably as design does of a Designing Mind. It comes from Him, it rests upon His works revealing Him, and does it not surely ascend back to Him? Press it one never would—nay, leave all earthly beauties and their fairest earthly counterparts, hanging all around the Beautiful in nature; but may we not fairly add to the source of all this deep power, the apparent revelation which is there of the Divine Beauty of that Being who made every form of that

Beauty, and apportioned all the parts of those exquisite colours which adorn it.

"Æsthetically, then, and apart altogether from Natural Theology, we may not exclude the Beauty of the Divine Being from the Ideal, which so strangely rises from and floats above and around all lovely things. The skirts of the garment of His infinite Beauty rests upon these summits of created excellence.

"*Second.* In these tendencies, these emotions of our nature, we have an æsthetic prophecy that, in the fulness of time (sin being removed), there is not one fair image of perfect loveliness, no dream of the true poet (over which you have been ready to weep when you awoke, and behold it was a dream!), but shall be fully realised—beheld and embraced, lived in.

"The subject is not one to speak dogmatically upon; but when it seemed to break upon me that the above was a pure æsthetic result, as well as a theological or ratiocinative truth, it produced a similar effect of joy to that I remember feeling on seeing Butler's 'Argument for a Moral Government of God,' established on purely natural grounds; it was as if nature and the Bible truth were married into one."

The essay itself (as we have said) is too long for insertion in full. But we may, in some degree, e ti-

mate the taste, and feeling, and spiritual aspiration that breathe in it throughout by the following extracts—the one an illustration, the other the closing paragraphs of the essay :—

"The Sublime and Beautiful in *combination* form perhaps the most powerful effect in nature. The first of these is readily associated with the Divine Being ; why not the other ? It was once my lot to be wandering through a Swiss valley on a pilgrimage to her famed mountain. The path lay a little above the course of a pure hill-stream. The vine, twining amid trees of a loftier growth, clothed the sides of the sequestered vale. The verdure was of a softened, richest green ; all was bright, and calm, and beautiful. Winding thus through the quiet depths, I happened once to raise my eyes, when one of those visions met them which are ineffaceable. Away through the vista of that lovely valley, so clothed in brightness and soft beauty, towered the sublime form of Mont Blanc. The sudden appearance of that majesty—all robed to the summit in the spotless purity of the driven snow, and resting in the brilliantly-contrasted deep blue heavens beyond—with all this beauty stretched at his feet, fell on the spirit with almost too much power, ready as if to overwhelm it ; when, swift as a ray of sunlight, the thought came—'There is one who made that mountain monarch, who clothed him in these snow-white robes.

He built the azure firmament above him, and it was He who fashioned this tender loveliness spread at his feet!' There was instant reassurance. And is the result not then inevitable? Beauty, alike with majesty and glory, in the works of creation, proclaims the Deity; that is, these works declare alike His majesty, His glory, and His beauty!

"And now, in conclusion, let us glance at the second part of the answer as to the reality of the Ideal, viz., the anticipation or æsthetic prophecy of its realisation found in the feelings, the emotions, the tendencies towards it of which we are conscious.

"There is no distinctly proved tendency of our nature but will meet with its fulfilment, the hindrances by error or sin being removed. This rests, we believe, on the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. He has made nothing in vain. As He has constructed no faculties, so he has called forth no feelings, nor implanted aspirations or longings, only to disappoint them of their legitimate ends. Our nature, as it came from His hands, was perfect as well as pure; every native or essential object of desire was either then bestowed or made attainable by the means of His appointment. Sin has come in and dashed all these fair hopes, as to man attaining the fulfilment of his desires or aspirations by merit, or unassisted by heavenly grace. But the divine Mercy hath devised a plan for the restoration of man to at

least an equal elevation, in all respects, with the position from which he fell. Hence we reason that every genuine longing of his nature (which cannot in itself be shewn to be sinful), shall be abundantly satisfied. And this establishes for us a glorious reality to those thirstings after all that is good, true, or beautiful. Many of the poets have erred from the right way, both as to the truths of the revelation of the will of the Supreme, and as to the true principles of their own art; for swerving from purity or rectitude, they swerve from 'the good' and 'the true,' and therefore sin, so to speak, against the very Ideal they would extol, which is as perfect in Purity and Truth as in Love and Beauty. But these errors apart, there is not a fair dream of bliss, a region of purity, a land of entrancing beauty, love, and joy, depicted or sung by the poets, but shall be realised. In God's appointed way (now that sin has entered) they must be sought; but *found* they shall be. Is this world so fair? does it breathe in nature still so much of joy and heavenly beauty, while the curse of its Creator is known to rest upon it? What shall we judge of the New Heavens and New Earth, which shall spring forth, when all the taint of sin has been removed, it may be by that baptism of fire which awaits it? What eye hath seen, what ear hath heard, what heart conceived, the scene which shall then open on the gaze of the redeemed? How shall the present

highest conceptions dwindle into nothingness, before the effulgent realities of that hour. And as the sin-purged spirits of men, clothed in spiritual and immortal frames, rise through the bright worlds above, shall they not hear a music far surpassing that of the spheres fabled by the ancient poets; and at length they shall set foot in that region of pure ecstatic bliss, where beauty most perfect and eternal reigns throughout all that is beheld or exists; where is the sole Fountain of all beauty, love, and tenderness, where is the last home of the Ideal, and where those glorified spirits shall dwell for ever with the infinitely Lovely One."

We may vary our collection of Fragments by extracts, some of them jotted down among his papers, others taken from *Letters to Friends*, written on the spur of the occasion. We begin with a remark on a well-known saying.

"'*Man's extremity is God's opportunity.*'—When we have been taught how weak and helpless we are, then probably is the Lord near. At least, this seems to be the way which the Lord takes in his dealings with man. In this may be seen the knowledge which God has of the human constitution; for, perhaps, at no time is a man more ready to listen to the suggestions of a friend than when, baffled in his en-

deavours to accomplish some end, he sinks down dispirited and comfortless. He then must see the necessity for some higher power being exerted in his behalf, and is ready to take the way which his conscience before pointed out, though he did not then listen to its voice, the way of God's appointment."

The remark that follows on our appreciation of the works of God is no less just.

"I was just thinking again to-day, how dependent our appreciation of *God's works* is upon the state of our mind. I find that I have scarcely any pleasure, or at least any joy, in them unless my soul is at peace with their great and glorious Creator. They seem at times to be so insipid and dumb to me, that anything almost gives me greater pleasure than they: while at other times, each flower, each leaf, the sky, the sun, all tell the glory of God."

Here is an important truth in regard to the Life of Faith.

"For myself, I feel that seven times a day I am ready to forget that it is a fight of faith, and begin to turn again to the carnal way of life; as if the path of God's Elect could ever become a natural way to the old man within us. We are ready to ask continually, 'What! must we take another and again another step of faith and patience? And this recurring all the day.' No wonder that the stony-ground hearers weary of such a way of it. But shall we be

found complaining of it, when it is the very road, every foot of it, by which the man Christ Jesus went to glory Is it not all marked with the drops of the blood of the pierced One? When disposed, then, to complain of the length and trials of the journey, only look down and see the footprints of the Forerunner, and remember why there are marks of the nails that pierced his foot, and why his blood sprinkles the narrow way."

In a letter to Mrs Bannerman, Wootton Park, referring to what had passed in conversation, he writes:—

"The idea you express of that longing after perfection in external nature, and encountering in the search for it only that which is deformed, or imperfect, or deeply blemished, and the consequent pain, is one with which my spirit is but too familiar. This, indeed, is the first step toward the formation of that further idea or ideal of which I spoke in my last. . . . As you explained, what you long and thirst for is the mere perfection of the designs actually beheld around us; the filling up the vacancy in the petals of that otherwise so exquisitely-fashioned flower; the wiping out of the spots in that otherwise so spotless lily; the carrying out of the majestic form of that monarch of the woods, together with the entire removal of the cause of all these blemishes, and imperfections, and blights. Now that I love to dwell upon

what sometimes pours itself upon the wearied spirit as the most delicious music, is the thought that these flowers, though all so sweet and fragrant, so full of grace, of beauty, even of love, only help us to form an *ideal of loveliness*, far surpassing what they could be, though ever so perfectly formed, though no blight had come on them, and no mildew had eaten of their silken bloom. *Where* I shall find that I feel, *when* it shall burst forth in all its beauty into an entrancing reality, I dare not say. But what I delight to dwell on, what feeds these fancy musings is, that He who planted in our souls these quenchless longings after a higher, richer, more ethereal beauty (though they be raised by force of beauty within present reach), will not leave them ungratified. Even as our bodies shall be changed, and become so much more fit for the presence of the King of glory, so may the scenes which shall greet our renewed minds and purged eyesight, far, far transcend all possible conception of earthly beauty as now seen. Methinks I could never now be satisfied with a scene such as Milton pictures Paradise, and I think that would comprehend pretty much what you would desire, would it not? No, I love and imagine the flowers, if flowers there be, will have the hues of heaven's own beauty, they will be fit to grow beside, to kiss the streams of that river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of

the Lamb. So with all other forms of beauty and of grace. I fancy they will have a counterpart in glory, or somewhere in the regions of glory, which will at last satisfy the restless longings after more perfect beauty, and far more exquisite grace than can be imagined by that is seen and handled."

Here are some thoughts on several important subjects.

"Satan takes advantage to come back to some old temptation which I almost thought I had conquered, and then am I carried away. What need have I to watch at those parts of the wall which have been built up, but which were once a breach, as well as at the point which seems most open to the attack of these powerful and inveterate enemies."

To a fellow-student:—"Oh that we may be enabled to make the growth of our souls in grace the first grand concern of each day, to count a day lost unless spent in walking with God. When shall we *study* and live *at the feet of Him who was pierced?*"

"I find that intercourse with believers requires equal care as that with unbelievers, equal looking up continually to Jesus."

Then, speaking of a minister shewing off himself in any way:—

"What should we think of the exhibitor of a

painting who persisted in intruding his own figure between the canvass and the spectators? Stand aside, and let the Master only be seen."

"I often feel it my greatest joy to go to Jesus, and speak to Him out of the fulness of my heart. And this too gives me, I find, more of a spirit of true independence of all upon earth, which, the longer I live, I see to be the more necessary to the believer."

"Let me be ever seeking to advance. My Father is divine. His resources are infinite. I have no right then to act as if He were only able to dole out a certain portion of faith, and of those spiritual blessings which enable the poor humble-hearted believer to set all temptations at defiance, to go into the world trusting in reality in God. How difficult is true perseverance in prayer. Prayer is never successful unless urgent, as if the soul could not bear to wait one moment without the answer, and yet is willing to wait all the day upon the pleasure of Him who is willing to do above all that we can ask or think."

"I have sometimes felt how bitter, bitter, it is for the soul to be forsaken of God. Truly any bodily pain is far, far better than that. But what must the holy child Jesus have felt, He, whose very meat and drink it was to live for the Lord, whose every thought and

word and deed had God for its subject and aim? What must He have felt when, after His Father's countenance had been now and again partially hid, as the clouds of His infinite wrath against sin began to rise up around His holy throne; all at once these thick black clouds, the awful indignation of Jehovah against the sins of the whole body of the redeemed, of every age, and clime, and people, suddenly closed around Jehovah's throne of mercy and love. O then, what must have been the state of the Lord of glory, the spotless child Jesus, the man Christ Jesus, to be gazing up as His eyes had learnt to do, as if naturally made for that, so often had they been lifted to the throne of God's glory, but, alas! to see nothing but wrath and indignation, yea, fierce stirrings of Jehovah's wrath, which, like his love, in length, breadth, depth, and height, is infinite. O what oceans of holy wrath were then poured into the wide soul of the Saviour! O what a spectacle, Jesus the Son of God drinking the wine of wrath!"

But let us now give a few *Letters* in full, written in the easy freedom of friendship:—

EDINBURGH, 24*th April* 1846.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER—May the name of God be praised for the seemingly true work of grace which has been begun in Alexander's heart. If God's work, it cannot but prosper. It is indeed a great encouragement to you, my dear mother, in prayer for those

who are still out of Jesus. If God has, indeed, brought Alexander, so far away from all of us, to a knowledge of Jesus, what cause first to raise a song of great joy to the praise and glory of His glorious name, and then to make this an argument with the Lord, both for the bringing in of the other wanderers, and for more grace being poured out upon those who profess to have believed in Jesus.

"Have you thought, my own dear mother, of the joy which has already sounded through the courts of heaven, on account of the bringing back of your son to the Great Shepherd, if he be indeed one of the flock, and surely we cannot doubt this? Is it not a blessed thought that even the *angels* have been filled with new joy? Yea, with a joy greater than that which they have over the ninety and nine just persons.

"And then, when we think of the Saviour's joy, O *how* blessed, how solemnising to think that the Lord Jesus has actually seen, in my dear brother, the travail of His soul and is now fully satisfied. Long did he live in open rebellion (as he himself expresses it), but the love of God in Jesus passeth all understanding.

"Oh for hearts to praise the Lord for His wondrous mercy.

"But let us pray much for Alexander. The tempter will never allow such a vessel of mercy to go on in the paths of His God without many an effort to entrap him again. His disposition will soon, if not

now, make him feel the cross of being despised by the world. But, blessed be the name of Jesus, His strength is made perfect in the weakness of His people, and 'none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.'"

"EDINBURGH, *9th July* 1847.

"MY DEAR FREDERICK—Thank you for the account you give me of Mr ——'s present strain of spiritual thought. His manner of reading the word of the Lord, with the blessing of the Holy Spirit, will lead him deep into the things of God. And then there is one advantage which such reading has above all others—that it is mainly concerned about the pure, undiluted truth of God.

"It is there where the giant-moulds of men in Christ Jesus are discovered. But these, like the fossil remains of the former more powerful inhabitants of our world, do not lie strewn upon the surface; but as they are imbedded far down in the bosom of the earth, so these are found after many a night and day's laborious work of prayer and deep meditation.

"But this analogy suggests another truth. Just as the skilful comparative anatomist, by the discovery of a single member of an antediluvian fossil, can picture to himself with ease, as well as truthfulness, the gigantic figure and proportions of the creature of which this is the memorial, so, he that is taught of the Spirit of God, by one trait or mark of the charac-

ter of a man in Christ Jesus, which his deeper investigation has discovered, is enabled to picture to the eye of faith one of these giant forms; which straightway, led by the Eternal Spirit, he takes with him to the throne of grace, and cries to the great Creator of such men of God, that he, for the glory of God, may be cast into a like mould.

"But it is easy to describe such perusal of the Scriptures: 'how to perform, and especially how continuously to perform, I find not.' Nothing can ever fill the place of the patient and prayerful study of the Word.

"I have lately been seeing how, in so very many respects, the man after conversion is the same as he was before. He is, indeed, in many of the leading features of his character changed—'a new creature;' yet also, in a sense, he is the old creature made new; he is re-born, re-fashioned. The ends of his existence are changed, the manner of it changed; his hopes, his fears, all reversed; the crew, so to speak, is changed, the vessel has got a new pilot; her course is no longer irregular, or directed by each veering breeze. Christ Jesus is the pilot; heaven, instead of hell, the destination. Yet the ship is the same; and if her timbers were well set, her masts tightly rigged, and her stores well found before, she is the sooner fit for active service, bends the sooner to her master's will, and wings a quicker flight through her *now* stormy, dark, and narrow seas. . . ."

"WESTFIELD, 23*d August* 1848.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER—You say a blessed truth in your, to me, soul-refreshing letter—'There is none like *Him*.' None like the lovely, the glorious, the spotless Lord Jesus Christ. And if my seeming carelessness but give me another opportunity of commending the love of the 'Altogether Lovely' One, I can glory in this my infirmity; for my not writing sooner, I think I may say has proceeded from the infirmity of my spirit. I have felt ever since coming to this place much of that 'fear and trembling' and 'weakness' of which the Apostle speaks, 1 Cor. ii. 3. And being, as it were, for the time, set to watch over souls here, I have been afraid to give time to many other duties, which at other times it would have been very wrong to neglect. I have felt also much that you were safe *in the Lord;* and that if at any future time I could tell you of new jewels being gathered by our glorious and matchless Lord Jesus, to adorn His blood-bought crown, you would not grudge the time seemingly taken from yourself. First, I must tell you that your letter gave me a blessed errand of thanksgiving to our Father's throne, for all His mercy and kindness to your soul and body. Thanks and praise be unto Him for recovered strength of the earthly tabernacle, and for His kindness to us all in sparing you yet amongst us, But, above all, praise be unto our Covenant God and Father for His free

mercy and grace to your soul, in shewing you more of the everlasting and infinite love which flows in His bosom towards His afflicted but chosen people in Jesus. Blessed be his name for all the 'portions' which it pleased Him to give you, my dearly beloved mother, during your passage through one of the valleys of humiliation.

"But perhaps your soul longs to hear if the goings of our glorious Captain have been seen amongst us since last writing. I trust and believe that they have; yet only sufficient to make our souls to thirst after the latter rain, for as yet our eyes have but seen drops of the former rain moderately. Crying for the guidance and blessing of Him who is promised to be always (for Immanuel's sake) with the children, the Great Comforter of a Church mourning the absence of her Lord, I desire to tell of *Christ*. I often ask and marvel why the Lord should have given me a mother in Christ. While thousands and thousands of other men in the land have had godless mothers, and lived and died as they did—yet the Lord, of His unsearchable electing love, has ordained it otherwise with me. Not to thee, my own dear mother, but to the *Lord*, the *Lord God*, be all the praise and glory. The Lord has been gracious in sending you a fellow-pilgrim to stay under the same roof under which the Lord has put you. The meetings of the children of the kingdom have some-

times reminded me of travellers in the desert, whose paths have *happened* to cross. They look upon one another—recognise, however obscure, the blessed *family likeness*, even the image of glorious Christ; each hears the other pronounce, however stammeringly, that name which is above every name, for each has been taught of God the *family language*, and they are *one!* The elder, then (it may be), raises up the pilgrim-*tent*, and they rest under it together for a night. But they have not long been here when a voice, well known and better loved than that of man or angel, whispers, with sweet, persuasive gentleness, 'Ah, this is not thy *rest!*'—when they arise, strike the tent, and separate to their different paths, singing as they go, '*Heaven is our home—heaven is our home!*' What a marvellous saying is that, 'To me to live is Christ.' When the Lord gives you access to His glorious throne, O pray, my dear mother, that I may know, in all its depth and extent, that saying, to the glory of God the Father, and for that end alone. In heaven we cannot glorify God in the same way that we can do here. O then to live as those who may so shortly be summoned on high! In heaven, though under grace—yea, under Jehovah's grace—we shall be asked, not 'What hast thou *felt* for Christ?' nor even 'How much hast thou *loved* Christ?' but 'What hast thou *done* for Christ?' or 'What hast thou *suffered* for Christ?'"

To a fellow-student, now Rev. William Hunter, Chester.

"EDINBURGH, *9th August* 1850.

"——— I cannot say how much I feel the thought of your being so near the ministry of the Lord Jesus, one with whom I have so often taken counsel, and so frequently called on the name of the Lord, to think that you will soon be an ambassador of Christ, lifting up your voice in the great congregation, beseeching of men to be reconciled to God. We have been together at a most important stage of our preparation, learning, as it were, the use of our weapons in the same school, taught how to wield (as far as man could teach us) that sword which is two-edged; but now you are about to be summoned forth to the field. Your name is about to be called by the Great Captain, and you must follow Him, to fight these battles which are ever continuing in that war which is ever raging between Christ and Satan. And, of His love and grace, you have got a time of quiet in view of the work. As a brother in Christ and friend, how do I desire and pray that the Lord our God would indeed draw near to your soul at this time, to give you much of His Holy Spirit, open up much of the evil in your own heart, that sin may indeed appear exceeding sinful, but above all give you, my beloved brother, fresh and soul-ravishing views of the glorious Lord

Jesus Christ. Doubtless, it is in the chamber that the Lord our God reveals His glory. It was there that He prepared the prophets of old, in their closets when the doors were shut; and, in modern times, the Whitefields were chiefly prepared in secret, and *then* did they declare on the housetops what God had done for their souls.

"Ah! ought we to be satisfied with anything short of the New Testament description of the ministers of the Lord Jesus—'Men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost?' How apt are we to set such aside as belonging only to apostolic times; but this is clearly unwarrantable. See that beloved man, Thomas Spencer of Liverpool; was not he of such a mould, through the rich grace of God? But I believe we are quite agreed as to such qualifications being still granted, but the all-important concern is—how is it actually to be obtained? Is it not in *Jesus Christ* that this and all other spiritual blessings are found? But as it is a special blessing, so it needs a special beseeching of our heavenly Father that He would do it for us. Ah, yes! it is at the throne of grace that we must receive this anointing of the blessed Spirit for this great work. And shall we not, my beloved brother, seek for this: 'Ask and it shall be given you.' And as your time is drawing near, shall *we* not unite together in crying for this, as well as Reginald. It is the glory of Christ, and not our own, that we

would seek, and this is ever infinitely dear to the God and Father of all. Do write soon, and tell me what you think and feel. But I find I must close. England is ever near my heart, and though I do not at present think of any particular field, I am thankful for your warm appeal. Wherever we may labour, I trust we shall be enabled to strengthen one another's hands by the grace of God. Kindest remembrances in Christ to Reginald, and right glad I am to hear of his zeal and love for souls, and with the same to your kind mother and sister when you write. Your most affectionate friend and brother in Christ,

"D. SANDEMAN."

GENEVA, 11*th Nov.* 1850.

"MY DEAR MOTHER—By the kindness of Him who guideth all things, I have been brought to this ancient seat of the Reformation, and as soon as I could find a little leisure I gladly devote it to writing to you, my beloved mother. It was rather a long journey from Cannes to this. From Monday to Saturday last, almost constant travelling, two nights, and another from one o'clock A.M., were spent in the diligence. Some parts of the scenery were very fine. The road, as you may know, passes through the commencement of the Alps. At one point there is a magnificent amphitheatre of mountains, and as they were lighted up by the setting sun, when we passed

the effect was very striking. This was not diminished by their grey tops here and there being streaked with snow.

"12*th*.—Dr Malan I saw on Saturday. Almost immediately, as his custom is, he asked me what was my hope for eternity; and whether I really *knew* that I was a child of God. I answered him perhaps more *cautiously* than I would have done in former days, and he told me that I had too much of the subjective. I had not, he feared, that simple assurance of faith that is required, 'Whosoever *believeth* that Jesus is the Christ *is born* of God.' So, he said, if you have believed that Jesus is the Christ you are born of God, for you may know assuredly that it is God who has enabled you to believe. The instant that a man *believes* that Jesus is the Christ, *then* is he born of God. And knowing this, he *knows* that he is a child of God, and should immediately rejoice in God as his heavenly Father. I was thankful for all that he said, and though I could not but feel what a small thing it was to be judged of man, and that, when the soul can say to Immanuel, 'Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee,' it cannot be much moved by the voice of man. Yet I was grateful to the Lord for the question being so directly put to me, and I admired the faithfulness of this honoured servant of Jesus. It was singular that his manner so put me constantly in mind of my

beloved father. Afterwards he asked me to pray, and he also did so. I have a kind invitation to go to-night to take tea with him, but am sorry that a previous engagement will prevent me.

"*Dr Gaussen* you would delight in. He is a man that loves souls. He had heard lately, I think, from a Chinese missionary, of William Burns, and the tears were in his eyes as he spoke of him, and asked me a good deal about him. He says that there is good doing among the young, especially in Geneva, and that there are conversions.

"D'Aubigné I have also seen, but not in private as yet. The Christians here are more separate from the world than in Scotland, and God seems to bless that. I am living at a '*Pension*,' where there are a good many of the students of the Evangelical Church. Two or three also from the Waldenses, who seem to be *true* men, though I have not had much close conversation with them. One of these is going to preach the gospel in Italy, where the door is more open to them among the Catholics, than to other Protestants.

"I leave this (*D.V.*) on Saturday for Lausanne, where I stay for a day or two, then to Bale, and from that to Strasbourg, and down the Rhine. I hope to be in London by about the 25th, to which you might kindly address me a letter (uncle Hugh's care).

'A. and I had some pleasant time together at Cannes, where I trust we knew something of the fel-

lowship there is in Christ Jesus. How mercifully the Lord has dealt with him and with us all in sparing him in health and in life, while so many of those around him in India have been cut off. With kind love and remembrances to all at Springland, not forgetting Peggy and Janet,

"Your ever affectionate Son."

"GENEVA, *15th November* 1850.

"MY DEAR F.—Here I am at the ancient seat and centre of the Foreign Churches. Leaving Paris, with all its gaiety and beauty; its inhabitants bent on pleasure, politics, and vain-glory; its awful Sabbath desecration; and the whole people seeming by their life to say, with mingled taunts and effrontery, 'There is no God!'—leaving that city, the scene of so many revolutions and massacres, the fruit of these ways of iniquity, we passed first to Fontainebleau, where Napoleon abdicated; and then, by railway, diligence, and steam, to Lyons. A—— and I went by diligence, a tedious conveyance compared to our old mail-coach, but comfortable enough. An early start, stop for *dejeuner à la fourchette* at eleven or twelve, and off again with the lumbering, lurching motion, and the bells on the horses' heads with their incessant jingle; every now and then the guttural cry of the driver as he encourages his tardy steeds. *Table d'hôte* at seven, with its endless succession of

dishes and grapes, figs, chestnuts, &c., fresh from the trees. The French character comes out at table; they laugh, talk, and eat with great vivacity and rapidity, and yet lightly after all. The instant dinner is over every one rises, and the gentlemen adjourn to a *café*, where they take a single cup of coffee. We went down the Rhone to Avignon, the seat of the Popedom's seventy years' captivity! The river scenery was at some points very fine. It is a noble stream, shooting down its broad and rapid waters between two ranges of hills, clad to the top with vines.

"At Nismes there is a Roman amphitheatre in remarkable preservation—a magnificent monument of what that people were. We stood where the Emperor used to be to see the fights, and saw where the signal was dropped to save the life of any unfortunate gladiator. A sort of temple, the Maison Carrée is also exactly as the Romans left it; also the old baths. We met our friends at Marseilles, and went on to Cannes. The country on that coast assumes a new aspect. You seem to have been transported to Palestine; the air is soft and mild as in June with us. To read for hours (in November) in the open air, sitting on the sea-shore, or among the vines, olives, fig-trees, pomegranates, and orange-trees of the hills, was my delightful occupation. The magnificent blue expanse of the Mediterranean lies stretching away before you, reflecting back a brilliant sky which poor

Scotland never knows, or only for two or three brief weeks at her summer solstice.

"I arrived in Geneva last Saturday, and saw Dr Malan the same day. He was most faithful to me; warning me that it was not enough to be a student of theology, and that people might talk a great deal about religion, without its being in the heart; and then asked what ground I had to hope that I was a child of God. He is a faithful minister of Jesus Christ; a grave and venerable-looking man, one who is full of love for Jesus and for immortal souls. Gaussen I have also seen and heard lecture; he also is a true-hearted man, living much in the realities of divine things. The question of inspiration naturally engages a good deal the attention of professors and students, after the affair of Scherer's dismissal from the Professorship. Their lectures are full on the subject of the canon. If Dr Cunningham's lectures were published, they would be very serviceable. I have also seen and heard D'Aubigné. His information, his true religion, his fearless declaration of the truth of God, and his pictorial faculty, none can deny.

"Everywhere I find that Christ alone is sufficient for me. What is country, climate, or man, unless we find Him in them or through them?

"Your ever affectionate Brother,

"DAVID SANDEMAN."

To Mrs Miller, Islay, he writes:—

"EDINBURGH, *2d February* 1850.

"MY DEAR MRS MILLER—Your letter was made, I trust, a means of blessing to my soul, and the truths it contained *dwelt* with me for many days. Truly, that prayer which comes from God by His own eternal Spirit is that alone which prevails with Him who sitteth between the cherubims: 'That which is born of the flesh,' whether prayers or praises, 'is flesh.' I have found this to the spiritual cost of my soul. O may the divine Spirit, for Immanuel's sake, be given you and others who love Zion, to continue and increase in pleading with the great Lord of the harvest that he would raise up and qualify, and in due time thrust forth, true labourers into His vineyard. O my dear friend in Christ, as you are enabled of God, ask for me that I may know of a truth something of that praying in the Holy Ghost, which will lead to an asking for things agreeable to Jehovah's will. My ignorance of divine things, of the great God who has created all things for His glory, of the Son of His infinite and everlasting love, of the nature and distinguishing characters of the operation of the eternal Spirit, and oftentimes even more than all these, my ignorance of my own heart's vileness and pollution, fill me with a kind of spiritual amazement. I could say of myself, Let shame and confusion cover

me, let me be ashamed and confounded, and never open my mouth any more for my sins and mine iniquities. I trust it is the cry of my soul—

"'Let thy sweet mercies also come
And visit me, O Lord;
Even thy benign salvation
According to thy word.'

"It was the Communion season last Sabbath. I cannot at present say much about it, for my suit at the Court of the Great King is still pending. By faith I desire to be looking for the answer to the cries which my soul, I trust, through infinite grace, made in the ears of Him who spread that table, and was Himself the entertainment thereof. I saw that it was also the Supper of the great God, a wondrous manifestation of the perfection of the mighty God of Jacob shining forth upon *the Person of the Son* of His love; the glory of His justice, and holiness, and yet *toward sinners* (by the same mysterious spectacle) the wonders of his mercy and compassion, and the multitude of his lovingkindnesses. O for the spiritual eye, and ear, and understanding to know these unsearchable and glorious attributes of Him who is Almighty, even Jehovah.

"At the table, my mouth was *at length* opened to plead for the brethren of Zion; certainly without any premeditation, you were the first I could plead for. . . . . ."

"LONDON, *August* 1851.

"BELOVED MOTHER—You would enjoy 'the Alliance' meetings much. J. Angell James addressed it to-day. His address related to the gathering of all the saints unto Christ. He said, 'What would the gathering of a court be without the *King;* the preparing of the bride without the *Bridegroom?*' The Exhibition has not so greatly astonished me; perhaps I had received an exaggerated account of it; but, my own mother, what will the grand exhibition of grace at the last day not be? What will it be to see and hear the wonders of the divine skill in fashioning hell-deserving sinners into the sweet and lovely image of Jesus! Then will there be far nobler trophies brought from every people and tribe than the flags which now flaunt over these works of art, or these boasted products of the industry of the nations themselves."

"EDINBURGH, 23*d April* 1852.

"MY OWN BELOVED MOTHER—Many thanks for your and my father's kind wishes for this day. Next to the approval of my God is the desire of my heart to please my beloved parents, and to have *their* approval. May I obtain grace and help to render this poor recompence (it is all a child can) for your trouble and care for me.

"The time was when I could have wished rather to have been a piece of wood or stone than an im-

mortal being; to think of eternity was dreadful. I remember this well at the time when you gave me 'Way for a Child to be Saved.' It shewed me enough of the way to let me know that I had never trodden it. But what a blessing is life if thereby we are taught of the infinite mercy of God, made conscious in any degree, however small, of that love to the children of men which prompted the gift of His *only begotten*, His *beloved*, His *well-beloved* Son.

"And then, what a prospect (if we have such through free, sovereign grace) is that, of spending an eternity with Christ! O for grace and faith to walk in the footsteps of Jesus, through the pilgrimage journey, that our life might be entirely devoted to Him who gave it, 'who is Lord both of the dead and of the living.'"

"Edinburgh, *9th January* 1853.

". . . . . Many thanks for all your kind wishes of the season. May the prayers among them, indeed, enter into His ears who can alone accomplish the desires of our hearts.

"You seem to have had trials within, as well as storms without. The wind and the floods of darkness and unbelief are certainly as real as those in the outer world. We are apt to think, at the time, that they only proceed from our own sins, that we have ourselves raised all the clouds of darkness and confusion; but often we may see that a higher power was in the

storm, and that the Almighty One did ride upon the blast, upon the wings of *these winds* also; all accomplishing the purposes of His deep love and mercy.

"How great were the troubles of the soul of our 'Beloved,' when He was forty days and nights tempted of the Devil in the wilderness, and then it says, 'He was with the wild beasts.'

"By these troubles, do we not learn something more of the *heart* of our Beloved One? If the few drops that sometimes His poor and afflicted people have to drink are so bitter, what must His sufferings have been who had to drink the full measure of the cup of His Father's wrath? And then, my beloved mother, in Jesus let us sing—

"'For yet I *know* I shall Him praise,
Who graciously to me,
The health is of my countenance,
Yea, *our own God* is He.'

"Your affectionate Son."

Though we are thereby anticipating his days in China, we may insert here a letter to one of his Christian friends at Edinburgh; it looks back as well as forward—

AMOY, *August* 1857.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—I trust that your prayers on my behalf are not unheard. Our kind and loving Master kept me from sea-sickness during the whole voyage, while I used to be sadly troubled with that

ailment. The 139th Psalm was my daily meditation, I could not well get out of it, together with some other Scriptures. Deprived of the companionship of all my familiars, and for the most part of the journey having no one with whom I could hold fellowship about divine things, to whom could I go but unto Jesus? Often, early in the morning before many of the passengers had risen, I got a seat in the very front of the ship, and read (as we travelled fast from my native land and over the bright blue sea), 'If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me!' These words also came as we passed down the *Red Sea*, and so across all the tracts of ocean, till landed in safety on this shore. Read this psalm in prayer before the throne of grace, and may it prove to you, as it was made to me, a gift from the hands of Him who was crucified for us. I know, alas! of no souls saved during the voyage. Some may have been impressed, but that is all. And now here I am in this mighty empire, surrounded by millions upon millions of poor perishing heathen, but can say nothing to them, not knowing their strange tongue.

"And how is it with your soul, my dear friend in Jesus? I can fancy that we are talking together in your little room, in —— Street, and after prayer and the word, we speak of Jesus. *When* saw you Him

whom our souls love? What was your last meeting with Jesus? Have you had any meditation on the sweetness of His words? The words which drop balm into the wounds which the worldly spirit from without, or the carnal fleshly mind from within, have given us. But while He heals, how He loathes these unsightly wounds!

"It was the Communion Sabbath to-day, and I sat next an old Chinese believer. It was long before he could be prevailed on to cast away the family tablets, which are also idols, for they sacrifice to them; but at length he did cast them, it is trusted, out of his heart and hands, and turned to the living God, and to wait for His Son from heaven. There are several old men and women who in their old age have been born again. Tell your mother, that some of the old women remind me very much of those of our own country. Some of the Christian women are good *drawers* of their heathen neighbours to hear the gospel, and so 'faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.' Boo-a, the nurse who took Dr Young's child home, and whom you may have seen in Mr Brown's church, is well and goes on steadily.

"Tell me about souls, if you have heard lately of any pressing into the kingdom of heaven. The glory of God and the salvation of precious souls are the only objects worthy of the solicitude or deep affections of the heart. I long, with all my heart, to hear

of the Lord's work prospering, and being revived mightily at home. Never give up pleading for this.

"I trust your dear mother doth cleave to Jesus's righteousness, forsaking utterly the filthy rags, and walks not after the flesh but after the spirit. Is J—— to allow Chinese mothers and their families to press into the kingdom of heaven, and take *her* seat at the marriage-table of the Lamb? I feel as if I were supported by prayers of believers at home. It is all needed to maintain the life of God during the long season of study of the language. Commending you entirely to the love and mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, "Your friend in Jesus."

We cannot furnish any fully written out specimen of his sermons; but the following may give some idea of the matter of his preaching, and his mode of applying his subject:—

"PHILIPPIANS III. 7–9.*

"'But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ. And be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.'

"There is brought before us, in this passage, a man in two very different states of mind. There is

* For his own use evidently, there is attached to these notes a

Saul, the well-born of the stock of Israel, the peculiar people of God, the circumcised man, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; and there is *Paul*, counting his lineage, his circumcision, his learning, his all, but loss. There is *Saul*, uttering the prayer, 'God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are: extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican!'—and there is *Paul*, uttering the exclamation, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' In a word, we have here *Saul* rejoicing in *himself*, and *Paul* rejoicing only in Christ Jesus.

"Let us endeavour, looking up to the Lord for the guidance and blessing of the Holy Spirit, to consider—

"I. What things are gain to the man who is in his natural and unconverted state.

"II. What it is to count them loss for Christ.

"III. Why they must be counted loss for Christ.

"I. *What things are gain to the natural man?*

"I answer, in Scripture language, 'All that he hath' (Matt. xiii. 44); that is, all that men account of value. But to be more particular:—1. A man's

memorandum—"'Jesus answered them and said, My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me.' 'He that speaketh of himself, seeketh his own glory; but He that seeketh His glory that sent him, the same is true and no unrighteousness in him.' If the Lord of glory so spake in His ministry, how much more thou, O hell-deserving sinner! A child thou art. O wait thou upon God for every word."

house is gain to him. Be it small or large, whether he has inherited it, or at last, after years of toil, purchased it; whether it is his own or not, if only he tenants it as his house; if its roof protects him from the blasts of winter, and shields him from the wind and rain, affording the man comfortable rest and sleep—such a house to the natural man is 'gain.' And the more does he feel this when he looks abroad, and thinks how many wander on the face of the earth without a house to cover or a home to welcome them. Still more is a man's house 'gain' to him, when he takes what men call 'a pride' in keeping and garnishing it. 2. Again, what a man has of this *world's goods* is 'gain' to him. Has he wealth? *That* he counts gain? Has he by diligence acquired what men call a sufficiency or competency? That is counted 'gain.' Have you gathered together a little, however little, of this world's goods? Do you begin to think of it? Does your heart stay with it? The Scripture saith, 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also,' (Matt. vi. 21). When called upon to give to some poor child of Adam, do you give of your earthly treasure, but with a grudge? Or when there is an opportunity of helping forward the preaching of the gospel, do you give, but not willingly? The worldly possessions or goods of such are counted 'gain' to them. 3. But farther, have you good *health and strength?* These, too, are 'gain' to

the natural man, as I shall afterwards explain. These things, indeed, are to be counted blessings, even to the children of God; but in an especial manner are they 'gain' to the unrenewed man. When a man is in health, he finds it difficult to believe that the evil day of sickness will come upon him. He rises refreshed and vigorous, and goes forth to his labour, saying in his heart, 'The evil day has not come yet, nor those years drawn nigh when I shall say, I have no pleasure in them.' 4. The Apostle had great *knowledge*. His learning was great; he had been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. He profited above all his fellows. This *Saul* counted 'gain;' and so with the wisdom which long experience of this world's affairs often gives. One possessing this may be often consulted about worldly affairs. He has been enabled to conduct his own affairs with discretion; and he reaps the fruit of it, respect and influence among his fellow-men. 5. This leads us to a still more important subject under this head, a *good name*. Ah, my friends, many poor souls have been ruined by means of their good name. They have, to the eye of man, conducted themselves well. They have acquired, by outwardly respectable conduct, by paying every man his debt, a certain credit and name; and if asked to do anything contrary to what is right, they may even answer, 'That would destroy my name.' *Saul*, my friends, before he knew

Christ, thought that he had a blameless character, a spotless name. He thought within himself, I am not like that tax-gatherer, like that publican; I have wronged no man; I never refused to pay my debt to the last farthing; I attend to all outward duties; who can say anything against me? So thought Saul before Christ met him on the way to Damascus. So, my dear friends, do many of you. A poor sinner would tell you so from the Lord. O be honest with your own souls! Are none of you now trusting in your good name? Is it not 'gain' to you? But O if the evil of this stopped here, it would be less dangerous to your never-dying souls. But, alas! it goes farther. It extends to what is referred to in the chapter before us, '*having confidence in the flesh*,' that is, toward God. And thus we have what Paul points to in the 6th verse, 'Touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless.' This may be explained as blameless in the eye of man; performing so well his outward duties to man, which are required by the law, that he is accounted by other men, and he accounts himself, blameless. But, alas! almost every natural man, every unrenewed man, goes much farther than this. The Psalmist of old, who knew God with whom he had to do, said, 'My goodness extendeth not to thee,' but the man who has not been brought down as a guilty, undone sinner before God, has no such thought. He thinks that the Lord

is altogether such an one as himself. He has passed through this life quietly and comfortably enough; he has wronged no man; no man has aught against him; and so, whether he is expressing it to his fellow-men or no, he is in fact '*trusting in himself that he is righteous.*' This was the crowning 'gain' that Saul had, when he went in and out among his people; this might have been read in his countenance, as he went daily to learn of Gamaliel; and still more so when he was respectfully saluted in the streets of Jerusalem, as the straitest of the 'straitest sect' of religious men, as they were accounted, and when his opinion was listened to with respect. And then Saul made prayers; he was regularly at the temple at the appointed hour. He brought the sacrifice, he paid the tithes, he gave his alms, he strictly attended to every external ordinance. And among men, for all these things, Saul had his reward.

"But, alas! are there no Sauls in our day? It may not take such an open self-righteous form, but is it the less real, the less deadly? You, too, my friends, it may be, have wronged no man; you are accounted blameless in your outward conduct. You, too, come to the house of the Lord; you join in the praises; you stand up and are seen to take part in the prayers; you listen to your minister; you give, shall we say liberally? to the poor; and as the different schemes of the Church are brought forward, you are not behind,

with your subscription. You do not, on the other hand, altogether neglect private prayers at home. You kneel in the morning and at night; you also, it may be, hold or attend family prayers. You really cannot see that you are as bad as some people say. You think that after all you will not be so hardly dealt with in the next world as you have been told. And, last of all, though you are ready to admit that you do not always feel so kindly to your relations or to your neighbours as you might, and do sometimes shew a little unkindness of disposition in speaking of the faults of neighbours, yet that after all you cannot see that your heart is so very bad as some tell you. Ah! my friends, to *you* it must be said, that you are in 'the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity.' For you do esteem as 'gain' your outward conduct—you have 'confidence in the flesh.' You do trust in yourselves that you are righteous. You do not feel that had not Jesus died your doom was for ever fixed. All such, the word of the living God, the God of eternal truth, declares to be 'dead in their sins.' They are lying under the wrath of God, they are subject to be destroyed every moment. The eternal and mighty Jehovah has but to utter His sentence, and their fate is sealed for ever. It specially concerns such to hear the voice of the Lord speaking in his word, to hear the salvation of God. The inspired Apostle says, in the passage before us, that he counted

those things of which we have been speaking as 'loss for Christ.'

"II. *What, then, is it to count those things loss for Christ?*

"The word 'loss' seems to be taken from the loss which those on board a ship sustain, when, on account of stress of weather, they are compelled to throw their goods overboard. But, as one well remarks, there is this difference: those who throw what they possess overboard because of the storm, do it reluctantly—do it because they are obliged; but as we shall see afterwards, and as ver. 8 shews, the Apostle counts all these things as utterly worthless in comparison with Christ.

"And now we have to consider—

"III. *Why the Apostle counted all these things but loss.*

"These things are seen to be 'gain' to the natural man. Many of them are real blessings in themselves, and only received from God and through His Son. Why, then, does the Apostle count them all as 'loss?'

"And here, my friends, mark closely the last words of this sentence, which seems at first so forbidding to the natural man: 'What things were gain to us, these I counted loss FOR CHRIST.' It is all loss for *Christ's sake.* Art thou a child of God? Then thou needest no more to be said to thee to induce thee to consent

to give up all that thou hast—to 'count it all but loss,' when it is added, 'FOR CHRIST.'

"(1.) But some of you may say, Why give up all for Christ? Why cannot I come to Christ without giving up *all* that I have? Now, my dear friend, let me say, first of all, that this question displays thy ignorance of Christ; and O remember what this means, and the Lord give thee a heart to feel, and a willing mind, by His Holy Spirit, to attend to what a poor fellow-sinner would desire to say from God's word concerning this. Believe me, if the word of God be true, you have a disease which no physician on earth can heal. You are of the children of the first Adam; and the record of the living and true God concerning thee is Psa. xiv. 1–3, and Rom. iii. 10–19: '*The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. Corrupt are they, and have done abominable iniquity. There is none righteous, no not one.*' Such is thy state, the state of those who are yet out of Christ.

"But you ask, Why must we give up all for Christ? Hear the word of the Lord God of Sabaoth, Acts iv. 12: '*Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.*' That, my friends, fixes us down to Christ. And then, hear the words of Jesus himself, Luke xiv. 26: 'If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife,

and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.' Again, on this very account we are told that it is a 'strait gate and a narrow way' that leadeth unto life.

"And then, my friends, to count all things but loss for Christ is just to say, 'I count all my righteousness as *filthy rags*;' and this is what the God of all truth declares them to be. Do any now present hope, somehow or other, to get to heaven as they are in themselves, and on account of anything they have done, or can do? This, alas! is one of these awful delusions by which Satan ruins souls for ever and ever! Ever since the law was promulgated from Sinai, men have sought to save themselves by means of it. And have they succeeded? Has any one soul so succeeded? Examine and see the word of everlasting truth, Rom. iii. 19, 20, '*Every mouth is stopped, and all the world become guilty before God. By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin.*' And why have men not so obtained it? Because the law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good. Yes, and if the law is holy, then is the Lawgiver of necessity holy. My friends, Jehovah the Lawgiver is infinitely holy; nothing that defiles is suffered to enter His presence, and yet you and I have to do with this holy God. We are born His creatures, we are born under the law, and yet are

utterly incapable of keeping that law. We and all men *must* inevitably be judged by the law, and our consciences bear witness that we *ought* to be judged by the law; yet have we the witness of our conscience that we keep not that law, and the plain word of Jehovah declares that 'by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh living be justified.' O my friends, can you or I stand before the Holy One? His throne stands on immutable justice; justice and judgment are the foundation of his throne; He cannot look upon sin. And this is the God with whom we have to do. Even now is He searching every heart here. He knows, O sinner, every thought of thine. He sees thee, and He sees me, to be full of every iniquity. At any moment, His almighty hand may descend upon us.

"Would you then escape Jehovah's justice? Would you be saved from everlasting ruin? Then listen to the voice of Jesus. Hear Him cry, 'If any man thirst, let him come to *Me* and drink.' This hour, it is declared from the word of God, that Christ has made satisfaction for every poor sinner who will but cease from his own works. He has made full atonement for the very chief of sinners. He now proclaims a full, free pardon to every sinner who will but accept it. The sole condition is, Thou must forsake every refuge of lies, thou must cast away every shred of thy filthy garments. They cannot

cover thee, O sinner, from the Father's wrath now, more than the miserable fig-leaves which Adam and Eve tried could prevent them from being driven out of Paradise, or shield from the descending curse of the Eternal, the effects of which thou art now, O sinner, bearing every day, and wilt bear, if thou awake not, to all eternity. Oh how the apostle, who was once in your case, who even vainly imagined he could meet the living God face to face as he was, tells the desire of his soul when the Lord had savingly taught him by His Holy Spirit, 'For whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, *not having mine own righteousness.*' Ah! he had seen something of the glory of the Lord God of Hosts. The beams of the glory of Immanuel had shot forth upon bold, spirited Saul, and he was struck blind. He was suddenly shewn in what a horrible pit and miry clay he was rolling, how he was denying the all-glorious and spotless Son of God, and he submitted to the Lord of glory. From that hour, for him '*to live was Christ, and to die gain.*' By the immutable justice of God, and by your lost and ruined state, since there is indeed no other way of escape, O be persuaded to submit yourselves to the righteousness of Jesus Christ, forsaking all that you have that you may win Christ.

"2. But again, Let the 'Excellency of the know-

ledge of Christ Jesus' persuade you to cleave only to Him. For the sake of this, O do you, with Paul, 'count all things but loss.' To tell you of Jesus Christ, my friends, in adequate terms, is what no angel, and no archangel can do; no, nor even the cherubim who are over the mercy-seat, and who behold something of the marvels that are transacted there. They cannot do it now; they never will do it throughout all the endless ages of eternity. No, nor even the glorified spirits. These have a new song, which angels cannot learn, and that song every child of God knows must be about Jesus; yet they shall be for ever lost in the contemplation of the divine glory, the spotless beauty, the never to be comprehended height, and depth, and length, and breadth of Immanuel's love. Yet it becomes us to set forth something of what is in Jesus, that by the good and Holy Spirit of God, who takes of the things of Christ and shews them to sinners, you may be taken with admiration of this glorious One.

"*First*, then, let us look (as the Lord Jehovah gives us grace) at the *glory* of Immanuel. It becomes rather to see what is written in the blessed Book of God. Thus, Psa. xlv. 1–6, 'My heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the King; my tongue is the pen of a ready writer. Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips,' &c. O

see the glory of Immanuel, God with us! From all eternity was He in the bosom of the Father, before the world was. The holy Lord God the Father loved with a vast, infinite love the Lord Jesus Christ. Hear the words of Jesus Himself shortly before he was offered up a sacrifice for sinners: 'And now, O Father, glorify me with the glory I had with Thee ere ever the world was,' (John xvii. 5). Yes, the Lord Jesus was the object of the Father's immense and everlasting love in the past ages of eternity; and when He dwelt on earth, with nowhere to lay his head, thrice came forth the voice from heaven, 'This is my Beloved Son! hear ye Him.' And now, my friends, He is the same. Yes, while the Great High Priest, once bleeding and dead, but now exalted to the highest heights of heaven, while He stands at the right hand of His Father's throne pleading for the rebellious (and He never pleads in vain), the Father loves Him with an everlasting love. Yes, and He shines with the added majesty of His Mediatorial crown. Would you hear what is daily and hourly transacted in heaven in regard to the Saviour who is now proclaimed to even the chief of sinners, and would you learn something of His glory in heaven? then turn to Rev. v. 6–14, 'I beheld. . . . . Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing,' &c.

"Three men, sinners by nature as we are, were made eye-witnesses, and permitted to get one partial glimpse of the glory of Christ, when they were on the Mount of Transfiguration. Little as they saw of it, it is said, *they feared*, and Peter desired to be always there. Paul likewise saw something of His glory. But, my friends, all the natural displays of His glory cannot be compared with the spiritual glory—the glorious and holy majesty of His Person. And then, think how, in the midst of the glory of His *Divinity*, He is also *Man*. He is God over all, blessed for ever; yet is He man likewise. He knows your every feeling, your every temptation, for 'He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.' He bears the same heart in heaven that He had upon earth. He is the glorious Man Christ Jesus. Oh, while angels and archangels bow before the Lamb, shall you, shall I, refuse to do homage to Him? While heaven now rings with the praise of His glory and His grace, will ye hold back from Him? Will poor sinners here wrap round and round them their own rags of self-righteousness? Will they say within themselves, We are rich and have need of nothing, while they are poor, and miserable, and destitute, and blind, and naked; and while Immanuel stands by, saying, 'I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich, and fine raiment, that thou mayest be clothed?' What a spectacle to devils and

angels! Oh, cease to clutch your gains; they are like gold to you, but they are the devil's chains. O cast them from you, and embrace Jesus Christ as He is freely offered in the glorious gospel of grace. Whenever you have beheld any thing of the glory of the grace of Christ, you will be able to cry out with Paul, '*What things were gain to me, those I count loss for Christ.*'

"3. Let us think of the love of Christ. This is part of the 'excellency of the knowledge of Christ.' The most that can be done on this subject also, is to try and catch a few of the beams of the love of God-man Christ Jesus. The marvellous love of Jesus to perishing sinners was manifested in His leaving the bosom of the Father, leaving the courts of infinite holiness and everlasting peace, leaving the Father's house, leaving the throne of His glory, and coming down to the earth!—the accursed earth!—and to the unholy, accursed children of men! We know not what the holy child Jesus suffered in His soul when He had to go out and in among men—men who had departed from His Father, who had set all His laws at defiance, and who (He well knew) were about to consummate all their guilt by putting His Well Beloved to a cruel and ignominious death. We know that He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; there is reason to believe, that while still in the full strength of early manhood, he seemed like

one far on in years. And why all this? Ah! it was part of that 'bearing of our iniquity, and carrying our sorrows,' which he came to endure, and to which His incomprehensible love impelled Him. For our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich. But what was all this to His bearing His Father's wrath for us, the rebellious."

As we said before, we have no fuller specimen than the above in his manuscripts; but it may be interesting to add a few *sketches* of sermons which he preached.

"Psalm xlv. 2.—'Thou art fairer,' &c.

The subject may be distributed as follows:—

I. *The exceeding beauty or fairness of Christ.* As God; as man; as the Bridegroom of the Church, the Divine Lover of souls.

II. *The grace of his lips.* As to the matter of his speech; as to the manner; as to the effusion of the Spirit of grace into and from his lips.

III. *The eternal blessedness of the Lord Jesus.*"

"Luke xiii. 34.—'When he beheld the city,' &c.

I. *The City.* Its circumstances and previous conduct.

II. *The Person and Attitude of Him who addressed them.* It was He who had dwelt

with Israel, &c. His attitude of expostulation, compassionate long-suffering, tender love.

III. *Their attitude toward Him.*

IV. *The sudden issue.*"

"HEBREWS VI. 5.—'The powers of the world to come.'

I. *God.*

II. *Immortality.* Unceasing existence.

III. *The Eternal Judgment.* Endless bliss; endless woe."

"EPHES. V. 14.—'Awake, thou that sleepest,' &c.

I. *The Sleep and Death brought on by sin.*

II. *Who arouses from this state, and His manner of doing so.*

III. *The summons to the sleeper and to the dead.*"

"JOHN III. 14, 15.—'And as Moses lifted up the serpent,' &c.

Let us consider *the Type and Antitype in their resemblance.*

I. *As to the manner of their lifting up, and the place.*

II. *As to the purpose, or end, of their being lifted up.*

III. *As to the means by which that end was accomplished.*

IV. *The necessity of this lifting up.*"

CHAPTER VII.

His Brief Career in China.

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."

ISAIAH vi. 8.

MORE than thirty years ago (it is related by an American writer), two young gentlemen, while travelling in opposite directions, met at a brook; and as their horses were drinking, the elder addressed the younger about his soul's eternal interests. They soon parted; but those faithful words of love were, by the blessed Spirit, made the means of leading the younger traveller to the Saviour. That young man was *Champion*, the idol of his family; for he was an only son, the last bearing his father's name, and already the possessor of great wealth. No sooner was he saved, than he consecrated himself to the missionary service, and chose as his sphere *Africa*, as the most benighted and neglected of countries. His father opposed his son's resolution of becoming a missionary, and proposed to support twenty missionaries out of his ample means, if only he personally would stay at home. "No," was his calm reply;

"the Saviour left richer possessions, and sacrificed His life for me; I cannot stay." He lived to labour five years in Africa, devoting all his property to the cause of missions. Often did he desire to know who that stranger was that had addressed him by the brook side, but could get no clue to it; till one day, in Africa, he opened the memoir of *J. Brainerd Taylor*, just sent out to him from home. His eye fell on the likeness prefixed to the memoir, and instantly he knew who it was that had been the means of saving his soul.

It is not unlikely that there will be some one who may thus recognise the subject of this Memoir when they look at the prefixed portrait. For, like J. Brainerd Taylor (to whose life I have heard him refer as one that had helped to stimulate him to covet earnestly the best gifts), he used to seize such casual opportunities as that related in this incident, speaking a word in season to passing travellers who knew not the man that so kindly cared for their souls. But we had another reason for mentioning the above anecdote, namely, the subject of our Memoir was, in some respects, a parallel to young *Champion* in self-sacrifice, and in the shortness of his ministry. If he had not so large a fortune as Champion, yet he had lately, by the death of his father, come into possession of very ample means, and might have remained

at home to enjoy its comforts, while he could, at the same time, have spent his income in sending out others in his stead. Nothing, however, would satisfy his devoted, single-minded spirit, but personal consecration to the mission cause. As for worldly wealth and position in society, "none of these things moved him," any more than Paul was moved by the opposite; and yet it is even more difficult to withstand the insidious smiles of affluence, than to resist the frowns of the bitterest adversary. When some one made reference to the delightful scenery and sweet dwelling which might have all been his, his reply was, "Can any one suppose that that could make any difference? Ah, those many mansions! that city that hath foundations; these things look solid and substantial, but they shall all pass away."

He was generous in all his dealings and actings: the love of money seemed to have no place in his heart. Open-handed liberality was characteristic of him; but he acted on his Master's rule, "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," (Matt. vi. 3). On his deathbed he confirmed the arrangement which he made before leaving home, to the effect that, of all his property, "*One-eighth should be devoted to the spread of the gospel at home, and seven-eighths for the spread of the gospel in China.*" He was one who, in true

Pentecostal spirit, called nothing that he had his own.

And now he has reached China, that vast empire of benighted souls, where not less than 360 millions of our fellow-men are "walking in darkness and in the shadow of death." He is cheerful, happy, full of hope, abounding in prayer, busy in preparation for future usefulness. He has sacrificed all earthly comforts for love of Christ and of souls; he has already, by the past, gained much experience in the divine life, so that every way we would have said that here was one with a sharp sickle in his hand, fit to be sent into these fields that are so white and ready to the harvest. He has health of body, too, and is more likely than many others to bear well the burden of the climate. We might almost say (as Montgomery does of Spencer), "He carried victory in his face." But man's ways are not God's ways.*

* The old complaint, that "The good die young," is no other than that of the Greek heathen Sophocles, who brings in one of his characters (Philoctet. 450), saying that "the gods are ever sending away all that is just and good."

" . . . τὰ δὲ
Δικαια καὶ τὰ χρηστ' ἀποστελλουσ' ἀεί."

But Montgomery has cast over the fact the light of Christian revelation, in singing of young Spencer of Liverpool—

"The brightest star of morning's host,
Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost—
So sprang his soul to light."

He himself had often contemplated the possibility of an early close to his ministry, though we cannot say he had any presentiment of it. Hopefulness, and therefore, of course, happy cheerfulness lightened up his soul, so that he never dwelt on the dark side of the cloud, but fixed on the silver lining; so much so, that one of his friends used to be reminded by his character of Bunyan's *Hopeful*, and used to think that he was one whom, of all others, he should like to have with him when fording the cold waters of death. His earlier journals contain references to the subject, just such as any man of God, who realised the uncertainty of life, might be led to make. At the same time, it is interesting to have the opportunity of observing how the Master did all along warn His disciple, and prepare him for whatever might be the issue. We therefore insert these references here; for putting them side by side, they are the more impressive. We find them successively in the years 1845, 1847, 1848, 1851. And to these we may append his allusions to the Lord's *Second Coming*, because he sometimes passes from the one to the other. He did not, however, confound the two events, Death and the Coming of Christ the second time. He keeps them quite distinct in his view, though (it will be seen in one of the extracts) he had not come to any positive conclusion regarding

the questions of time connected with that doctrine. Mr Sandeman sought to realise both the passing out of the body at death into the Lord's presence in glory, and the resurrection of the body, when the Lord returns and we shall be made like Him, seeing Him as He is.

"18*th April* 1845.—The longer I am on the way to the ministry, the more happy am I that the Lord in His infinite mercy has placed me in it. A glorious work! And yet my heart often dwells on the thought, that I may be laid in the grave before ever these apostolic words are mine, 'Necessity is laid upon me to preach the gospel.' And would not that be far better? Yea, Lord; for to be absent from the body is to be present with Thee."

A few days after, he has again returned to the subject:—

"I don't know how it is, but often I dwell on the thought of being taken soon to the Lord, before even I enter the ministry. It is a thought which is pleasant to my heart, and which it cannot be wrong to entertain if I use it rightly. It ought to quicken me in the discharge of present duty. It ought to gladden my heart with the hope that I may be with Jesus before long. Let me then entertain it only to stir me up to more earnest discharge of my duties now."

"19*th January* 1847.—Am I prepared joyfully to quit this scene, and, passing through the valley, the dark valley it might be, of death, in order to join my King and Head? O my soul, examine thyself on this. What if thou hadst been taken away last week when the ice gave way? What if this day a messenger of glory were to summon thee to go and to be with Jesus? Wouldst thou far rather depart, leaving this world, and friends? Would I be willing to forego in its present form the pleasure of thinking out subjects for myself in which I have found lately so great delight? (for there, knowledge is swallowed up in love). I know not the realities of a deathbed, yet I see that Payson was ready, and more than ready, to depart; that Brainerd was, that Janeway was, that Brainerd Taylor and H. Page were. O may Jesus enable me, and so abide in me now, that it will be but a slight change, as it were, to go and abide in His bosom of everlasting love! I, yet not I, but the grace of God in me, can say, that I think this spirit would not be unwilling now to depart and to be with Jesus."

"16*th December* 1847.—Death should take none of the Lord's chosen by surprise, any more than the entrance into the room of a child should a mother, or the sound of the horses' tread at the ordinary hour of her husband's carriage, should a loving wife, on his

return from labouring for her welfare. The surprise should be, Why tarry the wheels of His chariot?"

In *November* 1848 :—"'To be with Christ, which is far better.' Are the pinions, O my soul, wearying for the flight."

"18*th April* 1850.—Spencer (of Liverpool) met an early grave. May his beautiful example of grace be blessed to my tardy soul, and also lead me to remember how short my time may be. Remarkable that one should be so eminently fitted by the Lord for the ministry, and then be removed to glory. Some intimations lately of the glory to be revealed.

"To depart and to be with Jesus is a blissful thought. The idea of it makes the eyes of the soul sparkle, and is something like the fixing of the marriage-day."

"When shall I be as it were cast into the shoreless ocean of Thy love? When wilt Thou shed the life-blood of all my enemies, O my God and my King? I know it is Thy hand that will finally do this, through the sword which proceedeth out of the mouth of my glorious Lord and Redeemer Christ Jesus. Hasten that time, O my God and Father, for the glory of Thy great name."

"6*th February* 1851.—Heard of J. M'Intosh being very ill, a student like myself, and in every way one with the prospect of many days on the earth. This

shews me that in such an hour as I think not the Son of Man cometh; and also says, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' This cannot change the necessity of *preparation* for the great work, and yet it is fitted to shew that time should not unnecessarily be spent in it.

"For some time back it has pleased the Lord especially to lead me, in lying down at night, to realise that I know not whether I might ever rise from my bed; and this has led me to have my various matters, even the smallest, so arranged that they might be in order should I be suddenly called away.

"I see, more than ever I did, how the great Lord has *no need* of me here, that He can raise up instruments where and how it pleases Him. If He has work for me, He will keep me here; if He has designed otherwise, He will take me home.

"Though I cannot know the struggle of death, and though no believer will desire to be unclothed, but clothed upon, yet, if I am not deceived, I would gladly go hence to be without sin in glory. To be absent from the body is to be present with Jesus; no more besetting sins, no more grieving (a peculiarly precious thought) the Holy Spirit, the kind and loving Spirit of grace, and then to join the brethren in Jesus who have gone before—beloved Hewitson, Whitefield, Martyn, Brainerd, Boston, &c. True, I would then

go as one who had done nothing for his Lord. I would then have a low seat among the Redeemed, yet knowing that this would be the place my Lord had chosen, I would with joy take the lowest room. He knows which of all my desires is nearest my heart—even to serve Him in the ministry, and to bring souls to His feet. And yet, let Him do as seemeth Him good. His will shall be my sweetest joy, for time and eternity.

"The thought of leaving fellow-believers would be bitter to the flesh, and yet knowing how soon they would follow would soften the parting.

"And now, O my Lord, living or dying, let me be Thine. I do, through Thy free, infinite grace, mercy, and love, surrender my whole spirit, soul, and body into Thy hands, that Thou mayest do with me as seemeth good in Thy sight. O Lord, make Thou this effectual by Thy Holy Spirit. Amen."

"16*th February*.—John M'Intosh dead. How has his sun gone down at noon! How beautiful and winning was he by grace, and also by gifts."*

* This was "The Earnest Student," as the writer of his memoir most appropria ely designates him. He cherished so high an idea of the sacred work before him, that he could scarcely satisfy himself with any amount of intellectual preparation, having "the presentiment and the desire that all might conduce to usefulness in his Lord's vineyard," p. 226. Mr Sandeman, on the other hand, while feeling no less the holy and awful work in view, acted as

"*January* 1847.—What henceforth can I have to do with myself—body, soul, and spirit? I am bought with a *price*, and *what* a price! Henceforth, by the grace and power of Jehovah, the great 'I AM;' by the effectual working of the Holy Spirit purchased by that price—even Jesus's blood: *that I who live should not live unto myself, but unto Him which died for me, and rose again.* Henceforth may I in a way unknown before, through grace, have the GLORY OF JEHOVAH, of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as the *one great end* of my earthly sojourn, as the one great end of *every hour's* existence here below; of every *thought, word,* and *deed,* until the glorious moment when I shall either depart and be with Christ, my Jesus, in heaven; or, He shall descend from heaven with His holy angels, and I shall rise, being changed, to meet my blessed Saviour in the air."

"May my God keep *His own glory* and my *Dying Hour,* and the *Second Coming* of Jesus to judge the world, when every man *must render his account* of

opportunity occurred very much on Richard Baxter's principle, when he published his various glowing treatises. Richard Baxter once thought that "nothing should be made public but what a man had first laid out his most choice art upon," but his conscience soon told him that he must seek to do good to his fellow-men as opportunity was given, though his literary reputation should thereby suffer.

the deeds done in the body—may my God, by His blessed Holy Spirit, keep these things continually before me."

"*August* 1848.—Let me wait on the blessed Spirit who is promised to lead us into all truth, for light as to the times of His appearing, that I may neither be wise above that which is written, or be lacking in the understanding of what it has pleased the Father to reveal for the good of His Church.

"*November* 23. 1848.—Surely the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together until now. The children groan being burdened by sin; the aliens groan, in and through their sins; the lower animals groan, and the very earth groans. O for the day of the manifestation of the sons of God!"

We see, then, how the Lord had prepared His servant's soul for any event. Still it was the highest wish of his heart to live to proclaim Christ in China, and his own view of his qualifications is thus stated:—"I have often thought that the work of an *evangelist* is better fitted to my kind of mind than that of a *pastor*. But who can say that I shall live to declare the gospel of Jesus?"

His brother Frederick and Mr G. F. Barbour, his brother-in-law, brought him on his journey as far as *Berlin;* and there they parted, not to meet again till

the day of "our gathering together in Him!" * He sailed, 11th October, from *Marseilles*. "At the instant the anchor was hove up, and the sails spread, the heavenly Pilot came on board." Of course, *Egypt* and the *Red Sea* were full of interest, as well as all the phenomena of such a voyage. Let us hear the following extracts of a letter written at *Suez*:—

"On Board the Hindostan,
"21*st October* 1856.

"On the night of the full moon, there was a fine eclipse, all but total. It was singular to notice the effect, in the gradual darkening of the ship as it sailed on that lovely sea. The ship's telescope was a good aid in observing the phenomenon. It was interesting to think of the shadow of the earth, travelling away through space, and lighting on the clear full surface of yon luminary. The surface continued of a dead brown colour, with all the usual volcanic marks seen through.

"At Malta, we first really felt the heat; one of the passengers all but fainted on the street. There was a determined dart-like strength about it, assisting

* Mr Allan, Hillhead, writes to a friend on taking leave of him at Edinburgh: "This is a sad house this week. I feel sorely the departure of that man of God. He left yesterday morning, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, *just one flame of love*."

the idea of a sun-stroke. My white umbrella was of good service. The fortifications are considerable. One of the sentries was a Dundee man, who, with his wife, had been a hearer of Mr Burns during the revival. As soon as landed at Alexandria, we were off to the railway station for Cairo.

"We passed through a considerable part of Egypt. Everything in the external aspect reminded you of Scripture. We crossed the Nile twice—the fields only drying up by degrees from the last inundation. Men watering the smaller fields 'with their feet,' guiding the stream through their various parts. Seed that had been cast on the waters, growing up in luxuriant fruitfulness; and 'ten' or 'twelve yoke of oxen' at once ploughing one of the fields. The true Egyptian type of countenance you could not mistake for a moment: the very features of the men who held God's heritage so long in thraldom.

"At Cairo, under a glorious sunset, it was precisely as if set down before a full lighted and coloured diorama. After securing (with great rushing on the passengers' part) a room in the hotel, I walked out alone, getting rid of several dragomen and many donkey-boys, and passing through a garden which, in richness of verdure and variety of tropical trees, realised all one's day dreams of Oriental scenery. Amidst these trees, and seen far through them, were the rich tur-

bans and dresses of Turks and Arabians, male and female. On the outskirts, and along the roads leading to the bazaar, was a promiscuous crowd of horsemen and turbaned long-bearded Mussulmen, riding on donkeys (rather handsome animals), and all under the light of a sunset which just threw everything of the sort I have ever seen utterly into shade. As rich individual painting of clouds and pieces of sky you may see at home; but such a succession, or building up of *hues of glory*, both of depth and beauty of colour, was quite new to me."

"MIDST OF THE RED SEA,
"*October* 23.

"Here we are steaming on nearly opposite Mecca, having passed the line of Sinai yesterday: it is seldom visible from the sea.

"But perhaps you would like a notice or two of the Desert. We wore sun-hats made of the pith of a tree, helmet-shaped, with a veil fastened round the rim. Six of us started at nine A.M., in a van—first of a line of four—open before and at the side. Moving out of Cairo and along a road of hard, beaten sand, in whiteness resembling those in Italy, there was a fine view of the two principal pyramids. After a few more miles we had passed all the houses, and changed horses, or mules, at the first station of

the Desert; leaving which, you felt, as the wide waste opened in front, that you were fairly entered on what had so long hung in the imagination. One tree was perhaps visible, a few tufts near the roadway of a small shrub, or rather tall grass, and then an illimitable trackless expanse of white burning sand. The heat was not so great; a pretty strong breeze from the north made it rather agreeable for part of the road. The air, however, has a peculiar effect; not so much exhilarating as exciting, such as you could fancy would string up Arab and Bedouin to the full amount of their powers. The horses, mules, and camels seem all indefatigable on these vast plains. They are most like an endless sea-shore.

"We met five or six caravans. The string of from a dozen to twenty or thirty camels went past us, each well laden, pacing steadily and so softly along; their drivers either Arabs or black Ethiopians. A dead camel lay on the road. Another, our party saw fall down under its load. The next van passed some hours after; the poor creature heard the noise and lifted its head; tried to rise but could not. The patient animal followed the van with its eyes wistfully looking after them, and, doubtless, turned its head again to die.

"The *mirage* we also saw, lying away towards the horizon, with its water, and headlands, and trees!

Three trees, during an entire day's journey, were all that met the eye. I cannot tell you of all the Scripture meditations which such a scene must suggest; but I thought I had then seen and felt something of the 'waste, howling wilderness.'"

Writing to another friend, and mentioning Egypt, he says—

"My soul worshipped the young child who was carried into Egypt by night, the Governor of Israel, whose goings forth were from the days of eternity." He carefully noted customs that might illustrate Scripture-language, among which one who so delighted in Isa. lv. 1, could not fail to observe "men with goatskins, and girls with antique-like jars, crying, *Moi, moi*, 'Water! water!'" Leaving *Aden*, the vessel steamed onwards toward the "land of Sinim." On *November 3d*, he found an opening for preaching on board ship. "My poor imprisoned spirit" (writes he to his friend, Oswald Allen, Esq.) got a short flight yesterday in preaching the gospel to the promiscuous assemblage of passengers; and as it grew darker, various men of the crew joined. Archdeacon Pratt read prayers and I preached. My text was, '*It is finished.*' The work which the Father gave Jesus to do. '*Finished*'—the sufferings of Jesus all finished; sin and Satan, to faith, finished; and lastly, the everlasting righteousness for poor sinners wholly

finished. From the capstan as my pulpit, with captain, officers, young cadets, and civilians around me, and dimly lighted by lamps hung up by Chinese sailors, it was blessed to tell of the glorious, completed work of Immanuel. My soul's desire and prayer was, Glorify thyself! Glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee." The vessel passed, of course, near the shore of India; and, though not in view, his eye turned toward the spot where some of his college friends were now labouring for Christ among the Hindoos. Soon after reaching China, he wrote to Mr M'Callum, at Madras: "It was a considerable trial, and to this day I feel it to have been such, to pass so near to Madras, and not to have been able to see and hold fellowship in praise and prayer with you. It seems as if we had some right to claim a blessing in its stead from the hand of our gracious and loving Redeemer."

"*Point de Galle, 8th November.*—The quiet of a room to pray in, after the bustle of the steamer, was unspeakable relief." He preached in the Reformed Dutch Chapel, and then gave a parting word to several of the passengers, just in time to get on board the Chinese steamer. Every day, something of Chinese engages his attention. Then; "no swearing on board this ship, which was a sore evil in the last." "The crowds of ants marching along the table are a

novel sight." "Entered *Penang* harbour in a thunder-storm—welcomed by Mr Mair—preached for him. Nearly missed the steamer again." 18*th November*, *Singapore*, where he notes the fearful opium-trade at work. On 30*th*, Sabbath, meditating on "'Η παρουσία;' the appearing of Christ; on Enoch, also; and on Psa. xcvi. and xcviii."

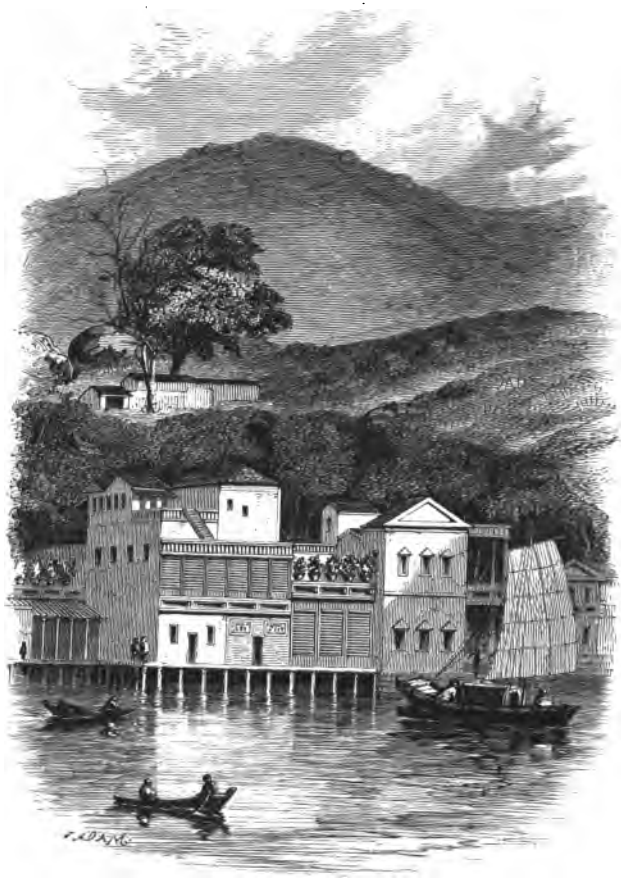
It was on 1*st December* that, as soon as he awoke, he saw the *Hills of China;* and, kneeling down before the Lord, asked Him to lead him forth by His Spirit. He realised again the sovereignty of his Lord, who might "remove me before anything has been done, or make the language so hard that I should never acquire it, or turn me home, or throw me useless at some out-post."

He landed in *Hong Kong*. The spirit bounded with delight to meet the missionaries already on the field, and soon every one of those whom he there met, and others who arrived, had a deep seat in his affections. His letters tell this affection, how real it was, whether he is speaking of Mr *W. C. Burns*, whose preaching in Perth during the revival in 1840 he never could forget, and whose thorough devotedness to his Lord has stirred the zeal of very many; or of other brethren from Scotland; or of the American brethren, Mr Talmage and Mr Doty, with whom he felt entirely at one; and so, also, when he speaks of the brethren to

the London Missionary Society, and the native missionaries. It is the testimony of some of these brethren that, young comparatively as he was, he exercised almost immediately a most healthful influence on their circle by his single-minded, decided, uncompromising, devoted conversation; for they felt he "held communion with the skies."

On the 6th he sailed to *Swatow*. "Went ashore, and called on Dr De la Porte. A door opened, and out came, in full Chinese dress and tail, W. C. Burns! Taking me into his room, according to his old wont, he said, 'Let us engage in prayer,' in the identical old Perth tones! Accompanied him on board a ship, and preached from Gal. iii. 13." On the 9th he reached his destination, *Amoy*, where he writes, "*My soul would be bowed in thankfulness to God for the unbroken train of mercies all the way from home to this my destination.*"

Soon after he writes home—"Were it not for the vile *opium traffic*, the whole society here might be called agreeable. This, however, must divide them. It is England's clamant shame to tolerate this traffic. She is known in China as the nation that deals in it; and the missionaries are constantly met with the objection, 'If you are Christians and good men, why do you bring that bad opium to our shores?' I would ask you to pray that this sin and shame of our



MISSION BUILDINGS AT AMOY.

country may be removed. It is by the acknowledging of sin that God is pleased to make way for its removal. We might specially remember it on Saturday evenings as a great barrier in the way of evangelizing this nation."

The beginning of 1857 found him busy with the language, day by day. In the morning of that day, the Chinese Christians, according to their custom, came in to bid the brethren a good new year. In the afternoon we find him wandering away alone, till he arrives at a rock, where he prays for that land and for all the world. He began about the same time to write out a translation for himself of the book of Job, from the Hebrew, to keep up his knowledge of that language, and got on in this self-imposed task as far as the end of the 9th chapter. Every day, also, went on cheerfully and pleasantly with Chinese roots and tones, and was able to record; "As to the language, feel that my prayer for help has not been altogether unanswered, so that I am kept from discouragement, and the study is made pleasant to me.

"Never had the sense of shame for my native country till I saw her flag hanging over a large opium-receiving ship. Britain assuredly will have to answer to God for this traffic. It is in defiance of His laws, and of this nation itself; and she knows it all. Do they not die fast enough in their wickedness and

idolatry, without England supplying poison for mind and body? The coolie trade, likewise, is most iniquitous."

And now see him again in close dealing with his Lord.

"26*th February, Thursday.*—Day of fasting and prayer—1st, against sin; 2d, for help in the language; 3d, for the sins of China, and the coming of Christ's kingdom in it; 4th, for the sin of England in directly increasing the crime of this people, by supplying them with opium; the abominable coolie trade, also!"

Week by week, at the same time, he visited the Seamen's Hospital, and watched for opportunities of visiting British and American ships. Eager to use every acquirement for Christ as soon as possible, we find him trying to say a little about Christ to a Chinese father and three sons under a tree, as early as 11th May, though it was not till next year, 17th February, that he could record—"For the first time spoke to about a dozen Chinese in a village. Would not have stopped, but a man called to me to come and speak to him. This I could not refuse, and spoke as I was able for five or ten minutes."

Anxious to express his own and draw forth others' sympathy, we find him penning the following letter to the female teacher at one of the scenes of his former work at home:—

AMOY, *5th May* 1857.

"MY DEAR MISS R.—I write you as the easiest means of getting intelligence of Hillhead and of the believers there, and peradventure to hear if there are any precious souls seeking Jesus among them, as of old time. But may I first ask after the progress of your own soul? I feel it a great condemnation of myself, after having journeyed this length for the service of Christ, and having professedly no other aim but the salvation of souls and the kingdom of God, to see the power of the old man, the strength of the old sins. It is to me a terrible proof of the power of sin in our members, that is, of the whole old man. Change of scene and place, alas! do no more for this than they do for the black face of the Indian. But I trust it may have been different with you, and that your soul may have been carried on in the ways of God. Next to the joy arising from souls being gathered to Christ, is the news of believers prospering in the life of their souls. I trust and pray that the Lamb of God hath been seen more frequently sitting with you in the house, walking with you by the way and in the school, and meeting you at the seasons of secret devotion. O what joy and glory to Him that these blood-bought ones are to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, which again implies, that whitherso-

ever they go, if their ways please Him, lo ! the Lamb, as it had been slain, walks before them ! And Miss W., that sister in Jesus with whom we continued in prayer and supplication that last night, how doth her soul prosper ? Is she keeping sight of the Bleeding One ? I feel bound to inquire. See that her soul sleepeth not, but that she is more and more a virgin awake and her lamp burning. (A dim-growing lamp how dreadful !) And how are the brethren at Hillhead ? Though so far from them, they are near my heart for Jesus's sake. Are they maintained in the love of God through trial and temptation ? What supply have they had in the preaching of the word ? Are they diligent in reading, and searching the Scriptures, not content with any supposed knowledge of the truth of God, but ever by prayer and industry lighting now and again upon goodly pieces of gold from the hid treasure of God ? Do they go as regularly into that blessed mine of the Scriptures as they do into those mines whereby they get the bread which perisheth ? Let them be stirred up by the example of Chinese believers. The boatman always takes the word with him to his boat ; the servant has it lying beside him, and at intervals of work you hear him reading out of the Book of Life, and the name of Jesus sounds both above and below. One day I was out in a boat, the rower was an idolater, but the

Chinese Christian who was along with me began at once to speak to him of Jesus, and the folly of worshipping pieces of wood. When we came to the landing, I observed something in the Christian's hand, and asked him what it was. He said it was *the boatman's idol*, which he had given up, not being able to withstand the words of truth. So the stock was thrown to the moles and bats. There are souls being added to the Church in these parts; are there any turning to the Lord in Hillhead or Maryhill? Are the next empty seats around the gospel table to be taken by men and women, young men and maidens, at Hillhead? or is China to have them? Lately, an old man and his wife, of seventy years, and at the same time two young men, took places, I trust, at Jesus's table. Oh may these not rise up at the last day and double the damnation of hangers on and the between-two-opinion-holders of Hillhead! Tell me all about the blessed children of the kingdom. I cannot name them all, hut I bear them much love in Christ Jesus. Ask them to pray and plead on behalf of this vast empire, and for my soul, and for my progress in the language, that I may be able to speak of the Saviour to perishing sinners. Let them pray also for the abolition of the abominable opium traffic, killing the bodies and souls of many, many poor Chinese. What of Mr Allan? Tell me of God's

work in any part of my dear native land. It is the only news that is cold water to my thirsty soul in this far land. With kind remembrances to all my friends and brethren, who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity,

"Your servant,

"D. S."

How natural is 16*th May*.—"Scenes of labour at home often rise before me—*Westfield, Hillhead*, &c." On 9*th July* he writes—"Some of the older missionaries say this is the hottest day they have known during twenty years." 27*th July*—"Grapes from *Formosa*, from the Master's hand!" 30*th July*—"A day, not of fasting, as, on account of the heat, I found support necessary, but of prayer." 3*d August*—"Good news from home. Pleasant letter from Frederick."

At this time, 1st August, in a letter to his mother, he relates an interesting conversion. A young Dutchman met in with Christians at Hong-Kong. Entering the sitting-room of a friend's house, he saw one in Chinese garb, and marvelled what Chinese could be reading "*The Times*." It turned out to be the missionary, W. C. Burns. Soon after, he went to hear Mr B. preach, and never could forget the expression he used in preaching—"*My dear fellow-*

sinners!" Other circumstances helped him on, till he joined the meetings of the missionaries. After telling this incident, Mr Sandeman adds—"You will join, I know, beloved mother, in that word, 'It is meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.' Pray for him and for me."

He differed from his brethren in giving his first attention to the *Mandarin dialect.* Without pronouncing a judgment upon the soundness of his view, we give his reasons. "1st, It was common to the whole of China; 2d, It is the source whence the colloquial, by various digressions, has fallen off and formed itself; 3d, The help of dictionaries and colloquial manuals suffice to carry a student on in the ordinary books; 4th, If the opportunity is not embraced at the first of thus acquiring the Mandarin language, there would be very many inducements afterwards to rest content without it." His attention to this dialect stood in the way of more immediate usefulness; but the truth is, Mr Sandeman had evidently a cherished hope of being one day able to carry the gospel before the princes of the empire. It was in perfect consistency with this hope that, along with this direct aim at high attainments in Chinese, he was at the same time cultivating his intellect in other departments.

"Amoy, 3d July 1857.

"Please (writes he to his brother F.) send the *Athenæum* and *Evangelical Review*. One finds more the need of such helps to thinking abroad than at home. One is not at all aware at home how much of real intellectual products which keep the mind alive (for ideas form the days of the mind's life), are caught up, here and there and everywhere, in a highly cultivated reading society. When all, or nearly all, these external sources are stopped, and you are dependent upon the internal spring alone of your own unaided mind, it is most humiliating to observe how, day after day, the longer you have been removed from these other streams, the narrower and narrower does that solitary one become. . . .

"The trying part of the day here is between nine and eleven or twelve in the forenoon. The comparative cool of the morning passes into strong heat, with, perhaps, scarcely a breath of air, often none whatever. You feel languid, sleepy, uneasy; and how one longs for the first breath of the sea-breeze. At last it comes with a stealthy sweetness, and pours gently and softly upon you as if it fanned you."

"After that there is generally a fine strong breeze till sun-down. Everything seems changed; the mind and body, and Chinese characters and teacher, all awake, and you trot on quite cheerily."

On 15th September he accompanied Mr Burns to *Pechuia*, where the Lord so remarkably began a work of awakening in the year 1854, and where He has never ceased to work. He has described the place and the people in some of his letters. The hills and the estuary, altogether, have a great resemblance to the Firth of Clyde—the same beautiful variety of water and island, and far reaches of the sea, which you lose sight of, and then catch glimpses of again, as their winding arms enclose island and mainland, washing at times the base of considerable hills. The town stands on the bank of the river; its population is only 5000, a small population comparatively for a Chinese town; and yet here it was the Lord, in His sovereignty, chose to work so remarkably in that year. Many souls, also, in the neighbouring glens and hamlets, were led to Christ.

He wrote home the following letter, describing his visit to one of these scenes of labour :—

"*Pechuia* is about twenty miles from Amoy—perhaps some ten of them frith or estuary, and the remainder a fine winding river. We started (Mr Douglas and myself) on Saturday morning, about nine o'clock, in the 'Gospel Boat,'* which is well-

* A river boat was afterwards purchased for the use of the missionaries, for occasional living in, as well as travelling by from the funds left to the mission by Mr Sandeman.

known to many of the Sabbath scholars whom I had the pleasure of seeing last year. By eleven o'clock

THE "GOSPEL BOAT."

we had reached the entrance to the Pechuia river, after an interesting sail.

"As our purpose on this occasion was principally to visit Ma-ping, we then took the road for that place across the hills. These are not very high, but rich in the products of Chinese industry. At every available spot of their ascent the ground is levelled,

a soil prepared, and wheat, barley, rice, or the betel root, is seen growing. The valleys at that season were covered with the rich blossom of the peach tree.

"At Ma-ping a good many of the Christians were waiting to receive us; and though I could not understand their tongue, it was easy to make out the warm and village-like welcome they gave us. The whole scene reminded me much of what I had witnessed among the highlands of Scotland. At evening worship the room was full of eager and earnest faces, anxious to hear the Word of Life.

"Next morning, the Sabbath, they were early astir, and prayer and praise were poured forth as from the heart. There was some meaning in the confession of these people, for during the previous weeks some of them had had their fields bared of their ripe produce, and were otherwise persecuted for the name of Jesus. But they stand fast, by the strength of their Lord, and, as it may be supposed, would be among those to whom Christ's word was precious on that His holy day. The church was a large room, and the minister (Mr Douglas) was placed at the side opposite the street, so that his voice reached not only the members who were in front, but any in the street who stopped to listen. At the outside were two forms filled with Chinese women, several having

children in their arms. Among them were some awakened souls seeking the salvation of Jesus. From their secluded habits, it shews there is a work going on, when such hearers are among the congregation.

"As betimes it has happened among the highland glens, so in this region; souls have been brought to the knowledge of Jesus up among these secluded Chinese valleys; one here, and another there, set as single lights in the few hamlets or small villages of dark idolatry; and all to the glory of Him who passes by the rich and the learned, and oftentimes seeks out his own in quiet places of the earth.

"They shewed much Christian affection at parting, asking us to come soon back again; and it pleases the Master still to be adding souls to the number of believers in that region."

It was just such a visit as was fitted to brace the soul of one who could so truly say, while at home—"Nothing so draws me to ministers as their success in winning souls to Christ."

"My life at present" (he writes to his brother F.) "is made a very happy one to me. Learning a difficult language, but with all the necessary means at hand; its antiquity, and the vast multitude who read it, and the aim ever to be had in view, to carry the message of the salvation of God to these as perishing sinners—these cause each day, with its

heat, or damps, or winds, to pass cheerily over my head. *As Jacob's time seemed short because of the love he bore Rachel, my months pass sweetly and quickly over because of the love of the divine Master.*"

"*3d October.*—Every second person of the foreign mission community laid aside with fever; myself remarkably well till this evening. After finishing some letters for home, called at the hospital to see some sailors, and returned by Dr Hirschberg's. Did not feel quite so well; and now my pulse is at 106°. Whatever be the will of God, my soul is for Jesus only: Jehovah-Tsidkenu—Jehovah, my righteousness.

"*18th October.*—On looking back to the illness from which I am emerging, I think that I was rather incautious in rowing in the morning after the sun was up. One is constantly liable to forget the difference between this climate and home; but common sense and experience, with the consideration that the work of God is interrupted by illness, should put me on my guard in future.

"Should aim at being back from morning exercise by sunrise, that is, when it has got above the hills to the east—also, always to have an umbrella in case of being overtaken, and not to row in the sun in the morning, though with a sun-hat. All kinds of over-

exertion, mental or physical, it is necessary to guard against in this climate; and the least lassitude or symptom of exhaustion should not be unheeded. Ἐγκράτεια* in all things seems peculiarly necessary in this climate till one is seasoned. Exposure to the sun and over-exertion are the two points to be watched. Prayer and care—let these be my motto; results are wholly with God; and my soul bows down before Him in whose hands are my life, and light, and joy, and all in all. Truly we are crushed before the moth, and vain is the help of man.

"Satan is ever on the alert; and, after the period of sickness, is already resuming the attacks incident to a time of health.

"29*th October*.—A day of some help from above, some glimmerings of the true light which now shineth, seemed to penetrate the darkness of the earthly and carnal nature. How different from mere natural ideas or thoughts, which may amuse or for a while distract the mind from *ennui* or fatigue. The latter may exhilarate the spirits, may relieve the mind by giving it some *pabulum;* but any of the annoyances of life, any of the crosses, any of the little smarts which must incessantly meet us, upset one very quickly; but the tranquillity which light and peace from God bring, seems to be of a kind *made* for pass-

* *Temperance*—in its wide Scripture sense.

ing through these little troubles or great, *made* to stand and overcome them. It fits of its own nature for the performance of duties that may be irksome. The former, having respect to the imagination or the mere reasoning faculty, begins and ends very much there; but this breathing from God, this true light from Jesus Christ, penetrates equally through all parts of the soul and of the entire person, illuminating, sweetening, sanctifying, tranquillising, and strengthening the whole man, and fitting it for the sober reality of things, and also for their truest enjoyment."

Here follows a letter breathing something of home:—

"AMOY, *9th December* 1857.

"MY DEAR MOTHER—I am sorry you are to spend this winter alone. I trust that He will be with you in this as in other trials. I believe in the constancy of the love of Him, who Himself, when about to drink the cup which the Father was giving to Him, had an angel sent down to strengthen Him. He will sustain you either by some 'messenger' of his, some believer, or some gracious providence of His; or He will Himself draw near as the Angel of the everlasting covenant, and comfort your heart by the pure consolations of His love and peace. He will say, 'Canst thou, a mother, not forget thy poor son, and

shall I forget thee?' Believing in the sweet, holy, unchangeable love of that shining heavenly One, by faith I would look and see the outspread wings of His everlasting love, and my own mother once more and nearer than ever embraced under their ample shadow.

"I have a good letter from Mr Milne of Calcutta, introducing the engineer of one of the steamers. The news you give of the birth of souls through the preaching of Mr North is very cheering. May the people of God be only stirred up by this beginning of blessing to plead the more earnestly and constantly, until the large blessing for Scotland and England come. The *felt* dryness and lack of spiritual blessing was one good token, and now God has given a little rain. Oh that none may stay their asking or panting 'as the hart for the water brooks,' till God be pleased to send—what?—*floods*, 'I will pour floods upon the dry ground.' How blessed a work to spend part of every day in pleading for this glorious blessing for souls in Scotland. I long to hear of souls there and in England, almost as if I were still labouring there. Tell those in Perth with whom I used to unite in prayer, that in spirit I am still amongst them pleading for souls, and that as they look for their Master's reward, they must never cease to plead and watch for the blessing, the kind of blessing which

they have known in times past,* and which their Lord hath promised still, and then I know they will not forget to pour out prayers for the vast sea of perishing souls which lies around me here.

"There were *twelve* baptisms in the London Missionary Society Church on Sabbath last. In one case a father and his child were baptized at the same time, first the water poured on the old father's, then on the child's head.

"Your affectionate son,

"D. S."

"26*th December*.—Took my Saturday walk to the top of *Sam-Tō*. A day to be remembered for the rich mercy of God."

"29*th*.—By the alarum clock, enabled to rise at four o'clock, and find it as ever a great help. My inner life becomes more definite, and in some degree, through the mercy of God, I know that I live. Prayer is then indeed prayer, relaxation is true relaxation, and study true study."

"The effect of yesterday's fast, as usual, felt to-day, as if there was nothing between the soul and spiritual things; clearing the vision of the soul, as the glasses of a telescope, soiled and covered with dust, are cleaned, and it is again raised to the eye."

* 1840.

"31*st December*.—By some false view of the gospel, I have too little of that experience, 'Stand in awe and sin not;' 'pass the time of your sojourning here in fear.' I believe that through want of this I have tended to turn the liberty of the gospel into licentiousness, and have been oftentimes, and deeply, and in several respects defiled before God thereby. He has put my foot into so large and wide a room, that I have not feared in coming near to the verge of evil. I believe that very uniformly for many days this has been the tempter's plan with my soul. Deliver me, O God, and put in my heart the godly fear of sin; keep me clinging every moment to the Saviour Jesus Christ, for Thy great name's sake.

"What I may call my only cross since coming here is the opium trade. The extent of this trade, and my own countrymen standing as the chief agents in it, have been a heavy weight upon me during all the months of my sojourn here. The unashamed manner of it is an aggravation.

"I feel also the strong current of worldliness prevalent. Lord, keep me, enable me ever to feel the necessity of making a decided stand for God and His gospel, against the spirit of the world."

"On the other hand, when I review the mercies of the year, I have been altogether crowned with His lovingkindness. Since the day that I stepped

into the ship which was to bear me on the way hither, even to this hour, I have only to sing of love, and tender mercy, and compassion. There has been as manifest an increase of heaven's bliss and heavenly *income* as I have ever experienced. Since quitting my native land and friends, and dear believers and children in Jesus, for His name's sake, in some way He has "made all things new;" but in such a way that my soul thirsts still as dry land for the manifestation of His love, and truth, and power. He has borne me (but how calmly and peacefully) as on eagles' wings. I have never had a pang, or shadow of real grief or bitterness, on account of what I have left behind; the love of Jesus, the tender mercies of God, have so calmly and continually filled my heart and soul. The divine joys and the love of God which have been poured into my needy, thirsting soul, have passed in depth and calmness, and a kind of naturalness and simplicity, all that I have ever known. Though sought for by prayer, and supplication, and fasting, yet when they have come, it has been as those showers which tarry not for man nor wait for the sons of men. Grace, the freest and the loveliest, has reigned through righteousness throughout all and every movement.

"I would have three things specially before me.

"I. That there be full time each day for *prayer*

unto the God of my life; and for the *reading and diligent searching of the Scriptures;* and for this purpose, if possible, to rise at four o'clock.

"II. *Attainment of the language.*

"III. *Prayer on behalf of China and her perishing millions.*

"*8th March.*—I am taking a brief holiday; sailed to Pagoda island; a beautiful day. Sang praise to God and my Saviour, with the concertina for a harp. Soul in exercise before the great God, and drawn out in love to Immanuel. The time on that solitary isle, in these distant seas, much to be remembered. It was a strangely sweet and heavenly season.

"My mind recurred again to the solemn scene through which I had been recently passing, and I sang over the hymns which I used to sing with the departed Mrs Doty. I seemed to rise above death and the grave, and to sing again these pilgrim songs, as if myself on the threshold of glory, yea, almost within it.

"On my way home the stars shone out beautifully."

Here is a part of a pleasant, playful letter to his brother, in the midst of Chinese work:—

"Amoy, *8th March* 1858.

"My Dear F.—You will have heard all the news

from Canton. Lord Elgin passed up by Amoy to Shanghai; and with whom should he spend two hours at Swatow, but with that 'diligent man in his business,' W. C. Burns. He invited him to breakfast with him on board her Majesty's Plenipot. ship. Thus does that man 'stand before kings.' Lord E. was present at our service on Sabbath, conducted by the missionaries, none of whom are Episcopal. He came in undress, so that scarcely any body knew him. He is little and stout, but quite like a man to carry through business. He asked the Consul a good deal about the mission affairs, and had introduced to him the senior of the missionaries. Another magnate was the Bishop of Victoria, who, the previous Sabbath, officiated and dispensed the Communion. His lawn sleeves looked rather odd in these distant parts; but Episcopacy is shorn of much that gives attraction to her at home when the State pedestal is removed, and she stands pretty much on her own merits. The real bishops are the missionaries, who could point to some three or four hundred of a gathered flock from among the heathen, and whom, we trust, a higher power than any supposed apostolical succession has made ἐπισκόπους (overseers).

"Two magnates of the lower species have lately come to Amoy, the former being a fine tiger. He had swum across from the mainland. The story is,

that very early one morning two fishermen had just roused themselves from sleep in their boats, when one of them saw, as he supposed, a *foreigner's dog* swimming towards them. Hoping to get some reward by the stranger, he offered to help him into their boat, when a good firm bite in the shoulder told him to mind his own business! The next that was heard of the striped gentleman was his landing at Emung Hang, a suburb of Amoy, where I pass almost daily. An unwonted collection of gongs and shouting drove him into a temple; and at last, some twelve soldiers having been obtained, they succeeded, by shots from the roof, in bringing him low! I saw him afterwards. From snout to tip he measured more than seven feet; the body about five. The stripes were not so finely marked as in the ordinary Bengal tiger, but he is said to be of the same species; so that you see we are favoured with some of the *Carnivora* in this region. The flesh was purchased by the Chinese as an extraordinary and exquisite meat! The bones are used for medicine, it being rationally supposed that the powder made of such strong stuff must give corresponding strength to all who imbibe it! The other visitor, or rather capture, is a pelican, taken in a net at Swatow, and sent to the naturalist whom I once mentioned to you. This bird measures fourteen feet across the wings, and

eats no end of pounds of fish. The albatross, of different species, is also found in these parts, though not usually so large as the famous Cape birds. I don't know if I mentioned that hawks and kites, of all sorts and sizes, are continually hovering about the harbour and among the hills. Yesterday, I counted thirty, sailing and swimming in the 'balmy air,' at one single solitary island, where I had gone for a sail. As many as sixty have been seen at such a place in a still evening.

"Do you remember a young Episcopalian student, a clergyman, who took breakfast with us in Edinburgh, about five years ago? He was introduced by Mrs M'Intosh, Geddes, He had then, as you may remember, some thoughts of China. He dropped in upon us the other day, just arrived from England, and on his way to Ning-po as a missionary. As he did not at all know that I was in China, the meeting was to both of us very unexpected and pleasant. My paper is done.

"Your ever affectionate brother."

He was fond of rowing in the Chinese boats; and his tall figure, as he stood erect, working with two oars, often elicited the surprise of the natives, who could not understand why a man who did not need to do it, should occupy himself in such an exercise.

But we are now approaching the scenes that ended his career. On 27th February, he stood by the deathbed of Mrs Doty. He writes: "The strongest of her sex in the community has been removed." Then he speaks of "Yearnings of heart over the motherless children;" and adds, "Never seemed to reach farther into death and the hereafter." It had been a night of most brilliant moonlight, while he stood with Mr Doty in that chamber of death. "There was not prayer so much, as the soul wholly God's—burning up as a steady flame unto Him!" One of his last home letters thus refers to the sad event:—

"The death of the wife of one of the American missionaries seemed, and has been, a great loss. She met with the Chinese women for prayer and the reading of the Scriptures once a week, and was much beloved and looked up to by them. But He, in whose hands are all events for the good of His Church, knoweth how to bring spiritual blessing out of temporal trial. The large number of Chinese who followed the earthly remains to their last resting-place were deeply moved—many in tears. And since then there has been a marked quickening among the native brethren; and there may have been a looking more closely to their 'lamps,' and a firmer 'girding up of their loins,' lest the 'Son of Man,' the glorious Bridegroom, should come on them suddenly. In-

quirers have been led to a deeper searching of heart, seeing that death, to all out of Christ, is but the prelude to everlasting woe, and *this* may arrive on them at any moment of any day.

"Among other hopeful cases, I understand that five Chinese women are applicants for baptism in Amoy at present. We may not complain when Jesus removes well-established believers, even though they be missionaries or their helpmates, when He causes many to stand up in their room, new precious souls from among the heathen.

"Nor let any one remain at home merely for the sake of relations, how dear soever they may be to them. While the departed sister in Jesus lay a-dying here—having quitted a home in America, the only converted child, I believe, out of a large family—what was God doing in that house? The father, if a Christian, had been buried in, and the seed all but choked by, the cares of this life—but his soul then got a quickening; the old praying mother called it a *baptism*, which she believed would remain in him even to the end. The eldest brother of the family had been hopefully converted, and the youngest daughter, and many acquaintances. Faithful is he that hath promised. . . ."

"30*th March*.—Monday after preaching. After forenoon work, set sail in a boat, and proceeded far

on the sea. Struck the mainland, and climbed to the top of one of the high hills there. Seemed to get the good now to myself of the services of the Sabbath, as if the finest of the wheat were given. At the summit it was made as a sacramental season —my soul was filled with the truth and the love of Jesus. The 110th Psalm was given me to sing, and especially the third verse, over and over again, thinking of China.

"'A willing people in Thy day
Of power shall come to Thee,' &c.

"Realised, in some measure, Heb. i. 14—'Are they (the angels) not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.'

"Saw Pagoda Island in the distance, and remembered my day spent there. The larks were singing beautifully overhead.

"*6th June* 1858.—Communion with the native Chinese; made a happy time at the table, and afterwards; viewing the bread and wine as tokens and sensible proofs that Jesus had died, and was to come again.

"Where is assurance or peace to be found, but in walking by faith in the altogether completed work—the entirely-filled-up righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ? The great love of Christ has been drawing somewhat nearer."

Some of the next extracts are surely remarkable, now that we know the event.

13*th June*.—"A blink in the morning of the Song of Solomon—'Let him kiss me.' To me to live is Christ. *Sometimes my life in some of its phases seems like a romance of love and joy.*" Then he speaks of warnings from the climate. 17*th June*, he meditates on "Jacob's request to his son Joseph as to his burial." 30*th*—"Mr Doty's child died;" and he cries for sanctification, and the preparing of himself for death. 18*th July*—"Breathe, of thy sanctifying, illumining Spirit, into my heart, and, as it were, through the outward frame of the body; for it is written—'Your whole spirit, soul, and body.'"

"*Tuesday*, 20*th July*.—Still many said to be dying. Preserved hitherto of the mercy of God.

"Up earlier—4.30. Row; and Scriptures and Psalms made good. Found, as usual, the good effect of an early start; and time for the thoughts to be collected before God previous to meeting with men.

"Forenoon reading and prayer with my friend, Mrs T. Evening prayer-meeting with Smith and Grant; yet soul much darkened by my sin. Though long kept off, the enemy is ready to return again. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

"24*th July*, *Saturday*.—Gracious Saviour, my Lord and sole abiding friend, be Thou near to keep

and sanctify. Deeply hast Thou been pleased to satisfy my heart with Thine own love; nor hast Thou withheld all those human founts for which man naturally yearns. Come Thou near now on this day of preparation for preaching the holy and blessed, though searching, truth. Thy service, O my Saviour, is sweet beyond all thought—*to preach in the name of Jesus.*

"Dwelling in this large, high-roofed dwelling, with its broad verandahs, the evenings especially I much enjoy. A touch of sickness, with health restored; dwelling near kind friends, so that I have society and solitude combined; an instrument of sacred music; moonlights of surpassing yet mild brightness; with now and then a passing sail; combined with the notes of two snow-white turtle-doves, whose gentle cry, morning, noon, and night, re-echoes to my heart the sounds and scenes of my far-distant, native land"—these are some of the things which he enumerates, that awoke peculiar feelings in his soul.

And now the end was at hand. On the 25th of *July* he preached on 2 Cor. xiii. 5, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith," a word in season previous to partaking of the Lord's Supper. Then, on the 26*th*, he writes:—"Hundreds said to be dying daily in Amoy from cholera. 'Be ye also ready'—midnight—cockcrowing—or in the morning."

Next day, 27*th*:—"Day somewhat darkened by

the flesh. Afternoon; reading in the Lamentations, found it good." Then (though the connecting link is wanting) follow the words, "*Love* and *Liberty.*"

These were the last words he wrote. "LOVE AND LIBERTY!" Surely this is the breathing of a soul almost already free! It is like Henry Martyn's aspirations, which were the last words that man of God ever wrote: "Thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God; in solitude, my company, my friend, and benefactor. O when shall time give place to eternity! When shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness?"

Dr Legge, missionary at Hong Kong, on speaking of his death, remarks, "When I looked at him I thought, 'You will have the desire of your heart, in living many years among the Chinese to see them converted!' But I little thought how soon that armour on him would be laid aside." One in his native land sang of him no more than the truth in the following lines:—

CHINA FOR CHRIST,
COUNT NOT THE PRICE!
'Twas written on his brow;
Even while his hand,
Through his own land,
Lov'd still the seed to sow,
The distant prize
Would ever rise
And whisper, "Let me go."
Did not the flash of his dark eye
Foretell of early victory?

CHINA FOR CHRIST,
COUNT NOT THE PRICE!
'Tis written on his tomb—
Upon the sail that bore him far,
Upon his standard in heaven's war,
Upon the volume in his hand,
In cypher strange of Sinim's land,
Upon his heart where like a shrine
Affection clasped the love divine,
Nor bathed in any shallower love,
Than of the Bridegroom from above,
Upon his soul that kindled high
To finish faith's fight gloriously,
Upon his pallid, stately form
Dark pestilence has seized by storm,
Writ with a hieroglyphic pen
In lines of love beyond our ken,
Gleams the device,
CHINA FOR CHRIST,
COUNT NOT THE PRICE.—M. P. B.

Perhaps nothing more characteristically true could have been said of his death, than was said of him by one of his bosom friends, Mr Coventry: "Here is one man, at least, who, when he comes to die, has nothing to add to the daily, hourly, thoughts and experience of his ordinary life!"

On hearing of his death (Dr James Hamilton said), that saying of John Foster was the first thought that rushed into his mind: "The grandest use of a lifetime on earth is the opportunity it gives of advancing the glory of God."

Mr W. C. Burns wrote home: "When, little

more than a year ago, I visited Amoy, I had much sweet intercourse with him; and as the vessel that conveyed me back to Swatow left the harbour, he stood on the balcony above and waved to me until we were out of sight. Now we may imagine him from a higher elevation beckoning us to follow on in the Christian race, laying aside every weight, and running that we may reach the prize."

Another wrote: "Do not think his labours in China have been in vain. I believe he has been one of the greatest blessings to all the missionaries in Amoy. Through his unwearied prayerfulness, through his labours of love, through his great humility and fidelity, he contributed greatly to raise the tone of godliness in the entire missionary circle, and to effect a more distinct separation between the Church and the world."

Mr Grant conducted the English service at the grave, and Mr Talmage and Mr J. Stronach the Chinese. He is buried in the small island of *Kolongsoo*, right opposite Amoy. The tomb-stone has on the main slab at the top the inscription:—"'Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. David Sandeman, Missionary to the Chinese from the Presbyterian Church in England. He died of cholera at Amoy, July 31. 1858, aged 32 years. From the time when he gave himself to his Lord's work, he entered upon a career of self-surrender

which seemed to know no pause, and no abatement till he entered on his blessed rest.' And again below are the words, '*Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.*'"

On the green-coloured stones of the two sides which support the upper one, there are quotations from Scripture in English; the one is, "*O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.*" On the opposite side are the verses on which Mr Sandeman preached on board ship at Swatow, when he arrived there on his way to Amoy on a Sabbath. The words are, "*Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.*" On the corresponding stones of the two ends of the tomb are inscriptions in Chinese, the one giving the name, country, and occupation of the deceased, with the date of his death, and the other consists of some Chinese verses on the victory of the Christian over death. The tomb may be seen from the windows of the house in Amoy where he used to study.

That grave will teach its lessons from year to year.

Two of those who most recently went forth, Mr Swanson and Mr Mackenzie, tell in their letters how on that spot they felt themselves drawn anew to devote themselves to their Lord, and to think of the reward of His servants at the Resurrection of The Just.

The letters of his friends have supplied a few interesting details of Mr Sandeman's last moments. His illness lasted only twenty hours, and it was at the close of a busy week that he was called away. On the Thursday of that week, the child of one residing in Mr Talmage's house died of cholera. Mr Sandeman was much occupied ministering to the bereaved mother, praying often with her, and after the child's death plaiting a wreath of flowers for the coffin to soothe and gratify maternal feeling. He did not attend the funeral on Friday, feeling unwell. The same day he met Dr Bell, who remembers that he left him saying, "We can't tell which of us may be the next; but *none of us liveth to himself, and no one dieth to himself;* for whether we live unto the Lord, or whether we die, we die unto the Lord." That day, Mr Doty's little child sickened; and at midnight Mr Sandeman himself was obliged to seek medical assistance, for unmistakeable symptoms of cholera had appeared. His case soon assumed an alarming aspect.

All the missionaries successively, in true brotherly

ove, were at his bedside in the course of the morning, to whom he said, "Don't come too near, for your own sake and for the sake of the work." Mr Smith mentions, that the fourteenth chapter of John was among the last portions of Scripture read to him, and which he was able to follow. To a question of Mr Grant's, as to what gave him confidence in that hour, his reply was, "From-head-to-foot, righteousness!" —a reply most characteristic of the man, his soul's delight having ever been to proclaim Christ's righteousness as the sinner's robe. When Mr Talmage asked him if he had any message to leave for his friends, his reply was not less characteristic, "Tell my mother I thought of her, because she taught me the way to Jesus." To Mr Talmage he said, "Tabernacle dissolving!" and spoke of the love of Jesus being "like a cloudless sky; the one dark spot in it has been my sins." Mr Doty quoted the words, 1 John i. 7, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "I know it does! I know it does!" was his prompt response.* He replied to Mr A. Stronach,

* There must have been a cloud on the mind of Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, at the time he spoke of this verse to Archdeacon Pratt. The Bishop was on his deathbed, and the Archdeacon had quoted 1 John i. 7, as a word in season, but was met by the reply—"You must take it in connection with the context; *it is only for those who walk in the light.*" Upon this, the Archdeacon tried to comfort him by asserting—"*You* have striven so to walk

who asked him if the Great High Priest was precious to him in that solemn hour: "He always has been, He always has been, exceedingly precious, exceedingly precious, from the moment I knew Him till now." Soon after, he said, "May grace be given you to pray earnestly for China and its perishing millions!"

Mr John Stronach inquired if he felt much pain?

in the light." Did these good men mean to say that the blood of Christ is not to be used by sinners *until they have first walked in the light?* Is it only sinners who have made certain attainments that are warranted to use that precious blood? Must sinners begin by walking in the light, and then afterwards hope to get a right to the blood? Does holiness precede pardon? Does sanctification prepare us for justification? Surely this would be putting a price on the waters (Isai. lv. 1); it would be exacting money ere a sinner was entitled to rest on Christ's work. But no—there was some cloud on the mind of these two pastors in applying the truth to their own case. Bengel (the well-known author of the "Gnomon to the New Testament") was a thoroughly accurate critic and scholar, as well as sound divine. When he was dying, a young scholar visited him, from whom he asked one word of comfort ere he left the room; and when the young man gave that text, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," Bengel's whole soul accepted it—"That is the very word I want! It is enough!" Yes; we come to the blood directly and immediately, and then learn to walk in the light. Nor does the context of 1 John i. 7 put anything between us sinners and the blood. On the contrary, it reminds us that if we are walking in the light, and have, therefore, fellowship with God, we owe all to the blood which cleanseth us; and so it teaches us to continue to the last making use of that which we began with—to wit, the blood that gives us boldness to enter the Holiest (Heb. x. 19).

He said he did not, and that his only pain since he had known Christ had been *sin*. Then he spoke again: "The love of Jesus is like the sea around you!" And he sent this as his last message to his friends, "Tell them, it was only last night, when I had a little more strength, that the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the waves of the sea—as if it would rend me—so that I had to cry, Stop, Lord, it is enough! O the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, of the love of Jesus!" (as he said this, he waved his hand with a motion expressive of desire to see nothing else), "and I was constrained to cry out,

All too long have we been parted!
Let my spirit speed to His."*

Rallying in the afternoon, he arranged some temporal affairs, making everything bear directly on the glory of His Lord. Once, when he had said, "I am cut off in the midst of my days—how sad!" Dr Bell asked if he wished to live for the sake of preaching the gospel to the Chinese, "Aye, that is it!" he exclaimed. He then sent discriminating messages to several individuals, whose state of mind he had been well acquainted with. To one who had long "hung about the doors of the kingdom," he sent this warning, "There is nothing but hell for those who go no

* See p. 70.

farther than the door! There is no middle place." This message he solemnly repeated a second time.

The pain increased; the want of air distressed him; but he was able audibly to join in the 116th Psalm to some extent, giving fervent thanks to his Lord for His mercy and kindness toward him throughout all his life. After that he gradually sank, till about eight o'clock he ceased to breathe.

That was Saturday night. The funeral took place next day, at half-past five in the evening. What a Sabbath he had that day begun!

One of the brethren, Mr Carstairs Douglas, was absent that Sabbath, preaching to the members of the little church in the neighbouring village of Ma-ping. Returning next morning, he was shewn the new-made grave! and then entered the very room where his fellow-labourer used to study and pray. He found books and papers lying as they were left three days before, ready for use again, if it had been the Lord's will. The tent was there—the soldier was gone. The Captain of salvation had called him away to stand near His person within the vail.

And now, what shall we say as to the Lord's ways? We have not sufficient light to enable us to interpret providences aright. "Let us judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come," (1 Cor. iv. 5). One thing,

however, we may ask, Was it not thus that the Master dealt with one of His most loved apostles? James, the son of Zebedee and brother of John, was prepared (as we would say) for great services, by being shewn things which others were not, time after time. Did not the Lord select him as one who, in the house of Jairus, should witness death conquered? and on the Transfiguration-hill, see the glory of the coming kingdom revealed? He was one of four who, on the Mount of Olives, sat over against the temple, and heard the Lord tell the ruin of Jerusalem, and the signs of His Coming again. And did not this man share in the precious privilege of being taken down to Gethsemane, with only two companions, there to be present when our cup of wrath was put to the lips of the Surety? And did he not receive power from the Holy Ghost as fully as any one on the day of Pentecost? Who, then, more fit than James to testify fully of Jesus the Saviour? Who better furnished? Yet, he is cut off ere ever he has been more than a few months engaged in His Master's work. His remarkable training in the school of Christ, was proved by the event to be as much a preparation for soon leaving earth and being with Christ above, as for labour and service here. It seems to have been even thus with Mr Sandeman. And an important lesson is taught us by such cases as these. They

say to us, Reckon not upon an after time for using what the Lord gives; make immediate use of all: attend much to ordinary, daily living. It may be, this is all the opportunity of serving the Lord that is to be afforded you.

The Son of Man sends forth many labourers into His fields, but He has many more whom He could send, if He chose. He employs the one, because He likes to honour His servants by using them as instruments; He sends home the other soon, because He would have us know that He does not need to use instruments any further than pleases Him. He is seen in vision coming in the white cloud, having on His head the Golden Crown, and in his hand the Sharp Sickle, (Rev. xiv. 14). The voice from heaven cries, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them;" and when He has thus called them to rest, He Himself finishes the reaping which they, by His grace, had so well begun.

11

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